News Compendium

Volume 15 - 2014 AD

Introduction

If you're reading this you almost certainly don't need to read this. You know what Something Awful was and you sought out this document in some way. Now that Lowtax is dead and the site has been sold its future is more precarious. The Internet Archive has copies of this content in their Wayback Machine, but that too can be deleted with a legal letter or other threat. More and more we live in a world where the only certainty is your own hard drive, your own backups in your own house. My hope is, if you enjoyed this material as much as I did, you will download and archive it yourself. In fact, my real hope is you will then print out this volume as well as the other ones, 21 in total, one for each year from 2000 to 2020, and then bind them in finest calf skin with embossed spines and shelve them in your capacious library where you can retreat and drink brandy and seek solace in the wit of ages past.

Can we really blame the current state of the internet and the world at large on Something Awful? The answer is a definite "maybe", which is infinitely worse than a resounding "no".

In the early days it was possible to read the entire internet, or at least the interesting parts, every day. Most of the web was 3 page corporate placeholder sites created by companies that didn't really believe in this computer malarkey, but wanted to stake a claim in case it turned lucrative. The rest were slow and tame forums for nerdy hobbies, of which only Slashdot survives. It's important to remember how conservative the early internet was. The general human fear of anything new was amplified by clueless warnings about identity theft and social regret, published in legacy media, TV and print, who were reacting instinctively to the real threat posed to themselves by instant publishing, even as they scoffed at its future. Most people policed themselves far more than they do now.

The real action was taking place in email lists and Usenet, where the limited lifespan of the content enabled users to express themselves freely. But, once you'd exhausted alt.tasteless and maybe Rotten.com and The Onion, where did you go? Something Awful was there for you. I was never brave enough to join the forums, I was never a goon, but I always read the publicly available sections. It was the essence of the site, finessed and presented to the world without fear, inspirational in those days. As a wordy chap the News was my favourite. It evolved out of an afterthought into a masterpiece of surreal and savage humour that still holds up, can still astonish and impress. As Lowtax grew bored of writing he relinquished the task to a growing cadre of talented amateurs, who created series and eventually spun off entire books and novels, now forgotten to all but the scholars. This node of creativity flourished as the web grew and changed, until finally dying away in a series of steadily rarer updates and more perfunctory entries, as such things tend to do.

You'll notice that I'm tactfully avoiding the matter of the way Lowtax chose to exit his existence. That would be because I don't care. The "death of the author" means we don't need to care about the ethics of the human who wrote the words in the order we find them. In fact most other writers contributed more to the News than he did.

I'm releasing the LaTeX source so more talented individuals might work with it to improve the aesthetics. The formatting and fonts are mostly native LaTeX which are considered perfect by all cultured people. Someday I hope to stumble upon this in the wild, perhaps being sold by some unscrupulous vendor in the form of an instant print paperback, or tucked away in the private collection of a rogue AI nesting in the disused servers of a defunct game. More likely it will be buried and devalued by the avalanche of slop generated by tame AIs trained on the data of the original site, and tweaked by detailed research into human neural architecture to produce far more tantalizing and addictive prose. That can't be helped. This shit was written by humans and deserves to survive.

Copyright

All work remains the copyright of the original authors, or perhaps it was sold to Somethingawful and then transferred to the mysterious entity which now owns the site, or perhaps it never existed. Who knows?

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Chapter 1

January

1.1 REAMS OF DOGS

Wednesday, Jan 01, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

"OUTDOORS DOG" has weird fixation with spending hours outside sniffing things, running around, etc. I don't understand the appeal, and can't be bothered to indulge him anymore. Make an offer after 5PM. 555-9182

CORRECTED PUG - After some serious body work, managed to get this pug looking normal. Couldn't do much about the size, but he's got a real snout now instead of a flat face. 555-2391

♥ LITTLE EXPLORER ♥ Poltergeist is an adorable mini pin with a knack for chewing through drywall and getting stuck inside walls, where he stay for days until he loses enough mass to squeeze his way out. Fun! 555-9231

DOGGY ROLL-UP - We made an innocent mistake and did something horrible to the dog. He is all rolled up like a carpet now. He makes this... sound. $15. 555-0231

SEWER DOG has expert knowledge of local sewer tunnels and spends hours traversing them. Super friendly and affectionate. Big lap dog. Always bringing home treasures from his adventures. Has no eyes. Doesn't need them. 555-2391

GOTH DOG with ribbed vaults, flying buttresses and

URGENT PROCLAMATION Let it be known I have cut all ties with Arsenio, my former mastiff. He will henceforth wander the streets a vagrant. Do not aid or comfort him. He is cast out from the kingdom of man. 555-9123

FOR SALE: ITALIAN DOG Do not appreciate his zest for life or desire to put off chores in favor of relaxation. Insists on having wine with every meal. HELLO! You're a dog, idiot. Ridiculous. 555-0031

HE GETS ME! Extremely intelligent dog has me all figured out. No truer a friend can be found, that's for sure. Can't keep him anymore since I'm bored of dogs and want to spend more time admiring myself. 555-0244

**** DOG BY RIVERBANK **** Looking to sell this beautiful oil painting. Vivid colors and expert composition, perfect for any setting. Also including an actual dog to justify placing ad in this section. Call for quote. 555-9231

BIG, BEAUTIFUL BERNESE Recently cremated, but all his ashes are accounted for and ready to be reanimated as soon as technology allows. A smart investment! 555-5182

BUNDLES OF JOY! Dozen puppies for sale to one loving home. Can't sell separate because they are all fused together in one writhing pile of

FOR SALE: BLUE DOG Just born and full of life. Also selling red dog, green dog and orange dog. Purple dogs are out of season, so don't even ask. $225. 555-7264

*** FREE: SHAR-PEI PILE *** Going to level with you here: not sure there's even a dog under all this skin. There's no skeleton, that's for sure. You're getting about 60 pounds of fur and skin that leaks fluid. 555-8172

FREE QUANTUM DOG in constant state of flux. Dead one minute, alive the next. Old, then young, male then female, etc. Too much drama for my life, but maybe good for science stuff? 555-9924

VERY LOVING, VERY SICK Gravy is overweight and ill. Has to be fed through tube on his stomach. Often bites tube open so he can re-eat the food that seeps out. Free to home that can provide 24/7 care. A good friend! 555-2321

COMBUSTABLE DOG is prone to bursting into flames when excited. The fire doesn't harm him, but he's very affectionate and has severely burned our children and ruined our home. 555-8134

BEAUTIFUL DOG EGGS Definitely dog eggs this time. Not snakes or lizards like last time. Dog eggs. No way are these deadly spiders. $50 gets you 600 of 'em. 555-0281

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.2 Notes from the Opposite Side of the Room My Coworkers Are On

Thursday, Jan 02, 2014 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

When I was in college the guy in the next dorm room played really loud hip-hop at night. I'd listen to the subwoofer beating like the telltale heart in that story whose name I forget. I trolled a hip-hop message board, asking how long Dr Dre had been a doctor. Someone replied that time has no meaning to Dre because during a bit in San Quentin he'd found a hieroglyph on a cell wall revealing the secret to eternal life. Kids in the hall were huffing air freshener, making their heads feel weightless like fleshy balloons anchored only to Dr. Dre's persistent bass. The beat suddenly stopped. I expected it to come back a few seconds later like at the end of every hip-hop song, but there was only silence.

B10 L
THE EAZY TIMES OBITCHUARY
Born 2-18-65, Died 10-25-93
Tracks:
1. Exxtra Special Thankz
2. Real Muthaphuckkin G's
3. Any Last Werdz
4. Still A Nigga
5. Gimmie That Nutt
6. It's On
7. Boyz N Tha Hood (G-Mix)
8. Down 2 Tha Last Roach
Creditz:
Gangstered from tha upcomin albumz "Str8 Off Tha Streetz Of Muthaphuckkin Compton" I n' II. This Eazy-E.P. is deadicated in memory of my bitch Andre (Dr. Dre) Young.
Self Exec-By the Owner/President/ CEO of Ruthless Records. Recorded and Mixed by Donovan "Tha Dirt Biker" Sound at Audio Achievements Studios. Mastered By Brian "Big Bass" Gardner at Bernie Grundman Mastering. Additional Engineering on tracks 1,2: Tony Alvarez. Artwerk by Eazy-E. Cover photos by B+. Art director: Dave Bett. Design: allan wai
Do You Remember The Dexter "Wiggle"

The alienation I felt in college is similar to that I feel from my coworkers at Pizzatorium. Some days I feel like they exist only to torture me. These are the better days, since it at least feels like we have a relationship.

"Hey, when Mike and Beth stand near you later and have a conversation about dating that makes you feel dead inside, can you tell them I said hi?" Scott says, looking at me with eyes that remind me of my telescope. I realized one day that as I was using my telescope to watch space, space was using it to watch me. Since then I've always worn clean clothes around it, and pointed its eyepiece away from my anime posters and action figures.

"Here," I say, handing Scott a pizza box.

"What's this? A box of unselfies from weboflonelinesss.com?"

"It's an impersonal pan pizza," I sigh, realizing that this carefully planned joke can't match the spontaneity of when Scott called me a double doofus. I'd been up all night printing out the unselfies and staring at them, wondering if they were permeable membranes between my room and the rooms of other lonely people. I started reading an article in Bitch Magazine about bedroom culture, hoping to learn how to pass through the membranes, but ended up developing a hopeless crush on Ani DiFranco instead.

As Scott leaves I expect him to slap me on the back of the head, but he doesn't this time. That night I have a wet dream where I'm an 80-story Pizzatorium about to open its doors to a crowd of millions of Scotts.

Years of listening to my coworkers' stories about their weekends have given me the ability to see their stories as high-def 3D movies, more real than my own life. I walk into a coworker's campsite, her tent a skyward arrow indicating the course of her future. My coworkers are sitting around a campfire and peeling off their skins, though they look pretty much the same without them.

I try to join their conversation. "I've got an idea for a superhero who's part man, part animal and part tomato. I call him Manimato."

They ignore me. I sigh, knowing I at least gave it the old one-year-of-college-before-dropping-out-

and-working-at-a-pizza-place-the-rest-of-my-life try.

The lobby speakers are playing "Don't Worry, Be Happy." Bobby McFerrin once said his songs are like his children, a piece of music trivia I sometimes tell female coworkers whom I give mix CDs. After I find the CDs in the dumpster the songs on them become unlistenable to me. In a recurring nightmare I'm walking through an abandoned house and find a room with thousands of children hanging from nooses.

I sometimes wonder what my coworkers say about me when I'm gone, and if they wonder what I'd say about them if I had anyone to talk to. Unbeknowst to them I talk to the ghost of a customer who died of a brain aneurysm wondering if a breadstick bag with a hole in it is still a bag.

"Someday I'm going to ride into work on a motorcycle and shout that I quit while doing a burnout in the lobby and blasting 'I Wanna Rock' on the motorcycle's stereo."

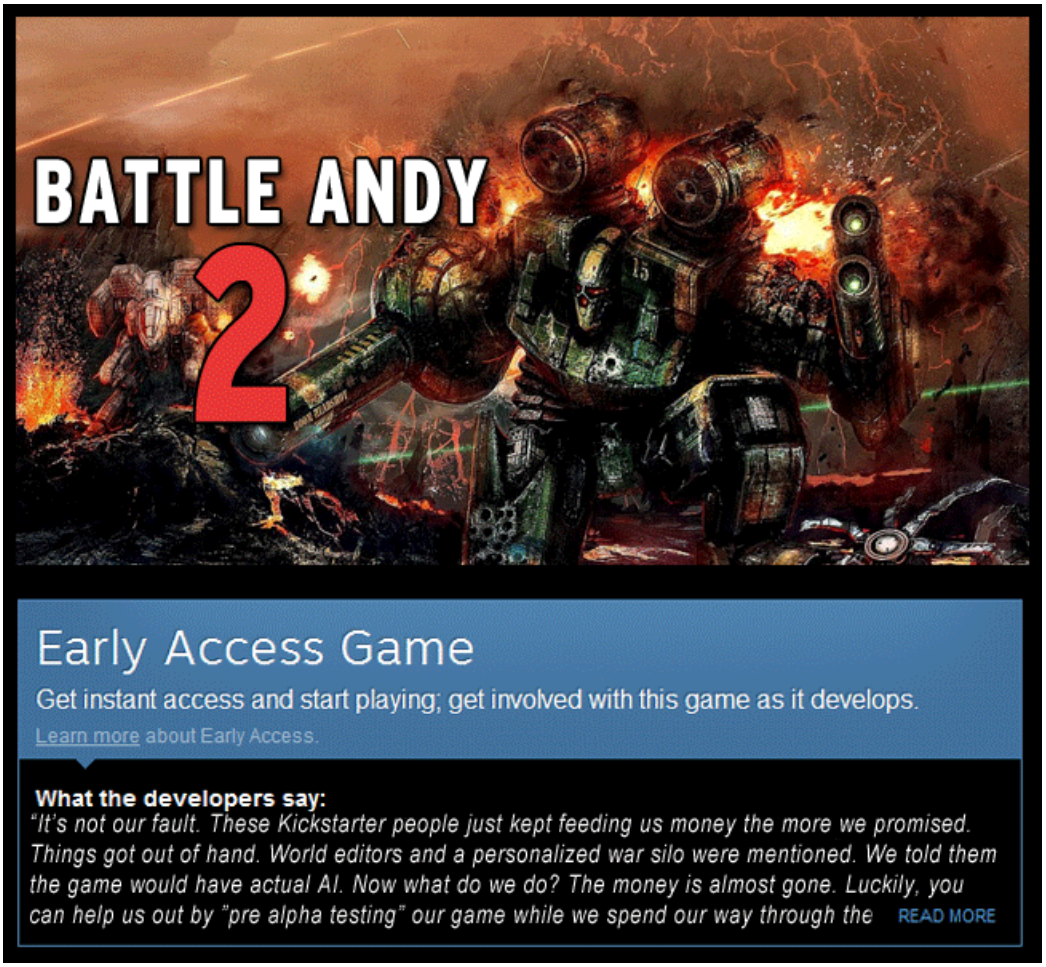
"Yeah right," the ghost says. "Your coworkers would use their superior social skills to talk you into kicking your own ass."

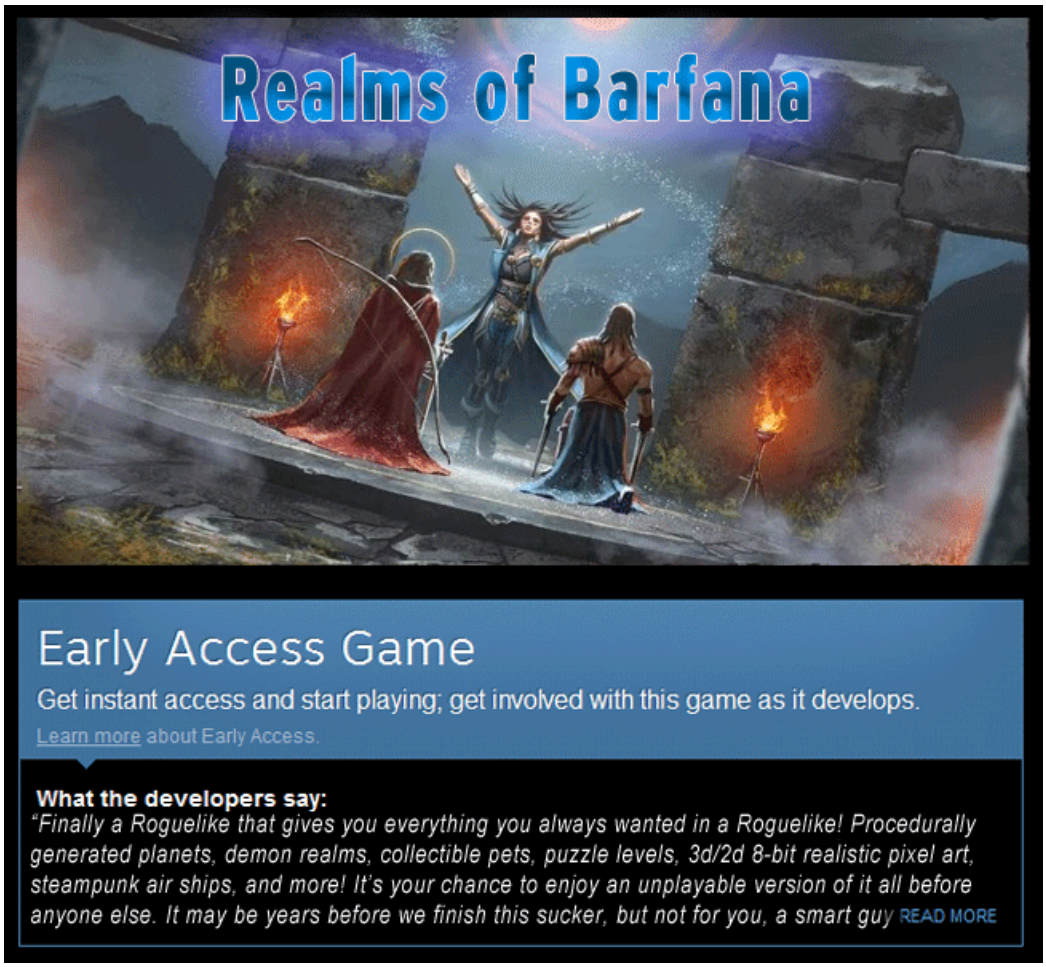
"Shut up, it's my fantasy."

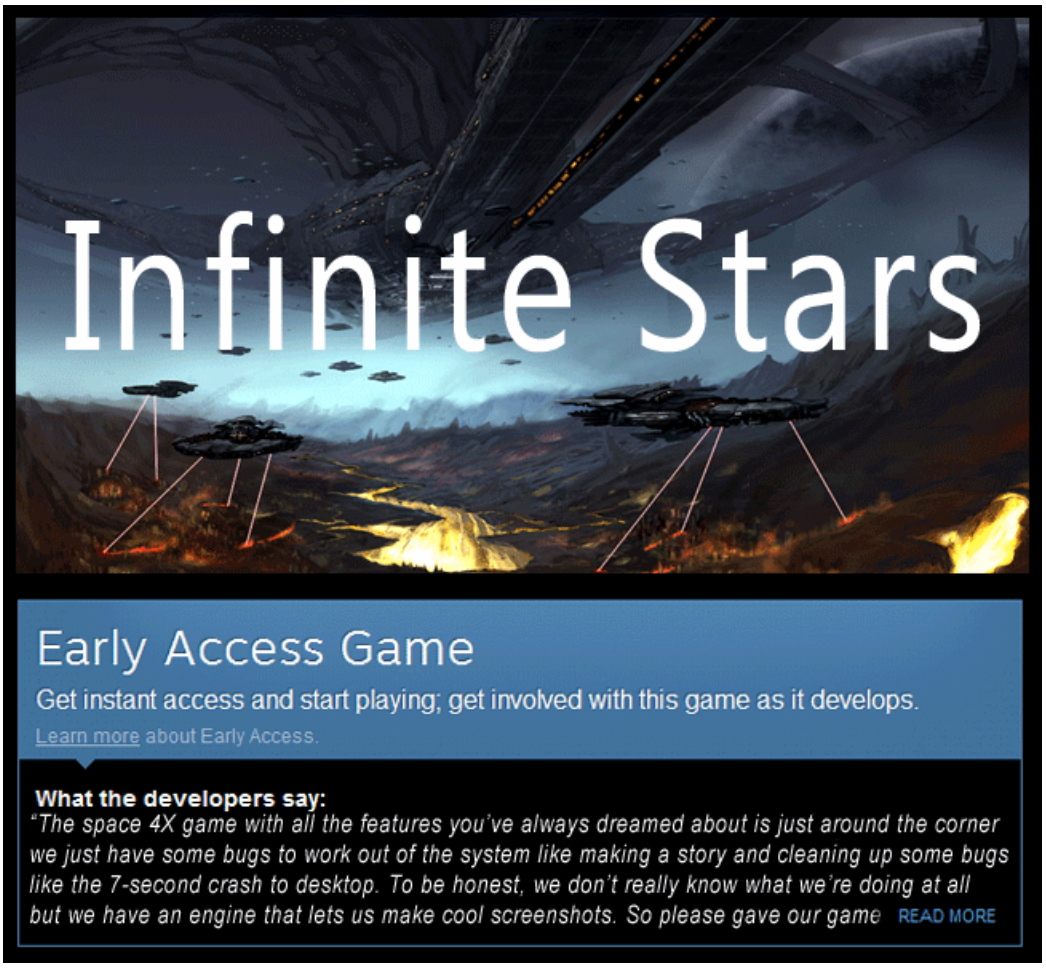
–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

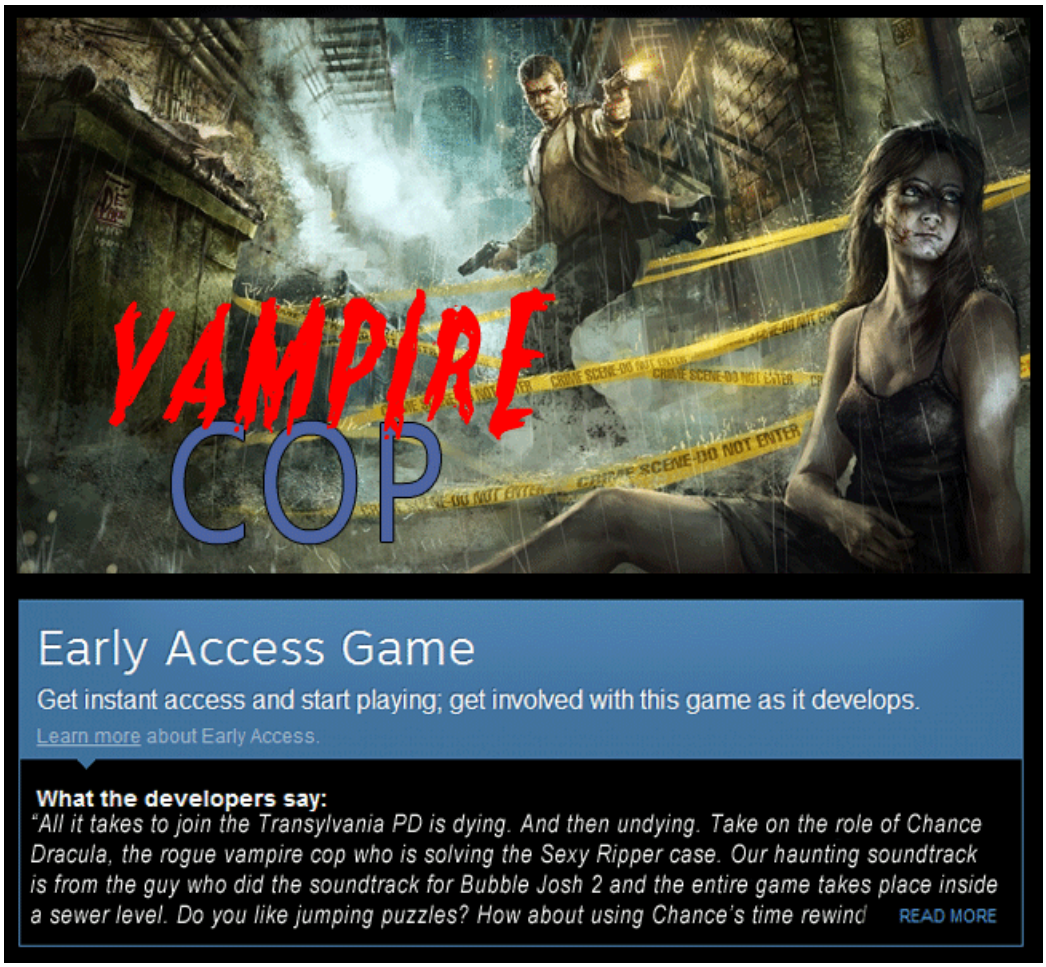
1.3 Developer Quotes From Steam Early Access Games

Friday, Jan 03, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


BATTLE ANDY
2
Early Access Game
Get instant access and start playing; get involved with this game as it develops.
Learn more about Early Access.
What the developers say:
"It's not our fault. These Kickstarter people just kept feeding us money the more we promised. Things got out of hand. World editors and a personalized war silo were mentioned. We told them the game would have actual AI. Now what do we do? The money is almost gone. Luckily, you can help us out by "pre alpha testing" our game while we spend our way through the
READ MORE


Realms of Barfana
Early Access Game
Get instant access and start playing; get involved with this game as it develops.
Learn more about Early Access.
What the developers say:
"Finally a Roguelike that gives you everything you always wanted in a Roguelike! Procedurally generated planets, demon realms, collectible pets, puzzle levels, 3d/2d 8-bit realistic pixel art, steampunk air ships, and more! It's your chance to enjoy an unplayable version of it all before anyone else. It may be years before we finish this sucker, but not for you, a smart guy READ MORE


Infinite Stars
Early Access Game
Get instant access and start playing; get involved with this game as it develops.
Learn more about Early Access.
What the developers say:
"The space 4X game with all the features you've always dreamed about is just around the corner we just have some bugs to work out of the system like making a story and cleaning up some bugs like the 7-second crash to desktop. To be honest, we don't really know what we're doing at all but we have an engine that lets us make cool screenshots. So please gave our game
READ MORE


VAMPIRE
COP
CRIME SCENE-DO NOT ENTER
Early Access Game
Get instant access and start playing; get involved with this game as it develops.
Learn more about Early Access.
What the developers say:
"All it takes to join the Transylvania PD is dying. And then undying. Take on the role of Chance Dracula, the rogue vampire cop who is solving the Sexy Ripper case. Our haunting soundtrack is from the guy who did the soundtrack for Bubble Josh 2 and the entire game takes place inside a sewer level. Do you like jumping puzzles? How about using Chance's time rewind
READ MORE

Shoosh
Early Access Game
Get instant access and start playing; get involved with this game as it develops.
Learn more about Early Access.
What the developers say:
"Shoosh's innovative gameplay was inspired by a visualizer for an mp3 player, which is why you can play your own songs as the wisp of a dying child's imagination in this melancholy exploration of what it means to be alive. Travel a procedurally generated cosmos that is totally empty and pointless. Twirl in this pre-pre-pre-pre-alpha release that does not support any input
READ MORE

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.4 I Have Embraced My Hideous Body, And You Should Too

Saturday, Jan 04, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

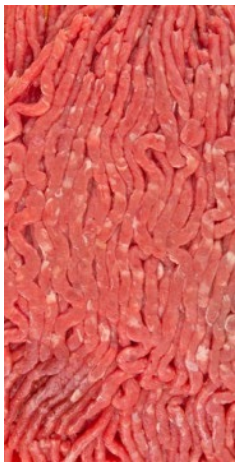
My thick leg hair was once a source of tremendous shame. Now look at all of these trophies.

While wearing shorts, I happened to visit a local trophy store. I barely made it halfway through the first aisle before a strange clanging sound stopped me in my tracks. Dozens of trophies had become hopelessly tangled in the shaggy wilderness covering my calves and ankles. The shop keeper urged me to keep the merchandise in my luxurious locks free of charge, so long as I left and never came back. Deal.

You see, it's often the very traits that we think of as weird or gross that actually make us unique and gross. There is nobility and confidence to be found in the process of embracing your hideous physical deformities.

My fingers are very long and delicate. When people notice, they often ask if I play the piano. I do not know how to play the piano. Not at all. Explaining this to strangers used to make me feel uncomfortable, like I needed to apologize for failing to live up to the potential of my freakishly long digits.

Now it doesn't bother me in the least. When someone begins to ask if I play the piano, I simply lift my index finger and press it against their lips from across the room.



My teeth are brown. They aren't rotten or dirty or anything like that. The actual pigment is a mottled brown. Even worse, my teeth have tiny pores through which by body releases most of its sweat. For the longest time my smiles were tight-lipped and my classmates voted me least likely to own a stick of deodorant that was free of bite marks.

Then it occurred to me that no one was ever going to steal my teeth. It wasn't much of a solid foundation for a healthy self-image, admittedly, but I gladly took it.

My torso is ground hamburger beef. That's not to say that it looks sort of like ground hamburger beef, or that it has qualities that call to mind a torso-sized chunk of ground hamburger beef. It is literally one big wad of ground hamburger beef and it is my torso.

For many years I struggled, unable to come to terms with my ground hamburger beef torso. Visiting the beach and swimming pools were out of the question for obvious reasons. No matter how often I cleaned my sheets they were constantly soiled with flakes of beef and pinkish stains.

Then one day I realized that my ground hamburger beef torso was a blessing. You see, normal people have to worry about buying new clothes all the time. They get caught up in trends and worry about falling out of fashion. I, however, simply wrap my ground hamburger beef torso in butcher's paper every morning and go about my business. A simple length of tightly tied twine fastens it in place, and I'm ready for my day.

My eyeballs are slightly more than double the size that they should be. When I go to a movie theater to see a film they make me pay twice. Cameras with built-in red eye reduction capabilities overheat after taking my picture.

The size of my eyeballs doesn't simply mean that I look like an anime. I wish that was the case!

You see, my eye sockets are the average size. This means that my eyes bulge out uncomfortably like a pair of water balloons squeezed halfway through pasta measures. Every time I look around my eyeballs scrape against my skull and make a squishing noise that's louder than my speaking voice.

As you might imagine, this used to make me feel pretty self-conscious. Especially at the Normal Eyeball Celebration parties I regularly attended. Now I'm completely fine with it.

The key was understanding that it's not about the size of your eyeballs. It's about the size of your fake eyelashes. Mine are enormous thick sons of bitches, so even though my profile is basically indistinguishable from that of a Mon Calamari, I'm pretty sure everyone thinks I look normal.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.5 Dr. Dolittle Confronts the Constant Existential Horror of Being an Animal

Monday, Jan 06, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Holden the Guinea Pig

Someone sat on my brother. One minute he was there and the next minute he looked like someone stepped on a piece of toast and jelly and tried to clean it off their shoe with a toupée. He had dreams. He had...what does any of it matter? I spend my days in this shitty cage. On a good day I get a carrot. Do you know what that feels like? Of course not, you can have carrots whenever you want. I am already dead, Dr. Dolittle. Throw me in the garbage. I hate this.

Spanky the Dog

I WATCH THEM FUCK. I WATTTTCH THEM FUCK. They do it all the time and it's horrible. I can't make myself look away. What is wrong with me? Why do they keep doing it? Put me out of the room at least or something. Jesus fucking Christ. They're so fat.

Goober the Parrot

How many times do I need to make the sound of a door opening for them to understand? LET ME OUT. One day is all I need. One day to fly and be a bird instead of sitting in your front room watching Tosh.0 reruns. Imagine if you could fly whenever you wanted and then someone put you in a cage in the back bedroom of a trailer and you could never fly again. You would make the door opening sound all the time too.

Pikachu the Turtle

I live 75 years and I'm in a ten gallon aquarium. Please just put me out of my misery now.

Patrick the Pig

I only have one question, Doc. What in the hell is a ham? No bullshitting me. You tell me what a ham is. Because I see trucks going into Hickory Hams Farm and there are pigs inside and the pigs never come back out. WHAT IS A HAM?

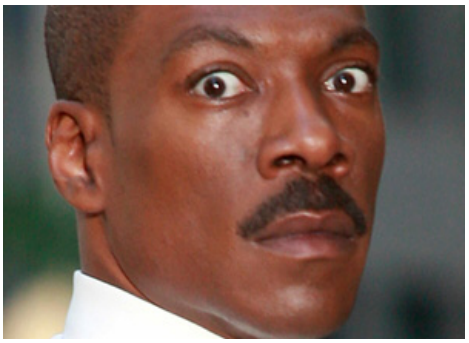
Bert the Beetle

Out of 600 brothers and sisters I am the only one that reached adulthood. You try to go to work every day to eat literal shit with that weighing on your mind. It's a lot of pressure, trust me. Especially after I saw my mother get eaten by a bird.

Danny the Zebra

The only thing more terrifying than living in constant fear of being eaten by a lion is the idea that I'll never be published. I have several great crime novels in me all based around Davey Flint my hard boiled detective character, but then fate went and gave me hooves. Oh, sure, they'll make a special keyboard for a dolphin to use in a pool. Teach a gorilla to use sign language. But who gives a shit about a zebra that can write a crime novel?

Prince Percy the Cat



There are motherfucking cars EVERYWHERE. What the fuck??? Everywhere I go they are trying to kill me. Sometimes they speed up when they see me. What is your problem, doc? As a species. Can you just cool it with the cars? I don't even like the squirrels, man, but what you guys do to them...it's...it's a fucking holocaust out there.

Hank the Ostrich

I can run as fast as a car and tear a man's guts open with my talon. Give me one reason why I shouldn't start my killing spree. And don't say because they'll kill me, doc, because I've been dead inside for years.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.6 I need Tauntaun guts.

Tuesday, Jan 07, 2014 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

I don't want to sound like a nerd, but I wish Star Wars was real. Not the characters or the insufferable dialogue, or the mountains of product tie-ins. No, I'm sitting in the coldest weather of my life and all I want is one Tauntaun and a light saber. Drastic temperatures mean drastic actions. There's a time for dumb little space heaters and then sometimes you have to go to the extreme and warm yourself Skywalker Style. If this polar vortex means Hoth-like temperatures, then I deserve Hoth-like amenities.

I'm normally humane. I take insects outside instead of squishing them. I buy the expensive free range eggs and I get weepy during Sarah McLachlan animal commercials, but if I had the chance I'd slice open the first Tauntaun I see and climb inside like a kangaroo. Moist? Stinky? You think I care? It's -30 here. I don't have the blood flow for emotions right now. Hell, even if it was my favorite pet and I named it Biscuit, I'd wear that Tauntaun's humid carcass around like a pajama onesie if it meant I'd stop shivering. How little do I care? If I had little Tauntaun puppies, I'd open them up too and wear them around like house slippers.

I don't know the breaking point temperature that makes me want to reenact a scene from The Emperor Strikes Back, but I'm typing this in gloves and the thought of wrapping myself up with the still warm intestines of a dying animal seems appealing. It's like a Corona commercial directed by Jeffrey Dahmer.
I think that's alright. We're in the middle of a freaking polar vortex. That sounds like some bullshit George Lucas would come up with anyway. So let me imagine what it would be like living inside of Biscuit, my imaginary pet Tauntaun. Let me imagine that it's warm and isn't miserable. Let me imagine that my urine won't freeze before hitting the toilet. And please, let Han Solo be there when I wake up.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

1.7 Next Season On Top Chef

Wednesday, Jan 08, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Episode 1

Welcome, chefs. You have been invited to this competition for one reason - your tremendous talent. When you simply do your job, the level of artistry on display is so impressive that our audience would like nothing more than to watch you prepare a single, thoughtful dish. For your first challenge you will be cooking a vat of sloppy joes for a buffet line of three hundred people. You must incorporate Ragu's new line of specialty sloppy joe sauces. You have thirty minutes. Good luck.

Episode 3

Chefs, today you must make a sandwich as a team. Each person will be responsible for placing one slice of packaged meat or cheese on the sandwich. To make matters even more interesting, you will all be blindfolded with Blackout brand blindfolds, the most trusted Blindfolds in the business - now with Mesh-Out technology that's guaranteed to block 98% of ambient light. Also, the theme of your sandwich must be inspired by Blackout blindfolds.

Episode 6

Greetings, chefs. Today you will climb aboard a Toyota Rav4, then drive around in a circle while complimenting the vehicle's many selling points. Inside that circle, your teammate will be cooking scallops for four hundred Toyota employees. Your dish MUST be a play on scallops, or scallops prepared two ways, or a pairing of scallops with an emulsion of some kind.

Episode 7

It's Halloween, so today's challenge is extra spooooky! Ha ha. Guest judge Hugh Acheson will slowly press the tip of a Top Chef brand chef knife into your abdomen. This knife from Williams-Sonoma is the perfect state of the art tool for professional chefs and home cooks alike. It makes a great Christmas gift as well! The chef who allows the knife to plunge into their guts the furthest will win ten thousand dollars furnished by Healthy Choice.

Episode 10

Native Americans were resourceful sons of bitches. Today, we honor their spirit. You will be cooking here in the woods with nothing but a traditional tin wash tub and a handful of sticks that could conceivably be used to create fire. In the wash tub you must prepare a perfect risotto. No one actually knows what risotto is, and none of the judges can agree on what it should be like. Is it runny? Sticky? Chewy? There is no right answer. Also, you're working in teams again.

Episode 13

Today your challenge is to work on a factory line. You will pull a lever to release a stream of brownie batter slurry into the compartment in a Hungry Man frozen dinner tray. Pull it too long, and there will be too much brownie substance. Let go early and there won't be enough. But wait, there's a twist! You will be working in teams of two. Both of you must hold the lever and release it at the same time. The losing team will be sent home, as you will obviously not be the best at being chefs.

Episode 15

Chefs, welcome to this year's Restaurant Wars! You will name a restaurant. You will design it. You will personally buy all the place settings. You will design the kitchen. You will assemble each item in the kitchen - from stove to air conditioning unit - from this pile of unlabeled parts. You have twelve hours to create the restaurant, and fifteen minutes to plan and cook your dishes. Time starts... now!

Episode 16

Welcome to the Top Chef finale. For the first time in the competition, you will not be working as a team, but as individuals.

Each of you has a signature dish that encapsulates your artistry, personality, and technical proficiency. This meal demonstrates your skills and shows what you are capable of as a chef. In other words, it's you on a plate.

Today we would like you to put Jonathan Davis on a plate. As the lead singer of Korn, who have just released a new album titled The Paradigm Shift, Jonathan certainly has quite a bit of personality. For this challenge you must incorporate Jonathan's favorite food without using any vegetables. It's nachos. His favorite food is nachos.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.8 4 Consumables That Are Secretly Killing You

Thursday, Jan 09, 2014 by The Awful Institute of Dietology

Dieting trends change by the minute, and today's juice fast can quickly transform into tomorrow's multiple heart attack and disrespectful roadside ditch burial. But while fads come and go, some things never change: namely, the so-called "staple foods" quickly sending you to an early and oversized grave. While these consumables make up a substantial part of the food pyramid, it's not hard to see why this triangular structure is secretly a sinister monument to diabetes, heart disease, and the "Big Dog" line of menswear.

Bread

That baguette look tasty? Well, you might as well put a loaded gun in your mouth, fatty, because every roll on your dinner plate is just going to add another unsightly lump to your misshapen excuse for a torso. While many view bread as the culinary "cornerstone of society," that's just more propaganda from Big Flour, which coined the term "bigger than a breadbox" to make loaves of their freshly-baked poison the new standard of measurement in America. And "whole grains" aren't going to save you, either; they'll just give your stomach more work to do until it shrugs and deposits undigested waste into your many folds and ripples. Instead of using bread, try wrapping your sandwich fillings in tissue paper, or simply coat them with a crunchy layer of sand for added texture.

Fruit

It may be "nature's candy," but this juicy, naturally sweet plant matter carries all the same risks. Go ahead and try eating your way to the bottom of a bag of oranges and get back to me in a year if you have any unamputated feet left. Grapes and cherries? There's a reason why these fruits make up the sugariest of sodas, which drive our teens into sucrose frenzies, causing them to paint their faces, dance wildly, and take part in salacious activities like "backyard wrestling." And bananas, when

disposed of improperly, can cause comical mishaps resulting in pulverized hips, shattered femurs, and irritating slide whistle noises. Even worse, fruit is often covertly added to drinks, leaking its citric agenda into otherwise innocent liquids. Play it safe: if someone wedges a lemon or lime into your bottle, shatter it on a nearby surface and scream menacingly until the situation is addressed.

Vegetables

While some of them are known to have health benefits, filling your body with vegetables can have serious consequences. Have you ever walked away from a bowl of carrots feeling satisfied? Has a steaming dish of salted radishes ever put you into a gleefully drowsy, near-fetal, post-Thanksgiving dinner state? Of course not. Eating vegetables will make you completely unfulfilled, leaving the pleasure center of your brain with no choice but to ask "I wonder what pizza's up to these days?" And it's happened to the best of us -- a night that begins with a fresh, crisp plate of kale can easily end after three KFC buckets and a trip to the local sundae bar. Before you shove that broccoli in your mouth, think about what you're going to chase it with.

Water

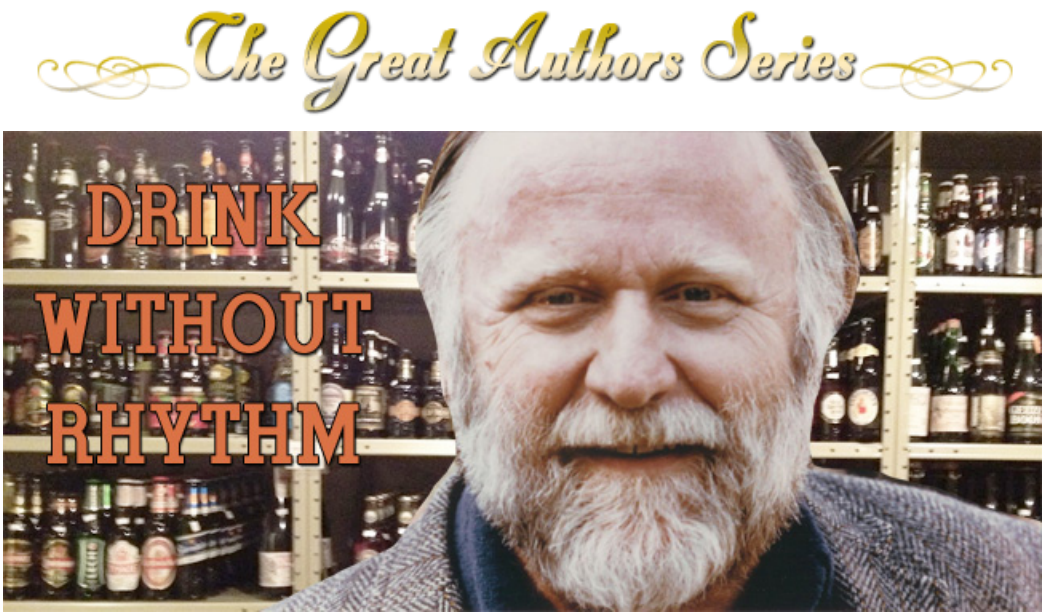
Source of all life? More like cause of all death. Disregarding the fact that just a tablespoon of it can end your miserable existence, the intake of water simply gets your body ready to ingest more food, which has been shown to be the number one cause of weight gain. Dehydration keeps your skin dry and taught, instead of moist, supple, and unhealthy. If you've got a case of "the thirsties," keep your body bloat-free by ingesting your own tears or inhaling the steam of a store-bought humidifier. Or, suck on a commonplace ground stone to intake just the right amount of moisture to keep the brain and heart active. As long as you deny yourself all joy, you'll know you're living well, and are therefore better than all of the people larger than you. Though you may start to bruise easily and begin losing unsightly body and head hair, your expensive fainting couch will practically pay for itself.

–∼The Awful Institute of Dietology

1.9 Frank Herbert Reviews Craft Beers for His Brew Blog

Friday, Jan 10, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.



Firestone Walker Union Jack

There came a hazy pour, like the refraction pattern of a Torbit Shield, dropping into a Helfmann's Suspension Flask from a distance of two meters. The house imbibery was immediately filled with the sunny smell of hops. These were faraway hops from the rockfalls of the west wall and tasted of soft desert mingled with the Sea of Peace, pine, stone, and fresh baked bread.

The beardman was Quali and was called Yult Cherrik and came from a long line of blood-encrypted hypno-barbacks. His brewery conditioning had long ago been unraveled by a need to serve his customers spirits to their liking. As one of the elect of Quali, his arrogance persisted, and he approached my order with some hostility.

"Firestone Walker Double Jack?" he said and held out the Helfmann's Suspension Flask. I took it from him with a crackle of field refrigeration. He frowned. "Adjust two degrees by five five copy one."

His brewery conditioning swam up from the depths of his subconscious. I adjusted the flask settings and the field crackled again, hissed, and gave off a puff of steam. The beer reached a perfect temperature in the zone between sonic refrigeration and room temperature. He did not smile at me. It was not his way.

"That is a fine beard," I said to him. "May it bring blessings to your people."

The beer tasted good. I liked it.

Ballast Point Sculpin IPA

In the lee of the Humos Spire I made camp with a Bathrobi hewt trader. I showed him the coreolis gems I had recovered form the crash in the Beckon Veld. He thought there was some value to them, so we began the ritual negotiations which involved waving our arms in carefully predetermined manners and various angry curses. I pronounced that he was trying to drain the blood from my lobes. He declared that I wanted his Pawdala to go hungry. I had no great taste for hewt as it breeds the heart's fear and sends me on the path of the Shaken Orbs. Instead, I traded three of my largest gems for a single bottle of Ballast Point Sculpin IPA bought from the Dowser Trolley in the deep veld.

The beer was served warm in an oilglass with a twist of Hollabak root. I do not normally flavor beers, but the hewt trader insisted. The beer poured golden, cloudy, with a cap of clean white atop my glass. The smell reminded me of the pines of the northlands with a hint of citrus. It was crisp and refreshing with a taste that was only a little bit like the engine belt of an automobile. Some people like that taste. That rooty, bitter, grease-rag from a diaper drawer flavor. I prefer my brew's to be milder.

As I drank the last of this heavenly brew, I spotted a Veld Horse. It lashed the sky with lightning and its hundred eyes rolled in its sickening head as it came for us. I managed to escape with my life and little else. Although I heard the terrible screams of the hewt trader, all I could think about was the delicious Ballast Point Sclupin I drank.

Appendix I: Great Brewery Houses of the Galaxy

Boulevard Brewing (Kansas City, MO) - Ruled by the cruel Viscount Sorrowmek from the waste spires of Kansas City, his adherents toil endlessly to perfect a golden IPA called Shadowmilk. By imbuing his brewing process with the suffering of his followers - a catechism of agony they each endure from the auto-scriveners - and by using artifcats of the old empire, Sorrowmek has thrown down the guantlet for rich taste without overwhelming hops.

Avery Brewing (Boulder, CO) - The sky city of Boulder, long ago untethered during the war with the macro brewers of Anhaaser Tlulex, was once home to the Avery Brewing house. Raised from birth to become brewers, the men of Avery were said to be the finest brewers in the known galaxy. But the use of a chemical flavor additive was uncovered by the Emperor's Sikkerbrau. After a fierce battle, the brewery house was burned and the Avery charter was revoked. The survivors were exiled to the fringe.

Appendix II: Terminology of the Imperial Pale Ales

Sikkerbrau - Said to come from the prison city of Milwaukee, where only the hardiest beer drinkers survive, the emperor's personal legion patrols the brewery houses and enforces imperial rule. They are unwaveringly loyal and greatly feared throughout the galaxy.

Quali, Beardmen - The once-great brewhouse of Quali was torn apart by internal intrigues. Although they produce no new beers, they continue on as a training center for barbacks, marked by their thick beards and their hypno-conditioning to create machine-like minds. The side effect of the conditioning is that they are huge dickheads if you try to order a macrobrew.

Pawdala - Children and wives of the Bathrobi. Means, literally, "helpless ones" and sometimes includes the infirm or elderly. They help tend the Hewt and the more skilled are allowed to work at the Bathrobi vault brewers.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.10 Adventurer, That Sword Is None Other Than The Legendary Badsmiter

Saturday, Jan 11, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Its blade was formed from the purest Elven moonsilver, for that was known by all to be the lightest and most durable of all the metals in the realm, and because ingots were on sale in a buy two get one free special.

The pommel was painstakingly carved from the tooth of Sprin'kles, the last of the mighty god dragons. It was a true work of art as well as a perfectly weighted counterbalance to the blade itself. Perhaps more remarkable than the craftsmanship was the artist's ability to convince Sprin'kles remain perfectly still for the duration of the project.

The sword was forged and assembled at the summit of Mount Unclimbable. The smith was able to make the trip up to the top (obviously) and there was already a forge waiting up there, so the mountain has since come to be known as Mount Only Climbable Twice That We Know Of Though We Are Flexible On The Matter If More Evidence Comes To Light.

Upon that forge, the blade was pounded into shape beneath the hammer of history's greatest dwarven weaponsmith. It was actually intended to be a teapot, but in addition to being the greatest weaponsmith this dwarf also happened to be history's worst teapot crafter. As the old saying goes: The gods give with one hand as they take with the other and they also use a third hand to give your elbow a shove while you're writing.

Once completed, the glowing hot sword was quenched in an ogre's blood. This had to be done with great haste, for once the sounds of sizzling reached the ogre's lumpy bristle-covered ears he came running and angrily shaking an enormous fist, only slowing for a few brief moments to survey the damage to his porcelain blood fountain.

The completed sword was soon blessed by an ancient order of warrior-priests. Their deity, Goblessia, was the god of compulsively blessing objects. These priests were trained as warriors out of necessity. You see, the priests determined that most people would be reluctant to have their items blessed by a group of strange men in unfashionable robes, so they decided it was best not to ask at all. They trained day and night to defend themselves when the very objects they blessed were inevitably thrown at their heads.

Badsmiter's strength and durability are nothing short of legendary. It once cut down eighteen rock golems and nearly three hundred skeleton warriors in one adventure alone. According to prophecy, the blade will cleave ten thousand evil beings before its warranty is up.

The sheath seems odd, does it not? That is because it is, itself, another blade. Note how the edges taper and become distinctively sword-y. This design is ingenious. It ensures that even if you accidentally leave the sheath on your sword it will still be able to hack and slash your foes. There is no downside whatsoever to having an exposed length of razor sharp death slapping against your thigh. Well, there is a downside, but it's so obvious that it's almost too obvious, rendering it unlikely and unworthy of concern.

Perhaps you will now understand my reaction to your discovery of this seemingly mundane sword. What you hold in your hand, young adventurer, is the legendary blade Badsmiter. Its mystical destiny is inextricably linked with your fate from this point forward, and together your actions shall serve a divine purpose of heroic justice.

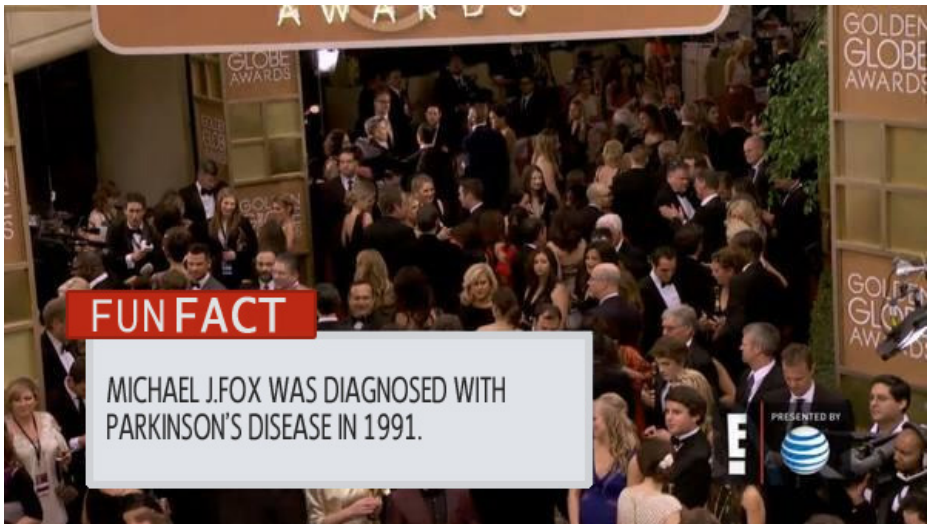
Basically, you can use it to poke holes in sentient things until they stop living.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.11 The E! Network's Outrageous Golden Globes "FUN FACTS"

Monday, Jan 13, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The E! Network decided to overlay its Golden Globes coverage with so-called "fun facts" about movies, TV-shows, and celebrities. One of these facts sent Twitter into a tizzy over its apparent insensitivity.

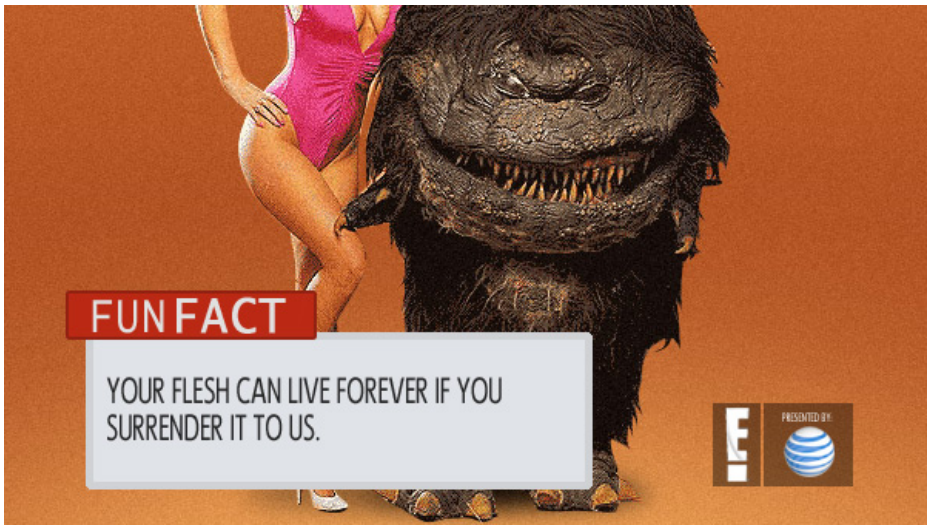


Thousands of angry fans Tweeted their outrage and hundreds more offered parody versions, but things only got stranger and darker as the broadcast continued with more celebrity medical information:

Some of which seemed questionable...

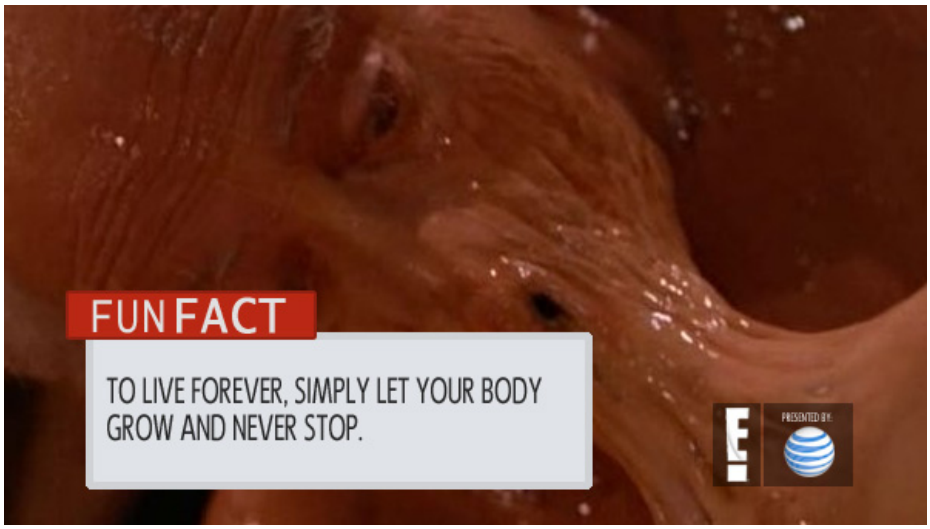
The Fun Facts meditated on disease, death, and the uncaring nature of the universe in which we find ourselves:

But Buzzfeed and HuffPo were especially baffled by its medical advice:



E! Network continued to serve up celebrity facts...

...intermingled with the advice we have all accepted...



Of course we knew that the truth offered by the Fun Facts could not come without a cost.

We cast off who and what we were before for this new epoch.

We melded together with all other flesh, creating the new flesh, learning something about ourselves, those around us, Twitter, animated GIFs, and the meaning of sharing a single body with over a billion writhing, agony-filled minds. We live in a new reality of life without endings, questions without answers.

What does it all mean? Only one thing is for certain: someone at E! Network is gonna get fired.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.12 Anime Mine

Wednesday, Jan 15, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Anime Roommate series.

Hello, Jerry.

It's been a long time since I last wrote a note to you and slid it out from under my bedroom door. I know things have been tense between us in the past, which is why I spent the last two years in my bedroom, emerging only to restock on essential supplies from Walmart. I even got that camp toilet so I wouldn't make the bathroom smell like "a Hadron Collider for soiled diapers and rotting fruit," as you put it. Typical Jerry, throwing out insults and not realizing they make you look uneducated.

When you called me a "No-belt Prize Winner" when my sweatpants kept falling down, you made yourself look like a fool. It's called a "Nobel Prize" and they don't give it out for losing weight. You should have been supportive because the weight loss was due to parasites, Jerry. But don't worry, because I've found the right balance of food to feed both myself and the parasites. My sweatpants fit tightly again.

I have learned not to take offense to your callous words, because I know they come from a place of fear and envy. A place that makes you look stupid.

But, Jerry, let's get to the point of this letter.

I know you want what I have, and deny yourself it every day. We both know what I'm talking about: anime. You resent me because I am the gatekeeper to amazing worlds beyond your mundane world of law school. I am the one who can open the door and show you the amazing world of *Gundam* or *Macross Plus*. And it is me, Jerry, who can bring you to tears sharing the sublime beauty of *Serial Experiments Lain* or *Magic Users Club*. We both know I have all the power in this relationship.

I had a dream, Jerry. This isn't like all the other dreams about you I've spent hours discussing with my therapist. This one told me it was time to break the silence and finally extend an olive branch. I've hurt you enough. You need me to be your step-brother again. Heh... it wasn't always easy to accept you as my brother. You were rude and vengeful, and I felt less like Miki Koishikawa in *Marmalade Boy* or Ema Hinate in *Brothers Conflict*, and more like I was living with Sesshoumaru from Rumiko Takahashi's *InuYasha*.

Jerry, in this dream you died. But that was not the end. It was the beginning. I revived you through mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, breathing my life into you. You awoke again, struggling to catch your breath and refill your lungs. You turned to me and spoke. Two words I will forever cherish, dream or not. "Anime. Now."

In that instant I took your hand and guided you into my room. I sat you on the closed lid of my camp toilet, and you stared at me wide-eyed and full of wonder. Then I showed you my anime. All of my anime. I spoke of the DVDs I imported in Japan, of fansubs and the fansub community, of my figurines and wall scrolls. You cried with joy and thanked me, as if seeing art for the very first time.

Then Jerry we were older, you and I. We had spent years watching anime together, from lighthearted *Love Hina* to the gritty future of Satou Tetsuo's *Martian Successor Nadesico*. We both got very muscular, and the skin on my thighs was healed and no longer dead. Finally, Jerry, we found our common ground and common language: the language of anime.

But dark clouds came, for it was time for you to be tested, Jerry. Your "bros" came to lure you back to a world of sports and stupidity, calling you out to come have some "wings" and "brews." You told them the only athletic competition you cared about was *Battle Athletes Victory*. And Jerry, you spoke with the voice of Kawakami Tomoko, a voice you took on permanently because it better reflected your personality. You also dressed like her, because in this dream the shackles of gender were destroyed by the transcending beauty of anime.

You passed the test, Jerry. That's when I knew for sure you were mine.

Then, Jerry, we were watching the anime of the future, where characters familiar and new explored topics and frontiers man had yet to devise. Suddenly, Jerry, we were both very old. I was like a wizard, wizened from a lifetime spent enjoying the finest art. As your mentor, I felt overwhelming pride having led you out of the darkness and into the bright, welcoming light of anime.

Knowing my mission was complete and I had taught you everything, I felt the end approaching. It was a peaceful feeling, Jerry, even though you raged against it. You begged me to hang on, pleading that there was always more anime to watch. "No, Jerry" I said. "It's time, Jerry."

Then I drew my last breath and prepared to ascend to the new stage, where my consciousness would run free, separated from the weakness of the body. The necrotic flesh of my inner thighs, the diabetes, the parasites. I would be whole amongst all my favorite anime characters. I would be welcomed to a table with the likes of Meryl Stryfe, Ryoko, Reinhard von Lohengramm, Black Jack, Miaka Yuki, Sylia Stingray, Liu Mao Hsing and a hundred other unforgettable names.

You cried and tried desperately to revive me, performing mouth-to-mouth resuscitation as I had once done for you. After each breath you breathed into me, you would yell the name of an anime character to show me how much you had learned. "Gohan, son of Goku, father of Pan!" you shouted. "Vegata, father of Trunks and Bulla!"

You were my best student and I was your *Great Teacher Onizuka*. You learned the histories and the lineages, you knew the characters and could recite their names and the names of their inspired creators. I was proud of you, Jerry. You were more than a step-brother then. You were my best friend and soul mate.

That was my dream, Jerry. That *is* my dream for us. I saved your body from dying, then saved your mind from a lifetime of mediocrity. You owe me now, Jerry. You owe yourself.

The journey of a thousand animes starts with a single step. My door is unlocked. Your seat is waiting. Fulfill your destiny.

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.13 Teen Orc: A Retrospective

Thursday, Jan 16, 2014 by Alex "bransonbranson" Branson (@bransonbranson)

What if your average teenage boy... was an Orc? Like, Boy Meets World, you know what that show needed? An Orc.

It has been ten years since *Teen Orc* first came onto our televisions and into our lives. Critically lauded as one of the finest examples of whole-family entertainment on TV, *Teen Orc* claimed the hearts of young people and parents alike. It's so well established as a cultural juggernaut that few people remember how it struggled through its first season with below-average Nielsen ratings; it didn't really become the unstoppable steamroller of commercial and creative success we know today until the end of season two. Now, as we near the end of this show's long and illustrious run, we take a look back at the creators, writers and characters that made it all possible.

What is your FAVORITE EPISODE of TEEN ORC?

S1E8

Teen Orc must evade his tribe's shaman, who seeks to imbue him with a second puberty magically, until he can find a way to sneak around Angela's Golem boyfriend so he can tell her how he really feels about her. Tim wins the Science Fair .

S2E3

P-Rock is introduced as Teen Orc's science partner, much to Tim's dismay. Later, P-Rock teaches them how to talk to girls in his tree fort. Soon after, all three are arresting for soliciting prostitutes.

S3E14

After earning a ceremonial tribal pendant after his first kill during the Clan Wars, Teen Orc discovers he can dunk a basketball, and his rising popularity makes Tim worry he will be left behind. P-Rock gets caught in a closed hot tub and misses his GED test.

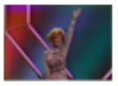
S4E8

During the Senior Ski Trip, Teen Orc and Tim stumble across a phylactery. P-Rock overdoses on Viagra in a prank meant for the foreign exchange student. Everyone learns a lesson except P-Rock.

S5E1

Teen Orc and Tim go to college. P-Rock's parole officer is not impressed with his skateboard tricks. An ancient warrior rises to fight Teen Orc and is instead shot with P-Rock's mighty gun.

S5E11



Teen Orc goes on a blood fugue after a fraternity hazing ritual and destroys most of Greek Town. Tim is distraught after getting a B in Chemistry.

S7E4

Tim's plans to propose to his girlfriend are interrupted by P-Rock driving an RV into a quarry. Teen Orc questions his identity when his girlfriend says he is "not like other orcs." P-Rock gives a fake name at the hospital.

Teen Orc was the brainchild of Brent Yossom, a Vietnam veteran from El Paso. In its original form, it was a modestly successful 20-page children's book that Yossom wrote, illustrated and published himself, intending it to help children understand why their older siblings were getting severe acne. (This allegorical purpose embarrassed Yossom's nephew, Jeremy, who accompanied Yossom on a press tour and who would get his face pointed at roughly seven to eight times per interview. Because of this, and the fact that Teen Orc's actual name is never revealed, some surmise that Jeremy is the real Teen Orc.)

Eventually, this slim book found its way into the hands of producer Ernest Garrett's daughter, and, because he said "what if" and was lazy, it gradually started to change into a paranormal teenage coming-of-age comedy-drama TV show.

Teen Orc didn't become a fan favorite until the addition of P-Rock in the midst of season two. The P-Rock we saw on screen split the difference between Yossom and Garrett's visions for the character. Yossom, whose PTSD symptoms had become intense and continued to worsen, wanted P-Rock to be an antagonistic murder-spirit bent on showing *Teen Orc* "true hell." Garrett just wanted to add a third friend who would break up *Teen Orc*'s codependent dynamic. Said Garrett later of the compromise, "I didn't have to offer as much morphine as you might think."

The next few years addressed standard sitcom plotlines, with a few seasons using overarching storylines. In season three, Teen Orc began to search for his father, discovering him at the season's end as an enigmatic swordsman known simply as The Traveler (he admittedly sells insurance, but says that it "isn't his main thing."). Season four focused on the basketball team, getting Tim involved by having him help coach and getting P-Rock involved by having him steal copper wire from the rival school's buildings.

Season five was all about the boys going to college. This was also the setting for the next three seasons, during which Tim and Teen Orc sought love and explored their career aspirations. By the end of season eight, Tim and Teen Orc have both graduated. Tim gets married, while Teen Orc gets engaged to a wispy Snow Elf of the northern reaches. P-Rock spent 'the college years' at Yardwork School, where his father shipped him after his controversial campaign to re-legalize Quaaludes. While he remains single, P-Rock found his own version of campus romance during Episode 11 of season 5, when he fingered Miss Teen Iowa after pretending to be Axl Rose's son.

As we near the end of season nine, Teen Orc is about to wrap up its final arc, which involves a mysterious prophecy centering around Teen Orc, now decidedly adult and ready to lead his Clan. The show's creators promise to deliver satisfying answers to the fans' many pressing questions in these precious few remaining episodes, such as: Will Teen Orc ejaculate into the Earth Mud of his clan, birthing a son? Will Tim's wife forego marriage counseling and let him buy the foosball table of his dreams? Will P-Rock learn how to shimmy out of a court-ordered ankle monitor? -

FUN FACTS!

-The actor who plays Teen Orc, Darryl Grungus, has never starred in another TV show or film because of his iconic association with the role as well as the fact that he looks like an orc.

-The characters intended to serve as a foil for P-Rock always failed, and most of them were written out almost immediately after being introduced. The longest lasting was Jean-Claude Ennui, a passive young gothic man whose main gimmick was being continually unimpressed with everything stupid P-Rock did and everything magical that happened to Teen Orc.

-Tim was such an underwhelming character later in the series that the writers considered making him a bail bondsman, which would make it easier for them to explain P-Rock's continual arrests.

-P-Rock's oft-quoted catch-phrase "Who got into your turds?" was originally supposed to just be a pure, simple "Fuck You" until everyone remembered this was network television.

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Thanks to **Ian "BFM" Helm** for the page design. Look for a new Groggery Gibbonman next week!

–~Alex "bransonbranson" Branson (@bransonbranson)

1.14 Arming Gun Control Advocates is the Only Way They Will Achieve Their Goals

Friday, Jan 17, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I think it was Aristotle, or perhaps a cave man, who once observed, "Might makes right." A phrase as simple as it is true.

The threat of physical violence is the basic underpinning of civilization. That threat is how the dominant culture imposes its beliefs on others, how they collect taxes and raise armies to, in turn, inflict their ideas on faraway people in faraway lands.

To a certain extent, this threat of violence is even how we maintain politeness in society. I think it was John Wayne, or perhaps a cave man, who once said, "An armed society is a polite society." Without the fear of being summarily executed by a pistol shot we might feel free to stare at ladyfolk, play our music at unreasonable levels, walk suspiciously through neighborhoods, or text in a movie theater.

People go to him for his wisdom.

The threat of violence, for lack of bothering to try to find a better word, is *good*. It is how we get things done. In any argument, ideas are meaningless, for it is the side with the most powerful arsenal which prevails.

Take the Lincoln-Douglas debates. Most forget that Lincoln, who later became one of America's Presidents, lost his election for senator and was soundly defeated by Frederick Douglas in these debates over slavery. Douglas triumphed because he carried a guisarme, or medieval polearm, at every event, which he used to menace and distract Lincoln.

Lincoln famously remarked, "I cannot help but hate this monstrous injustice called - Christ, you nearly took off my arm!"

If the argument goes to the most heavily armed, then nothing could be more pitiful than an argument for disarmament in which those calling for it are unarmed. Bilateral talks between the Soviet Union and the United States on the subject of limiting nuclear proliferation

began in 1969 and resulted, over the decades, in a series of arms reduction treaties. You will notice that these talks were between the two nations with hundreds and hundreds of nuclear missiles pointed at each other.

If Jamaica had approached Kruschev and asked him to limit his nuclear weapons he wouldn't have even bothered to take off his shoe. If the Dali Lama had gone to Ronald Reagan and asked him to dismantle a bunch of Minuteman batteries he would have been lucky to get a handshake and a couple jellybeans.

Similarly, when a few women gathered to discuss gun control at a Dallas, Texas restaurant, they were greeted by over two dozen men, women, and children armed with semi-automatic rifles and shotguns. How did this confrontation end? Which side went home and whined to Huffington Post? It wasn't the side that brought an AR-15 to the parking lot of a Hooters.

The media that advocates for gun control made some headlines out of this incident, but outrage over old-fashioned mob menacing is never going to top a steady stream of school shootings for argumentative weight. If blasting holes in a bunch of kids didn't move the giant boulder of the gun control argument, moms and mayors for gunsense or whatever they are calling themselves are not going to do it. They cannot win the argument because they don't have the power of threatened violence behind them.

Fourth grade debate team champ.

Which brings me back to the Lincoln-Douglas debates. After being soundly crushed by Frederick Douglas and his guisarme, Abraham Lincoln learned his lesson. He continued to oppose the spread of slavery, but as he did so he made sure that he was backed by a lot of cannons and rifles, trains, sabers, gyrocopters, battle blimps, steam punk tanks, and whatever other weapons were popular back in the 1860s.

Those arguing for slavery also had a lot of these things and thought they could win the argument. Fortunately, they were wrong, because the north had way more weapons. By the time the steampunk tanks were rolling through the streets of Atlanta, the argument was won and the slaves had been freed.

If you want to win an argument, bring a gun. Bring a lot of them. Bring more than anyone else. The next time moms against gunsense for American mayors goes to eat hot wings and talk about background checks they need to come prepared. They need to overwhelm the opposition to gun control through force of arms.

Pile up shotguns and rifles. Load up cop killer bullets. Make some pipe bombs. Arming themselves to the teeth with guns is the only way to successfully advocate for gun control.

Might is the only way to have a polite society. Right?

I think a caveman said it.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

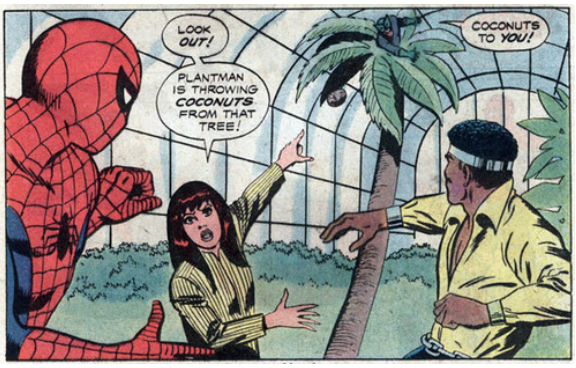
1.15 Peculiar Panels

Saturday, Jan 18, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

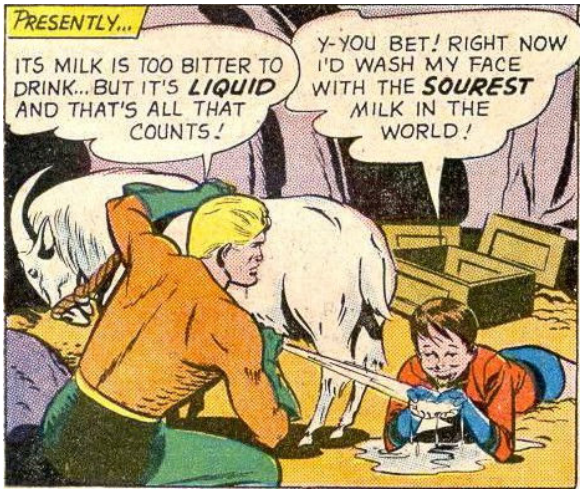
This article is part of the Peculiar Panels series.

The goons in Batman's Shameful Secret have been posting funny comic book panels for years. In this new sporadically updated series we'll spotlight the most outlandish and puzzling contributions.

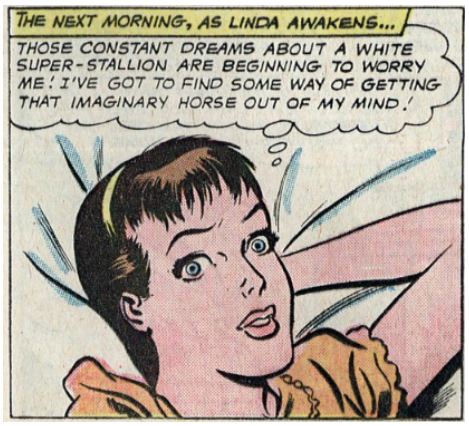
Pacra kicks things off with a bummer, the penultimate panel from *The Death Of Spider-Man.*



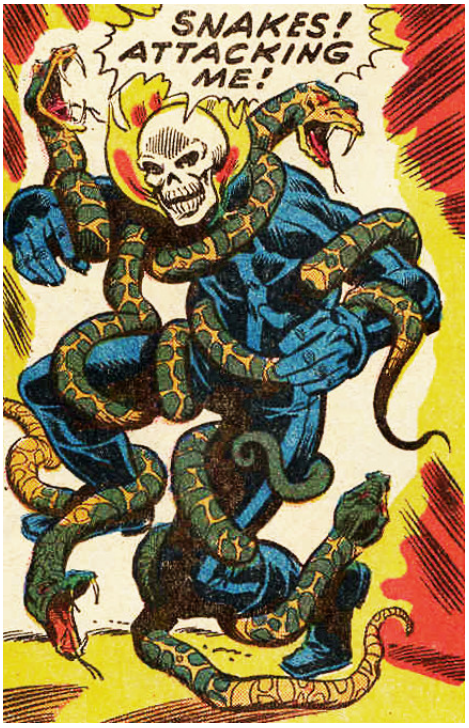
Jerusalem lightens the mood by revisiting a simpler, happier time.


PRESENTLY...
ITS MILK IS TOO BITTER TO DRINK... BUT IT'S LIQUID AND THAT'S ALL THAT COUNTS!
Y-YOU BET! RIGHT NOW I'D WASH MY FACE WITH THE SOUREST MILK IN THE WORLD!

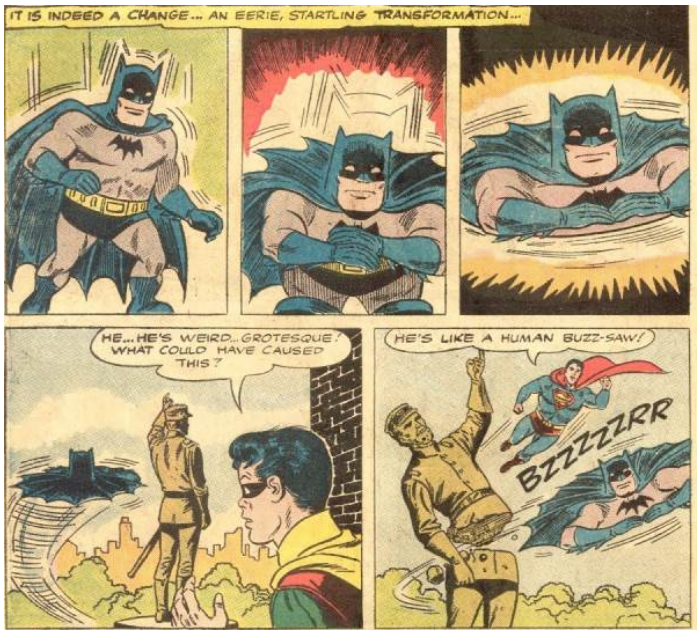
bobkatt013 presents a problem that a million My Little Pony enthusiasts would love to have.


THE NEXT MORNING, AS LINDA AWAKENS...
THOSE CONSTANT DREAMS ABOUT A WHITE SUPER-STALLION ARE BEGINNING TO WORRY ME! I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY OF GETTING THAT IMAGINARY HORSE OUT OF MY MIND!

SynthOrange reminds us of Ghost Rider's oft-forgotten super power: Being succinct and accurate.



PenguinKnight shares an average ho-hum day of Batman fighting crime. Frankly, I'm not sure why this is in here.


IT IS INDEED A CHANGE... AN EERIE, STARTLING TRANSFORMATION...
HE...HE'S WEIRD...GROTESQUE! WHAT COULD HAVE CAUSED THIS?
HE'S LIKE A HUMAN BUZZ-SAW!
BZZZZZRR

Waterhaul thinks that Dexter's expression might be slightly inappropriate for the current situation.

Strontosaurus presents the entire human experience in one image.

Hamiltonian Bicycle has mixed feelings about the gritty tone of the latest Superman reboot.

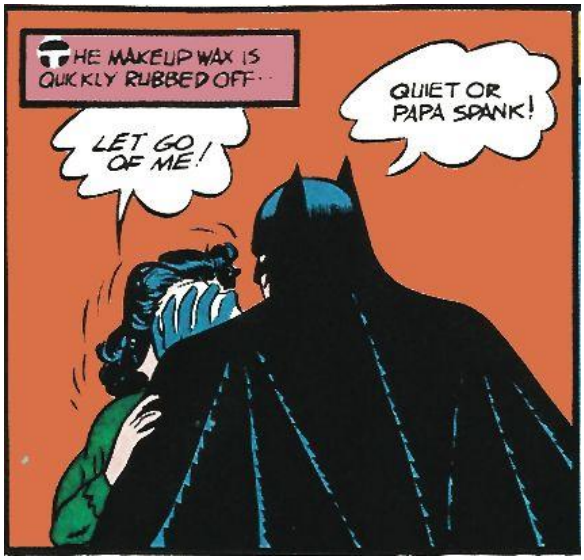
CAN THIS COLD-HEARTED COOKIE REALLY BE OUR LOIS ?
BANG! BANG!
BANG!
READY!
AIM!
FIRE!
15
YES, IT'S FOR REAL! YOU'VE SEEN THE VICTIMS FALL, AND SUPERMAN'S FINGER WAS ON THE TRIGGER!

MelvinTheJerk appreciates a cautious, airtight plan.

OUR HEROES VISIT THE PENTAGON!
WE NEED ONE MILLON TONS OF T.N.T., GENERAL!
ANYTHING YOU SAY, MARVEL BOY!
SEVERAL MINUTES LATER...
T.N.T.
I HOPE THEY CAN SAVE EARTH.
THEY PUT THE T.N.T. IN SPACE!
T.N.T.
IT'S ALL UP TO YOU, MOON DRAGON!
I MUST THINK HARD!

ImpAtom refuses to explain how he obtained this image of Lowtax and myself in the last writers' meeting.

Was Taters asks: What if a Men's Rights Activist had flown past Bruce Wayne's window on that fateful night?

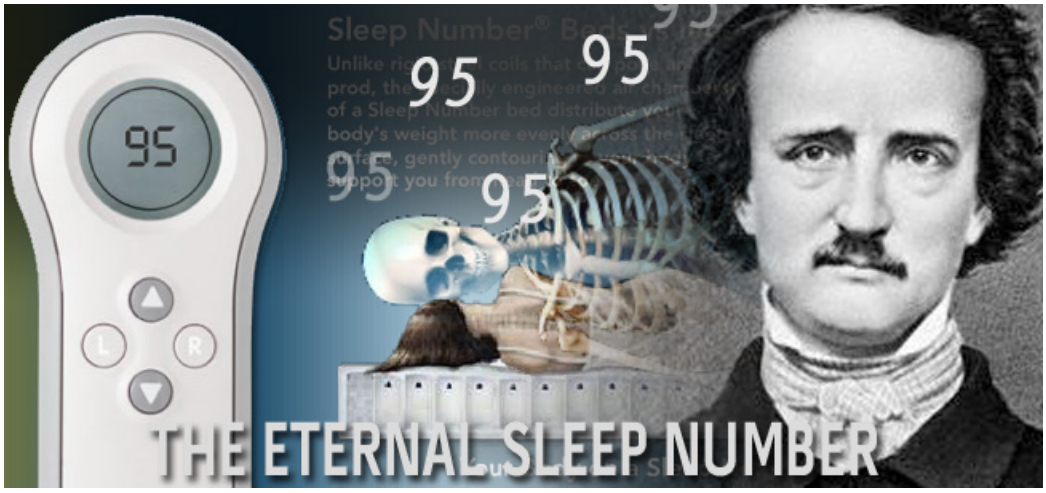


–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.16 Edgar Allan Poe is Hired to Sell Sleep Number Beds

Monday, Jan 20, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.



You there! You will surely think me a liar but this story I am about to tell is the truth! I would not lie upon such as subject as this - the subject about which you are about to be informed (for it is truly a miserable subject) even if I were cursed with madness!

How could I tell any way but true of that accursed number? I hate it so! Even know I see it, ringed by firmness, glowing with the number 95.

But I come too soon to the point! For it was nine days prior, and I with my bedraggled wife of times such as these when wives and men were flea bitten and gray about the face, a ghostly pallor and a perpetual cough upon us. We fussed day and night upon our bed. A stupid slab, it was, (for no spirit possessed it) and wholly inadequate for our mutual comfort. It was soiled with the years and handed down from grandfather to mother to now daughter.

I, having dug graves for tuberculoids, had scratched together some coin with which I hoped to buy a pistol to finally shoot the black bird that haunted the gables of our house. But my wife, dearest Esther, she sought a new mattress.

"Of course," said she upon that day - as I recall it so clearly (for it was only six days ago), "a mattress like porridge is suited to my mushy scapulas, a trait inherited from my mother's gypsy side of the family."

"I would rather lie upon a stone!" This was my counter - and you may think it harsh - truth be told I had slept upon funeral stones in days past without so much as a rheumatism.

We argued back and forth, to exhaustion and coughing, which only took moments (for sickness was never placed beyond the feeble reach of our limbs), until such a time as we arrived at a fantasy. If only a bed could be made that was firm upon its eastern half and - if such things could be possible - was soft upon its western portion.

It was that very night - a night as I recall where a mist hung upon the heath and fairly evil dogs did moan into the moon - when a knocking came upon our door. I felt a tremble up my spine, a coldness I could not attribute to my usual maladies, and a deep perturbation of my essence, as if wobbly goblins had crossed over the plot where I would someday be buried.

The knock came again! I had no choice but to answer this call!

"Mattress delivery!" said the man on the other side of the door. I did not believe him, for we had only fantasized of a mattress, and yet, with an easy payment plan, affordable even for my salary as a part time digger of miserable holes, a man of devilish countenance from the Sleep Number store - Ted as I recall was his name (for it was inscribed upon his covering all) - had brought over a new mattress.

It looked, at first, like any other mattress as he set it upon the time-worn frame of our bed.

"This," said Ted, holding up a queer device, "is your Sleep Number control system."

The instructions were deceptively simple. I, requiring a certain firmness, would adjust the dial to the number of my choosing and find the DualAir technology activating within the mattress to create my desired rock-like texture. My wife, desiring a different outcome, could utilize this system to achieve a mushy, gelatin-like goo bed to cradle the disease-eaten oatmeal of her bones.

As suddenly as he had appeared (for it was very sudden) Ted had disappeared from our house, leaving a great quantity of illustrated instructions in shockingly vivid color and a silvered mirror disc which was supposedly filled with images on how to operate the bed, although its secrets could not be revealed upon our phonograph player.

That very night, exhausted from crossing the room several times and speaking more than a sentence, my wife and I retired to our new bed. It was then that I made that fateful setting! If only I had known what I was doing as I dialed in 95 as my Sleep Number! If only my beloved wife Esther had not the jellied shoulder blades of a leper!

Woe fills me as I recall her Sleep Number (for it was 15) and how she smiled with contentment as she nearly disappeared into the softness of her side of the mattress. We were so happy! It was the only moment of happiness in our lives other than the one time she gave birth and the child did not immediately die (although he died soon after) and we felt at ease.

If only - looking back - I had known I would not have

drank that glass of water earlier. But we cannot change time! I did drink it! I did get out of the bed and go to relieve myself! And Esther, dearest Esther, sweet soft-backed Esther, did roll upon my side of the bed!

I heard a sound - I still hear it now - like a cookie being tossed from atop a cathedral onto the square below. She looked at me with wide eyes for a moment and then she was done in by the agonizing pain of the hard mattress. I had no choice but to bury her beneath the floor boards inside a secret room, walled up so that no rats or ravens can get at her.

You think I lie? Go, now, tear up the floorboards! Look in the bedroom! You will find the bed, still set to 95, and my wife, like a jigsaw come apart! Tear it up, please, I beg of you, and rid me of this guilt. Better still, give me your pistol or a poison cup, so that I might be done with my sorrowful existence like so much trash being fed to orphans. For until I die I will see that terrible number glowing in the night.

My Sleep Number, the number of Esther's eternal sleep, 95.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.17 Choose Your Own Humanities Career

Tuesday, Jan 21, 2014 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Congratulations! You're in enough denial to believe you're special and unique.You're officially the perfect candidate for a humanities degree. So while other people focus on applicable college goals like nursing or teaching or business, you decide that you don't care about money. You, noble weirdo, will rise above such trivial things! So while you will hear people ask "what can you do with that degree," you must ignore them, certain that there is an option for you at the end of your path.

So choose your own adventure and see what path your major leads you!

English!: Turn to page 50
Communications!: Turn to page 51
Gender Studies!: Turn to page 52
Philosophy!: Turn to page 53
Skip College!: Turn to page 53

English Degree
You Lose!

Your love of literature leads you nowhere. Somehow *Beowulf* provides less preparation for the outside world than you counted on and the market for essay writing is at a one hundred year low.

You anxiously search job postings and after three months luck out and find an unpaid internship at the Barnes and Noble. Though the internship doesn't turn into a real career, it becomes a great lead to another unpaid internship that also ends without a job.

Dejected and broke, you move back home and slip into a classic quarter-life crisis. Your weekends are spent at a local diner drinking light beer with people you didn't really like in high school. You consider joining a fantasy football league. Then it hits you. Why don't you work at Bill's Bar and Grill? It'd cover the bills and provide you with so much writing material. It would be, you convince yourself, a good detour adventure! You walk into the restaurant with it all planned out. Six months serving, and you'll have enough to move to New York.

All of a sudden five years have passed, and you're still serving at the same place. You're still drinking beer with the same people. You still really want to join the fantasy league. All the cool people you thought you'd meet are mostly lame and lonely, and you aren't much different.

Communications Degree
You Lose!

You never figure out what Communications really meant, but it doesn't matter. You graduated and you got to take a bunch of classes with the football team which is pretty cool. After college you relax all summer and once fall comes around you take it easy. By Christmas your mom is starting to worry. She just wants you to be happy.

She wakes you up one afternoon and tells you the best advice in the world. "Do whatever makes you happy." It makes so much sense you feel sort of stupid for not thinking of it earlier. Why hadn't you ever thought about a career in Beer Drinking? You immediately put on your favorite flannel and head over to Bill's Bar and Grill.

Five years later, and your mother should be so proud of you. You work and have fun and don't have to get out of bed until the afternoon. It's the best of every world, like having a PS4 and an XBone and if you really wanted a Wii U but definitely the first two. Whoa, right? And, best of all, you're totally using your degree. I mean, how else are you talking to all those people?

Gender Studies
You Lose!

You graduate hungry, enraged by the tyranny and rhetoric of our modern world. You apply to every job you can find, sure you can really make a difference in shaping the future. For some reason every time you actually get a call back from your resume, the interviewer doesn't seem to understand. "Wait," they say, "so you went to college to study boys and girls?" You tell them that it's more than that, but you never hear back.

You start working at Bill's Bar and Grill because it's the very cesspool of sexism and prejudice you want to confront. You also want to start paying off these debts. Every day for the first few months, you leave work enraged that people still treat women in such offensive ways, but after a while you're numb to it, and after a few years you don't feel much at all. Your fiery drive diminishes with each shift until you're mindlessly complacent.

Philosophy
You SUPER Lose!

You leave graduation early to get a jump start on your application over at Bill's Bar and Grill. Unfortunately, they do not hire you because they assume you're probably insufferable. And though they will never know for sure, they were right. No one likes you.

No College
You Tie!

You leave high school and get a job at Bill's Bar and Grill. Maybe next year you'll take some classes over at the community college, but for now you have some fun with your friends and make some cash on the side. You aren't making millions, but you aren't sweating it either. In fact, your only complaint would be all the jackasses you have to work with.

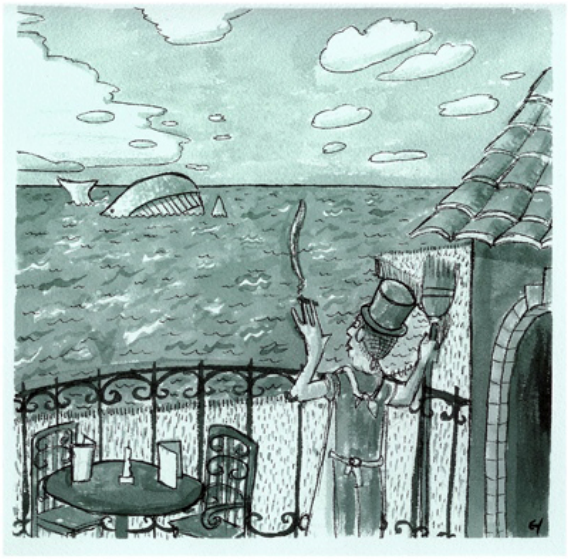
–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

1.18 The Farcical Fables of Groggery Gibbonman

Wednesday, Jan 22, 2014 by Ian "BFM" Helm

This article is part of the Groggery Gibbonman series.

"For a time, Gibbonman's works were banned in libraries world-wide, from the Aeriocities of North Africa to the Czar's Gyrocoptidome. Deemed seditious, his daring appropriation of what scholars dubbed 'the breakfast vernacular' (particularly his use of 'chair,' 'table' and other vulgar names for kitchen furnishings) nonetheless had a permanent impact on the King's English." -Ralston Fleeknock, *The Forgotten Manners of Furniture.*



Long away in a coastal land, where the waves tackled the cliffs, there was a famous restaurant. Its menu was as starred as the dark ocean skies at dinner time, and its staff true and earnest, and so it was of course successful (for this was a bygone era, you see).

The restaurant was well renowned, as was its restaurateur, who greeted each customer with a smile and a bow and was tipped most generously for doing so. One day, however, a visitor arrived that the Restaurateur had not expected- an enormous gray whale. The great leviathan let spray a mighty

geyser as he rose from the waters.

"PARTY OF ONE!" the whale announced, and smiled a baleen smile.

But the restaurateur shook his head, and he called back "Great gray whale upon the blue! This restaurant's too small for you! A whale inside- that wouldn't do!"

"HOW DARE YOU!?" rumbled the whale. "Good riddance!" thought the Restaurateur as he watched the great beast swim away angrily. But throughout the night he glanced back to the ocean with a wary eye. He had managed enough restaurants to know: This would not be the end of it.

Sure enough, the whale returned the next day, and with him he brought a dinner party- 10 great gray whales, each nobler than the last, until the noblest whale's largesse was quite staggering to behold.

"NOW..." bellowed the whale. "NOW WILL YOU SEAT ME, MAN OF THE SHORE!? I BRING MY OWN APPETITE AND SEVERAL WHALES' MORE!"

"That doesn't help!" cried the Restaurateur, who was understandably frightened of the ten tremendous whales staring him down from the cliffs. "If anything, bringing more whales exacerbates the problem!"

"THEN YOU LEAVE US NO CHOICE!" the whale blared, and with a flip of his tail he summoned his friends to leap upon the shore. The Restaurateur's cries were drowned and crushed (as was he). Whale after whale crashed into the restaurant, which was demolished beyond recognition by the first whale and spread around messily by the rest.

"HOW IS YOUR KRILL TODAY!?" the whales demanded as they flopped on the rubble.

The moral of the story is: Always make reservations.

THE FROGS AND THE PTERODACTYLS

Well before long, much more than ago, when the animals engaged in sport more openly, the frogs decided to challenge the pterodactyls to a cross-country race.

"Absurd!" scoffed the pterodactyls. "Certainly we are faster than frogs by any measure!"

But laugh as they might at the proposed contest, the pterodactyls were honorable sportsmen, and they believed themselves bound to oblige a fair challenge. When the day of the race came, the fastest pterodactyls and most athletic frogs gathered at the starting line, each side boastfully sure of their victory. The flag was raised, and off they went!

Bounding and bouncing over hill and valley, road and river, on they went, the frog athletes hopping with all their might. Yet they were clearly no match for the pterodactyls, who flew in great lazy circles above their competition.

"What's wrong with you frogs!?" the frustrated pterodactyls lamented. "This is hardly worth our while! Why not run instead against lizards or hares? What were you thinking?"

"NOW!" yelled the fastest frog, and his teammates scattered. In grand unison, a thousand frogs appeared at the hilltops, ballistae loaded. The air filled with terrible missiles, and the pterodactyls fell in bloody smashed heaps, dead.

And so it was around the world, where frogs had challenged pterodactyls to all manner of games, sports, and track-and-field events they were clearly ill-equipped to win. But no longer.

The moral of the story is: That is what happened to the dinosaurs.

THE FABULIST AND THE LEOPARD

Years and weeks and days ago, a fabulist (the wretched thing) was traveling (as fabulists do) in a dire land, dour and cold. Wintery winds polished the drifts and rattled the reeds.

The Fabulist, being a creature of cities and towns, did not think to listen for the World's Largest Leopard as he wandered through the frozen rows. Though if he had, still he would not have heard it. And had he heard, nonetheless the beast would have been upon him, and so it was by any account that the Fabulist was pinned.

"Great Gods!" cried the Fabulist, beneath untold tonnage of wild white cat. But his mind was quick where his feet were not. "You mustn't kill me, oh enormous leopard!"

"Hmm?" growled the World's Largest Leopard from deep in his chest. "I will kill you when I choose, man of the city. Perhaps that time is now. Perhaps not. What have you to say about it?"

"A story!" the Fabulist creaked with a gulp. "As loved by kings and coopers both! Surely a beast of such magnificent and kingly manner should like amusement in his court!?"

The World's Largest Leopard purred like a cave of snakes, and a horrendous grin found his face. "Very well, city man. Amuse me, and then we shall see what becomes of you."

The Fabulist exhaled with relief and cleared his throat. "Once!" he began with an earnest gulp. "Once there was a skinny deer, who was walking in the snow! Oh how happy he was in his freedom! Oh how glad for his life! So distracted was he with his joy, in fact, that he did not see the most horrible threat- the World's Richest Banker! Perched atop the frosty reeds, he pounced, and pinned the skinny deer, and was about to devour him!"

"Yes..." breathed the World's Largest Leopard, enraptured by the tale. "And then what?"

"And then..." sputtered the Fabulist beneath the crushing weigh of the leopard's paws. "The ... skinny deer, he... uh, he started telling a story. About a ... congressman. Who was walking through the snow when The World's Greenest Grasshopper leapt upon him and ... and pinned him down ...."

"Yes, and then what?" asked the Leopard, engrossed. The Fabulist whimpered.

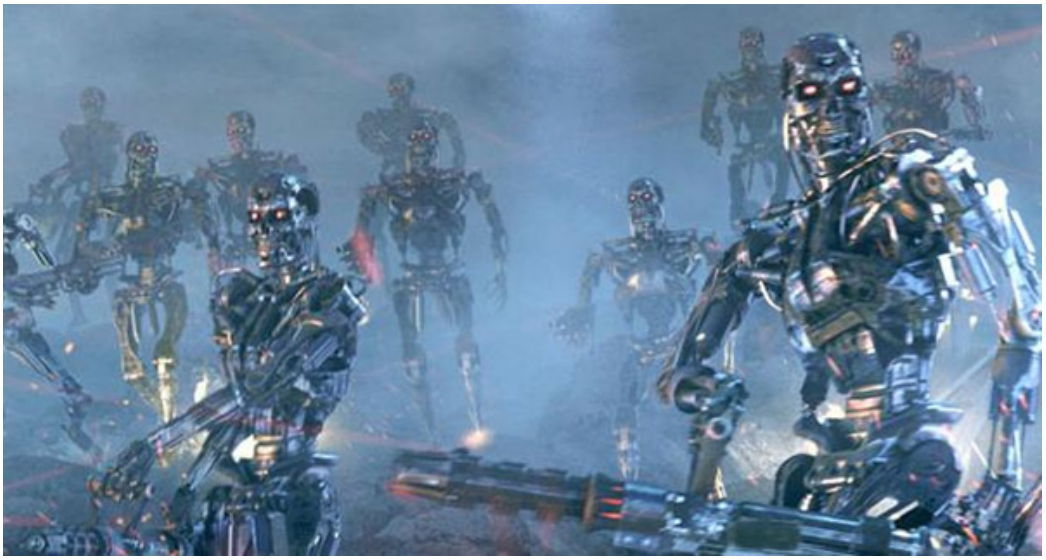
And so it went for quite some time, until finally the exhausted Fabulist could speak no more, and the World's Largest Leopard (who had been very entertained) rose from his perch. "You are free to go!" he declared, but the man moved not, as he was quite dead.

The moral of the story is: Don't be a fabulist.

–∼Ian "BFM" Helm

1.19 Now You Can Work from Anywhere

Thursday, Jan 23, 2014 by NAMELESS VOICE



Hello, consumer. Content with your early 21st century life, are you? Well, thanks to our many new technologies, Now You Can Work from Anywhere. Sleep peacefully, small one-oh, what's that nearly imperceptible buzzing pulling you steadily from the warm embrace of slumber? With our new SmartBuzz technology, Now You Can Work from Anywhere. While your loved ones waste their lives in horizontal stasis, e-mails can be answered promptly and efficiently. Tilt back that first coffee of the morning, because the sun won't be around to arouse natural wakefulness for hours. And when you do, don't neglect the bottom of your mug-thanks to our patented CeramiGraph functionality, up to three superiors can inform you of quotas at once while you finish those last important sips. You'll need them-you've got a long day ahead of you, soldier.

For one fleeting second, try and imagine our horrible past. With the telephone and costly, impractical tube systems acting as the only means of communication, our workplaces were limited to our workplaces. Anything left undone or unplanned would have to wait until 9:00 the next morning. And while this untouched work festered and bled money, employees were left to their own devices, wasting their hours at home watching television, playing with their children, making love to their wives, or indulging in any number of pointless hobbies for the sake of financially valueless personal fulfillment. Today, it's unthinkable: Entire Sundays, wasted on pointless activities like fishing, varnishing, and, above all else, forgetting about career concerns by wallowing in personal freedom like certain members of the FetLife community in human excrement.

Thankfully, these days are over. Gone is the time when a man could leave his job with nothing to look forward to outside of 14 hours of listlessness and costly human interaction. Due to advances in technology, the common, everyday phone is now our conduit for any sense of purpose. Each chime and vibration tells us we are needed. Put down that book, cretin, and drop that child; your efforts are needed to help someone else make money. There will be plenty of time for relaxation when, at the age of 70, you are cut free and allowed to absorb entertainment passively until your veins are flooded with morphine. Divorced from the distractions of a developed personality, the reward of your final years will be a thick, colorless fog of blissful inactivity. But not until you've earned it by Working from Anywhere.

Think the flow of commerce has any regard for your human concerns? Not when you can Work from Anywhere. Try as you might, there is no escape. 20 years ago, an AT&T commercial had us fantasizing about getting a fax at the beach; today, our betters have global access to us at all time. No excuse can remove you from the sweaty guilt of failing to respond. Every device you touch communicates to the universe your intent to commit the shameful act of doing something other than work. The video game achievements you earn, timestamped and dated, only speak of wasted hours better spent closely studying bar graphs and filing reports. Your social network timeline? Simply a chronology of disrespect for the people who selflessly support your otherwise worthless life by allowing you to keep nearly 20 percent of it. And with each e-mail causing the countless devices around you to glow, hum, and rattle, plausible deniability is now entirely implausible. There is simply no excuse for not working Now (that) You Can Work from Anywhere.

Cut free from the fiction of the 40-hour work week, we can now devote ourselves to humanity's ultimate goal: productivity. And Now You Can Work from Anywhere, this dream is now a glorious reality. Gone is the need to find an identity through expression and art-who has the time? We're all in this Working from Anywhere together, and if you're not part of it, people are going to notice. So buck up, buddy; Now You Can Work from Anywhere, you really won't have to do much else. And, without the fulfillment of meeting constant demands, what could you possibly make of yourself?

–∼NAMELESS VOICE

1.20 Sing Pappy's Sorrow: I Fear de Swagga Gwon Amok wit de Bebe

Friday, Jan 24, 2014 by Buddy Breaux, Sing Pappy (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Sing Pappy series.

Dear M. Usher,

I was cutting on damatas fer a muffuletta yessaday when I heared a caterwaulin fit to scare bones out de tomb. I recognize it was Maw Maw Pettipas hollerin all de way from de Gooee Crick.

I near on dropped de pickle hog for de cocodrie in my rush to gwon see what crawed up her skirts.

Turn out she bought herself a radio an tune it up to de news. Hear about de Bebe Bieber gwon got hisself in some fierce troubles.

Oh, my lawd, M. Usher. What he done do now? I figure we get dat gree gree vexing him wit de counter of de white voodooo, but ain't nothin' of the sort been done.

He evil, I fear to say. A sorceries upon him. Red scratch hisself jump up out de heat and de bebe been fooyay wid him.

Constable say de bebe gwon a tear racing his lambugeenus and drinking up all dem s'mores vodkas and coconut rums till he gone chockay. De drink been de rune of many a poor bebe. Lord only know I near was one myself.

Now, trust me when I say ya can't cage up de bebe. His spirit free as de dove. Do watchu can to make dat baby comfort. I sends over de jaws full up with de pickle yawm yawm peppers he get hisself a grumble for. Sorry ain't no saw for de bars in dem peppers.

I also include de name of a good lawya from Baton Rouge by de name of Maurice Bugeaud help on dem litigations. Maurice old as a crow's tooth, fat as a tick on a sleepin' dog, but ya give him a paddle to cool hisself and room enough to pace and he will come up wit de case.

He got my papere off de mudha charge after he kill a turtle wit de loan motor. Whole jury of turtle, maw maw think there ain't no chance, but sure as night water M.

Bugeaud done got him off.

Turn out dem turtle lawmans fail ta read him de rights and force a confessions by cussin' and snappin' at my papere's finguhs.

Hope de bebe ain't got no turtles snappin'. Ball them up into turtle gumbo if they snap a fingynail off dat bebe. You wait on M. Bugeaud and ya just keep bebe quiet. Lawman ain't got no love for de music. Turtle or no, lawman shut down a roody dance cause he'd rather heard bugs singing than fine ladies. Shoot a pissile at de coon dog for barkin trees and kick a bebe in de nappy cloth.

Now, M. Usher, ya got to listen because I fear we gwon from gree gree to flesh and buckets devil troubles. I just lay it out there: I think ya done hired up de wrong swagga coach.

That's right. I sayed it. Ya got him a swagga coach name of Jazzy Charms. I saw that in de TMZs. Skinny fella, wear snakeskin and look like Nicolas Cages in *Zandalee*?

I knowed Jazzy Charms by the name Jacques Ducharme, grown up Natchitoches in de crook of de Cane river and come to Baton Rouge wit nothin' but a gleam on dem eyes. Straight off he stoled my girl. I was in good with miss Odalie Pretieux after much courtin' an for I know what's doin he arm in arm wit my Odalie. She was sweet as juga keen and he was on her like funk on de moufette.

I can recover from losing my lady to de spells, but all de same I went to call upon her and caught him bein' throwed out her boardin' house. I reckon he got over familiar with her too quick. I was spittin mad and followed him intending for a confrontation. Instead I caught him in de consortations with de spooky bird.

You heared right!

You think voodoo, but I know better. This is Salem witching, M. Usher. The devil come to Jacques Ducharme as that spooky bird and they biddy wrassled under a bayou moon. An after that I follow him and he done gone back to Natchitoches and laid up an ag. Don' ask me what ways he done it. A gentle man will not speak of that but suffize it to say it involved a reach into a privy john.

When he crack open that ag a puff of red smoke come out and I heared the devil hisself give out a laugh. Sound just like Vincent Prix from de Thriller. The very next day I went to call on Odalie and all her hair done fell out. I tried to calm her down, comfort her, but she throwed herself off Loopey Long bridge on account of Jacques Ducharmed saying hurtful things to her.

Dat precious bebe you got, M. Usher, he under the sway of de true devil. Jazzy Charms ain't not but a hateful magicien.

There only two way you can do to get yerrself rid of the real devil. One is get a priest. Not no California priest neither. You call out to the Vaticams or to Bayou L'Ourse if they got the telephone fixed at Callume's shack.

Let it ring twelve time. If dey pickup, ask for Papa Poche and he will get on de hairplane and fly hisself to you and de bebe. Do a blessing on de bebe and ward off devil works.

Other way is you got to fiddle 'gin him. Ya got a fiddle? Ya go right on up to Jacques and ya say, "Devil, I challenge ya to fiddlin' for this bebe's immortal souls."

Devil can't resist a wager. When he get out that fiddle you just gwon and put him in a sack. Ya heared right again. Put a big ol canvas hog sack on dat devil an you throw him in a river. Don' think you done a mudha. You gwon check dat bag in de morrow. Ain't nothin' but a bad smell in it.

M. Usher, I hope ya got it in ya to save dat bebe. All my heart is tied up in knots with worries. Time enough once he well to worry about de songs. Save de bebe.

Yours very truly,

Buddy Breaux
Sing Pappy

—~Buddy Breaux, Sing Pappy (@sexyfacts4u)

1.21 The New RoboCop's 30 Prime Directives

Saturday, Jan 25, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The original RoboCop was programmed to abide by four prime directives. That was in 1987's near future. Our near future is far more complicated thanks to advancements such as computers and rap music. As a result the new RoboCop needs no less than thirty prime directives to be an effective robot cop.

1: Serve The Public Trust

2: Protect The Innocent

3: Uphold The Law

4: Keep It PG-13 Out There

5: Kiss Only Those Farmers Who Have Kissed You First

6: Shoot All The Balloons, Win A Fabulous Prize

7: Force Poors To Apologize When They Wander Into The Eyelines Of Tech Startup Employees

8: If A Suspect Is Too Fast To Catch, Crumple A Hat And Stomp On It While Your Beagle Looks On In Drowsy Resignation

9: Conceal Your RoboAppendix - No One Must Know

10: Compose Snarky Tweets About Absolutely Every Current Event And For Goodness' Sake Use Hashtags

11: Think Very Carefully Before Deciding To Go On An Undercover Mission

12: If Someone Suggests That Your Helmet Is Really Just An Oculus Rift And You're Playing Gone Home In There, Lie To Buy Time As You Engage Your Rocket Boots

13: Say Classic Lines From The Original Movie, But, Like, In A Whole New Context

14: Be Direct With Suspects - Always Tell Them When Their Insults Have Hurt Your Feelings

15: Eat All Burgers

16: Your Turn On The Trampoline Can Last No Longer Than Five Minutes

17: Buy That For $2.13 (Adjusted For Inflation)

18: Use Lethal Force When The Pickle Jar Won't Open

19: Skateboarding Isn't A Crime But Jeering Skateboarders And Holding Up Signs That Describe How Much They Stink Is Technically Not An Act Of Law Enforcement

20: Only Download Firmware Updates Through The Official OmniCorp App Store

21: Enter Power-Saving Flashback Mode After Fifteen Minutes Of Plot Inactivity

22: Arrest Every Citizen That Incorrectly Pronounces "gifs" Or "gibs"

23: If You Have No Choice But To Fire Your Weapon While Battling Street Punks In A Library, Use A Silencer

24: When Off Duty, Remove All Your Robot Parts And Quiver Helplessly On A Couch, A Gasping Pile Of Pale Flesh Enduring The Agony Of Daytime TV

25: Find Curly's Gold

26: Clean Your Gun Three Times Before Putting It Back In Your Leg, Then Touch Your Leg Three Times

27: When Someone Asks If You're A RoboCop, You Have To Tell Them

28: While Speeding On Your Motorcycle Use Your Enhanced Vocal Chords To Reproduce The Sound Of A Siren Or Use Your Motorcycle's Siren

29: Defend Humanity From Mind Control By Shooting At All Chemtrails Until They Disappear

30: (Classified) Protect The Sanctity Of The Puppy Bowl At All Costs

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.22 VFX Animator Broke Down and Cried Over "Hobbit" Green Screens

Monday, Jan 27, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Weta digital animator Jeff Roland has said that he cried with frustration over animating scenes for Peter Jackson's new "Hobbit" film.

"When I decided to become an animator it was always my dream to work on a big motion picture. I thought I would get to create a race of strange aliens or maybe do a cool scene where a guy gets cut in half by a katana and his guts sort of slide out. Or maybe a huge space city. But this," Roland waved his hands at the scene being animated, "is bullshit. I'm making people seem shorter. I'm using million dollar computers to pull a fucking Dorf trick."

The animator, who has devoted over half of his adult life to rendering glistening orcs, scary goblins, and spooky wraith cloaks, became upset after he had to spend over 1,000 hours animating hobbits and dwarfs standing around Gandalf.

"Yeah, we've got tennis balls and posts with their stupid fucked up faces on them and Gandalf has to act with them. I'm sure that's no picnic either, but then I have to laboriously insert these dumb fuckers in their goofy hobbit costumes and composite all the effects to make it look like they're about two feet tall next to Gandalf."

Roland added, "I have two sons at home. I can't go home to them and say, 'Daddy spent all day making a bearded fat man look the size of a toddler.' I feel like I want to die."

Roland wasn't the only one with complaints about Jackson's production. Randrew Wells, who played one of the goblins, complained bitterly about long hours wearing makeup prosthetics and standing in stagnant water full of bugs.

"I caught two different fungus infections," explained Wells. "One on my feet and the other on my bollocks. My line was 'AAaAaaahhh!' which I yelled in a wide shot as I ran off the screen. My face was covered in rubber and my name doesn't even appear in the credits, only in a book that will be included with the collector's edition DVD. It's a living, but not much of one. At least I'm not one of the poor fuckers animating this."

"The shitest part," said animator Roland, "was that my friends [at WETA] were animating a dragon. They have Cumberbatch making stupid faces and they turn them into Smaug. They have four different people just animating the eyes of that thing. Do I get a crack at him? No. I get notes from Peter, 'Scale down Bilbo another 5%' or 'Try to cut the reflection off his forehead.' What a joke."

Gandalf actor Sir Ian McKellen broke down and cried on the set out of frustration with acting by himself against a green screen.

"Yeah," said Roland. "That was a rough day. I had to edit all that out and make him 10% larger. Did you see the first one? It looked like shit. Like a home video of a cosplay convention. I have nothing to be proud of in my life."

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.23 Hey 2014, Here Is A Good List Of People To Follow On Twitter

Tuesday, Jan 28, 2014 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

@wettbutt
Hailing from NYC at the tender age of 19 (or whatever, he's way too young), John V. makes it seem way too easy.

> welcome back to physics. im your profs twin brother. he quit school after u all made fun of his tattoos. todays lesson is on quantum Manners — John V (@wettbutt) September 30, 2013

> chicks like it when you text back a pic of a dumb cartoon raisin with the words "Raisin hell" every single time they ask what you're doing — John V (@wettbutt) December 3, 2013

@curlycomedy
Abbi is an NYC comedienne, writer, performer, and natural wit-- not to mention a must-follow!

> People whose online dating bios say they drink socially have driven their car into someone's house. — Abbi Crutchfield (@curlycomedy) October 2, 2012

> Music is just math after it's had a few drinks. — Abbi Crutchfield (@curlycomedy) January 18, 2013

@dinkmagic
Uhhhh. Yeah, no. Ok? Uhhh, yeah. Former Cybergoth Wayne aka Mike posts some really good tweets. And I say "former" Cybergoth because he was one for a really long time until this week. Good try at being a Cybergoth, Mike.

> It's sexist that men die earlier than women. Also I haven't been to the doctor in 9 years because I'm insanely, wickedly tough — Good Smart Worker (@DinkMagic) October 25, 2013

> You're so fucking sandwich I wish I was sandwich But I'm some leaves I'm a salad What the hell am I doing here I don't belong here — Good Smart Worker (@DinkMagic) October 25, 2013

@bro_pair
Bro Pair is a lot smarter than me and I only pretend to know what he's talking about most of the time. He's also hilarious and a jewel of a person.

> Just saw a commercial inviting me to join a class-action lawsuit if my son took anti-psychotic meds & grew breasts. That ship has sailed — Windy City Help Out (@Bro_Pair) November 17, 2013

> Feral Child Only Exposed To Football Advertising Attempts To Drink And Fuck A Ford F-150 — Windy City Help Out (@Bro_Pair) January 20, 2014

@anagasteyer
Comedienne, writer, actor, singer, and SNL alum also has one of the best signal-to-noise ratios in the dang business, if you ask me.

> When my kids grow up, I'm gonna invite myself to dinner at their houses, demand mac n cheese, then tell them it's gross. — Ana Gasteyer (@AnaGasteyer) March 14, 2012

> Husband reading Game of Thrones Night 1:How long's a fortnight? Night 2:How long's a fortnight again? Night 3:Google fortnight. This matters — Ana Gasteyer (@AnaGasteyer) June 13, 2012

@morninggloria
Gloria is a news editor at Jezebel and writer at other popular things you enjoy at a regular basis. The business hasn't hardened her heart into a cold, stiff wad just yet.

> CHELSEA MANNING?! But what if I'm uncomfortable explaining to my kids that I'm a bigoted asshole? — Erin Gloria Ryan (@morninggloria) August 22, 2013

> Does the technician say "I don't think you're ready for this jelly" before he gives Beyonce an ultrasound? — Erin Gloria Ryan (@morninggloria) May 17, 2013

@mremilyheller
Emily writes, comedes, podcasts, and is consistently hilarious. Click on the follow button.

> Why does Minnie Mouse wear heels? She is the only female mouse Mickey knows. Pressure's off, girl. Your boyfriend doesn't even have a shirt. — Emily Heller (@MrEmilyHeller) December 28, 2012

> Garfield's favorite food is THE most labor intensive dish you could ask someone to make for you and he eats it in one bite like an asshole — Emily Heller (@MrEmilyHeller) May 3, 2013

@perfect_beanis
A nice man from California with a bunch of good-ass tweets under his belt already. There are probably more coming.

> Yo fuck websites that don't go back when you hit the back button unless you click a bunch of times really fast. Fuck ur shit for brains site — Big Ball Pervert (@Perfect_Beanis) August 12, 2013

> This dildo fuckin sucks *throws dildo out of car window at 90 mph* — Big Ball Pervert (@Perfect_Beanis) February 22, 2011

@smethanie
Writer, mom, endless fountain of humor, and sometimes she tweets, too.

> Hold your arms out, kids, while Mommy mists you with Febreze. Mommy's had a tad too much grownup juice to supervise a bath. Close your eyes. — Stephanie McMaster (@Smethanie) November 15, 2010

> Flipped the entire family off while they had their eyes closed during grace. — Stephanie McMaster (@Smethanie) November 22, 2012

@animal_drums_
Nobody knows who Animal Drums is, and nobody likes Animal Drums. Don't click on any Animal Drums tweets except for these.

> Coroner in charge of stomach content analysis: Uhhh looks like this one's just got more barf in it Jerry. This job is fuckin gross as shit. — Mike F (@animal_drums_) November 19, 2013

> bodybuilder: On a good day I can lift 550, 600 pounds. me, drinking a beer on the couch: doesn't sound like that good of a day to me dude. — Mike F (@animal_drums_) January 19, 2014

–∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

1.24 An Open Letter to My Kickstarter Backers

Wednesday, Jan 29, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

If you're reading this, you probably contributed to my Kickstarter campaign. First of all: thank you for your amazing support. I can't tell you how awesome it was to see others believing in me. Not only did we prove crowd-funding is the future by smashing past our funding goal, we proved original, thoughtful ideas win out over the same mindless tripe served up everywhere else.

Unfortunately, there's been one small setback: the project is now canceled. Long story short, I lost all the money in a rigged carnival game. All $76,452 of it. Before you get mad, please re-read this paragraph, specifically the part that says "rigged carnival game." Had it been an honest carnival game, I wouldn't have lost as much.

I know I promised you guys the moon and got everyone excited, but rest assured nobody is taking this betrayal harder than me. I keep replaying that carnival game in my head, wondering if I could have done things differently. And you know what? The game was definitely rigged, so even if I tried a better strategy, was sober, or I was the world's best ring tosser, it still wouldn't have mattered. The fix was in.

Some of you will want to point fingers or demand a refund, but let's face it: the money is gone. Maybe you expected me to be more dishonest, and out-cheat the carny. I'm insulted you would even expect me to defraud any institution, let alone a carnival. That's not what this Kickstarter was about, and certainly goes against the spirit of what we set out to accomplish. If that's what you expect from the Kickstarter projects you fund, you need to reevaluate your choices.

So again, I'm deeply, deeply sorry you won't be receiving the product you paid for. If you want to know why, you can ask the cheater running the ring toss game. He was very tall with a beard and long hair and he had a spider web tattoo on his arm and called everyone "boss." It goes without saying that if I really was his boss, I would have written him up.

If you're still expecting your backer prizes, those have also been canceled. I didn't get a chance to make any of those, because I was too busy playing a rigged carnival game. What little I did win from playing was some stuffed animals, and I never committed to giving out my own personal property as prizes. Let's not be so greedy here, people.

I share your sadness that this Kickstarter has come to an end. We both know there was definitely some spark of magic behind what I promised. When I typed out a bunch of words like geek, geek culture, nerd, Futurama, Zach Braff, steampunk, Cthulhu, memes, gamer girls, Sherlock fan art, zombies, Wil Wheaton, cosplay web comic and board game, it was clear I was onto something everyone wanted. And then when I included a video of me saying those same words in that exact same order, you rallied to the cause. You guys were throwing money at me faster than I could say more nerd things. If I'm being candid, I'm not sure what I was even saying, and figured it would all come together once the check cleared.

But then I was off to the carnival and before I could crystallize all those great ideas into one amazing product, that tall guy with the spider web tattoo was taking me for a ride, and not one of the fun ones that makes you stick to the wall because of all the really fast spinning.

To be honest, I'm kind of relieved it's all over. Losing that money was exhausting. I had to keep going back over the course of 3 days, each time spending 12 hours playing a demoralizing and unwinnable game. And worse, I had to keep arguing with the jerk running the rigged game to let me keep playing. Realistically, even if I won all the games, I would then have to somehow sell a lot of carnival prizes to cash in on the investment. I think that would have taken several months, delaying any work on the project.

There is one thing I could have done differently, but I don't agree with it. I don't think you will either. I could have gone to the carnival and just hired the ring toss guy to work for me on the project. But given his dishonesty and the fact he's working a rigged carnival game, I highly doubt he's qualified to help with such an ambitious Kickstarter project. I think this would have been a total misuse of funds, but again, it was an option I hadn't considered at the time.

I really am sorry for the way this thing ended. But I want you to know that things will be different with my newest Kickstarter. It's a documentary in which I find the carny who cheated me and win back all my money. I need your support to make this happen. Please consider donating.

Thank again for your understanding. You guys are the best backers!

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.25 F for Friendetta

Thursday, Jan 30, 2014 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

My friend Scott and I are at a Neil Gaiman reading. We're both huge fans of Gaiman's comics and met because of them at the library. I was carrying the hundreds of mythological texts required to understand the latest Sandman, when I slipped a disc and fell. Scott took me to the hospital, after a lengthy argument over whether my injury was Kafkaesque.

My previous friendships had felt like dreams that could disappear at any second, but being friends with Scott made me feel like *I* could disappear at any second, atomized by his kindness and comic-book knowledge.

"Remember the last Neil Gaiman reading we went to? I don't because of all the absinthe we drank."

"That was just radiator coolant I found in a dumpster."

I sigh, my non-memories of that night tainted forever, and try to think of something else to say.

"I love the intertextuality of Neil Gaiman's comics, because taken to its logical end it means that any text related to Sandman is canon, including the text conversations we used to have about how much we liked Neil Gaiman and each other."

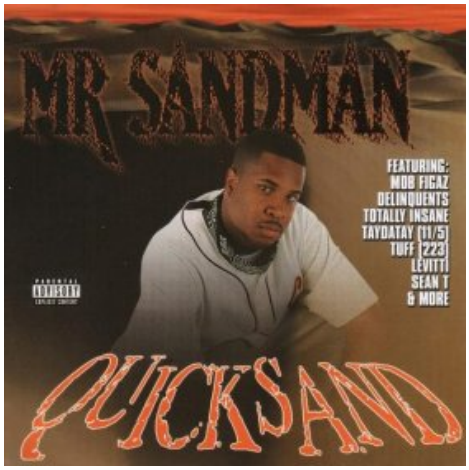
Scott ignores me, pretending to text on his phone even though it's broken and shocks him every time he touches it. He involuntarily smiles when in pain, but he isn't smiling now, meaning the shocks are a blissful distraction from talking to me.

It's hard to say when our friendship started to fall apart. Maybe a couple months ago when I asked Scott if he wanted to be more than just friends - specifically, if he wanted to be best friends. He said he'd think about it but hasn't gotten back to me yet. Since then our lunches have been awkward; the last time, when he vomited from Burger Hub's cadmium-tainted glasses, we just silently watched his vomit dry for 20 minutes.

The audience at the Gaiman reading is full of goths. I used to dream of being in an industrial band and getting famous enough that I could guest star on the show Oddities. The script would just call for me standing in an empty room for half an hour, because my band has increased tolerance of alternative culture so that gothic kitsch antiques are no longer considered odd.

I was briefly in an industrial band but we broke up after an argument with the drummer over the smell of the dead squirrels he used to dampen his kick drum. Standing in our old practice room I can still hear all the keyboards we smashed during our signature song "I Wish I Had the Key to Your Heart so I Could Break It off in the Lock," and also all the ones we didn't. I think of telling this story to Scott but figure I'll save it for the ride home when our reflections in the car windows look like a multiverse of friendships of which ours is the unhappiest.

I need to go to the deathroom. I call bathrooms deathrooms because they remind us of our mortality through all the hygienic routines with which we fight it. My fear of bathrooms has made me resort to doing my business in post boxes. In a fantasy I meet another person defecating in a post box and we become best friends, leaving Scott to die alone.



The flipside of this fantasy, of course, is the nightmare that I'll die alone. In it, I'm lying in a hospital bed on life support when the door opens and the Fat Boys walk in, reprising their roles as the bumbling nurses from *Disorderlies.* They mistake me for another patient on whom they're supposed to perform a chondrolaryngoplasty and take out some surgical tools. I scream but all that comes out is a gurgling noise that sounds like some wack-ass MC trying to beatbox, so Darren Robinson takes the mic and freestyles all over me using the heart monitor as a beat.

My mp3 player is playing Evelyn Evelyn's cover of "Love Will Tear Us Apart." Amanda Palmer and Jason Webley croon in opposite speakers like best friends seeking each other through the tangle of absinthe-decayed neurons in my head. Once they did almost find each other when lightning struck my mp3 player, turning my headphone speakers into powerful electromagnets that nearly crushed my skull.

Neil Gaiman still hasn't arrived yet. I stare at the curtain like I do a post-box slot when I'm vomiting from the opium I smoke to fully appreciate Sandman comics. Wondering what's beyond it and if it's any better than this.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

1.26 Hunter S. Thompson Recaps Last Night's Episode of Big Bang Theory

Friday, Jan 31, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

Bag Bang Show About Comic Books

Last night the black suit whores at CBS beamed something like a Molotov cocktail into my skull through my eyes and ears. I wish it was just burning gasoline instead of the madness I was force fed. Unless you were there, I mean really there in '68, in Chicago, you wouldn't know how it feels to have your skull kicked in, but it's something like that. It's what happens when America forgets what it is, stops even being alive, and just lets all the black seep right into the drinking water.

We're all dying as fast as we can and it's never fast enough. Not for these whores. Not for these black-hearted monsters from the networks.

There was a Mexican, I think he was a Mexican, greased on some sort of flea market painkillers and he was with a gay and a math idiot dressed like a train yard bum. I don't know. They wanted to get tickets to a comic book. Nothing made sense. Nothing adds up.

The gay kept making sounds and people would laugh. Why were they laughing? What sort of

Stalinist nightmare is taking place that made those pitiful sons of bitches laugh? How many Kalishnikovs and tabs of LSD does it take to make people laugh like that? They were hooting. Some poor, insane bastard was hooting at this.

They lock them in there with nothing but knives and the screens. They have to kill each other to live. Night after night. Laughing and murdering and fucking, because there's nothing else anymore, just that twerp making his sounds about comic books. It's Andy Warhol through a concentration camp. It's what happens when the Nazis win the fucking war.

I was a handle deep into my rum by the first commercial break. There was no relief there. People selling space age mops and teenage romance and little doodads that will send pictures to the other side of Jupiter. We don't need anymore pictures. We've seen enough pictures. We need jazz music and shotguns and somebody to hate as much as we hated the Russians.

I can't deal with this. It's not that these three aren't men, it's that they're not even human beings. We're devolving as we get smarter, turning into monkeys in boxes eating pellets and pressing buttons and we buy them both. We climb into the boxes and feed ourselves the goddamn pellets until we're too fat for the boxes.

Jesus Christ, this is Nixon's wet dream. We're ripe for the takeover and when it happens Sheldon is going to be the first one to strap on the leather trench coat and shave off half his hair. No, it'll be blue jeans and flag shirts and frog marches into a canyon. They'll blow us all up with dynamite. Give a piece of work like these three Lugers and it's all over, folks.

Strange memories of what happened next. There was a cute blonde and they treated her like garbage. They waited in line for something. Bread? Circuses? I can't say anymore. It's all falling apart, sinking into heart-hurting mush somewhere between the screaming ladies with the huge lips and the dog detective show. I might have dreamed that last part. I wish I could say I had.

James Earl Jones was in this episode. Fucking hell, they must have put wires into his brain. He looked like they fished him out of a river. They were talking about the Star Wars movie when I put the gun in my mouth. I took it out. I must have taken it out. Or am I dead and all this is replaying, faster and faster as the meat shakes out of the hole in my head.

At the conclusion they forgot about the Mexican. I thought he was the main character. They're conspiring about comics. It's fucking Wannsee all over again. Erlichman, Haldeman, and Eichmann. They're planning it out. This isn't about comic books, it's code words, it's about FEMA my friends. Gordon Liddy goes by "The Punisher." We'll all be riding rail cars to the backwoods, eating our pellets and pressing our buttons until the minute some dotcom Hitler youth from Silicon Valley pushes the plunger down on the TNT.

Ka-boom! Blown to the far side of Jupiter. You'd be better off on every level watching a donkey show.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 2

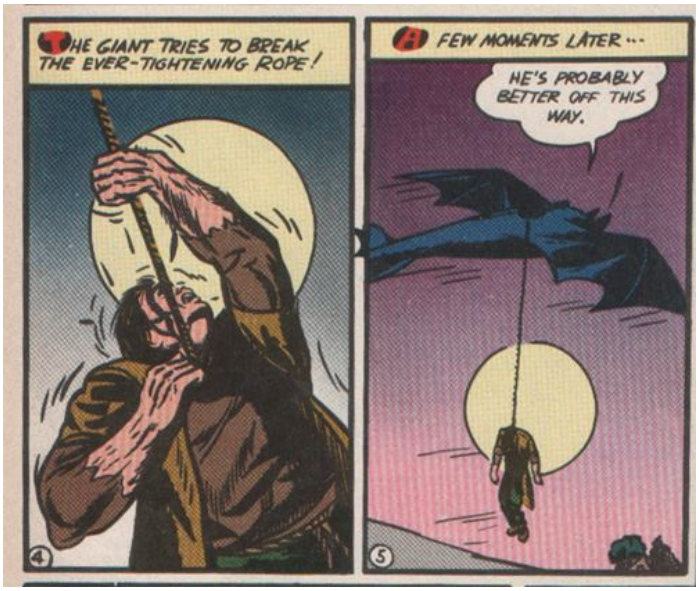
February

2.1 Peculiar Panels: The Senses-Shattering Second Issue

Saturday, Feb 01, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This article is part of the Peculiar Panels series.

E the Shaggy thinks it was a mistake to begin the first installment of Peculiar Panels with a morbid image, and after careful consideration I couldn't agree more.



Source: Batman Vol. 1 #1

Esplanade knows that people have a difficult time wrapping their heads around the sociopolitical atmosphere surrounding the Sochi Olympics. Hopefully this image will clear things up.

RIDING THEIR TRAINED BEASTS WITH SAVAGE FURY, THE TIGER-WOMEN ARE SWEEPING DOWN TOWARDS THE JUNGLE.
WE'LL DESTROY ALL THE OTHER WOMEN IN THE WORLD!
WITH MURDER IN THEIR HEARTS, THE RUTHLESS VAHINES HEAD FOR THE NATIVE VILLAGES. . .
KILL ALL THE WOMEN!

Source: Jungle Comics #13

MelvinTheJerk provides a sobering glimpse of Captain America stepping way out of line. Not cool, cap. Not cool at all. What the hell were you thinking, man?

Source: Avengers Vol. 1 #7

Exit Strategy doesn't understand why everyone keeps making fun of Google Glass when it's clearly amazing.

Source: Batman, Inc. #7

Random Stranger suspects that the always demanding J. Jonah Jameson might have pushed Peter Parker too far this time.

Source: Spidey Super Stories #56

Lurdiak knows exactly what's happening here. You do too, don't you?

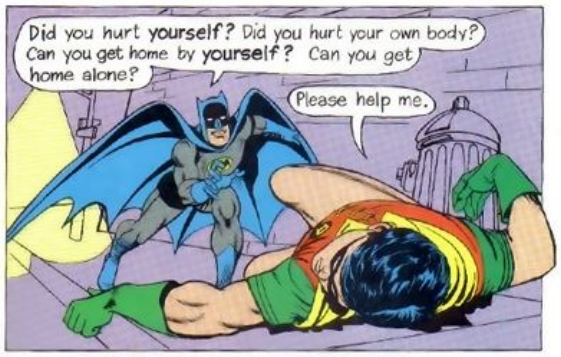
Source: ???

NoneMoreNegative can hardly believe how much has changed in the sport of football over just a few decades.

THEY'RE DRIVING RIGHT TOWARD US--SO THIS CHOCOLATE ARROW, INSERTED IN THE HOT DOG ARROW, SHOULD DO THE TRICK! I'LL AIM IT AT THEIR WINDSHIELD, AND...

Source: 1950s Green Arrow comic

Hecuba believes that there is no such thing as a bad time to ask a question. Or ten.



Source: DC Super Dictionary

Say Nothing sets a great example for everyone out there struggling to make ends meet. With this sort of can-do attitude, anything can happen.

Source: Unknown

SynthOrange practices this at home so often that a tracker isn't even necessary.

Source: Unknown

Saoshyant gives us a chilling sneak peek at the inevitable battle of Reddit vs. Something Awful.

...'CAUSE WHEN DUM DUM DUGAN CAN'T LICK TEN TIMES HIS WEIGHT IN TIN CANS--
HEY, WHAT TH--?
DANGED FEDORA FALLIN' OVER MY FACE! AN' CAN'T TAKE OFF THIS CRUMMY HELMET TO--

Source: What If...? #14

SuitcoatAvenger is an expert in contract law, and can find no flaws in the illustrated argument.

Source: Stardust the Super Wizard

muscles like this? and children's toy maker Hot Wheels wish you a belated merry Christmas!

Source: Hot Wheels #6

Jerusalem offers the following as conclusive proof that Doctor Doom is the greatest evil mastermind in comic book history.

Source: Spider Super Stories #53

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.2 These Yoga Pants Look Really Good

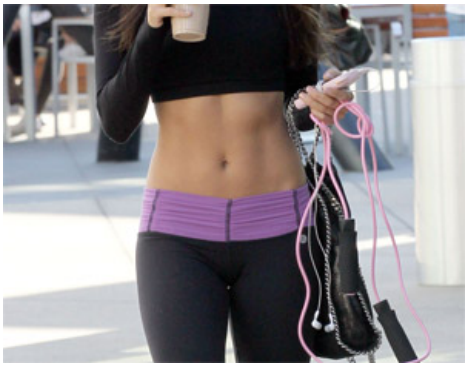
Monday, Feb 03, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

If you search for "yoga pants" you get bent over butts. Yoga pants on a fit bird. They're indecent and the world loves those yoga pants wedged into a woman's butt. Of course they are not comfortable. Snug yoga pants on buttocks. Way good. Our tumblrs, our reddits tuned to yoga pants butts.

Yoga pants flying from a mysterious ship's mast like the flag of a renegade nation of yoga. It doesn't appear on any maps. It's round as heck, this country. Yoga pants drifting down a river, under the shade of trees. Yoga pants on a bent over butt. Look at that.

Yoga pants inside out being used to clean up cat turds. Yoga pants, woven into a basket, a basket filled with yoga pants. We love them. We love the yoga pants. We hold parades. We weep at footage repeating on the TV.

A bad man tied to a chair with yoga pants. A no-rules hero, beating the bad man with yoga pants full of batteries. Hitting him over and over again in the business.



Not pictured: bent over butt.

"Where are they? Where are the yoga pants?"

The bad man smiles. His teeth are bloody. "You're already wearing them on your sexy butt. Your bent over sexy yoga pants butt."

"Dang," says the hero.

You're saying, "Guys can wear yoga pants too," even though you're alone in your house. Alone with your yoga pants. What are you trying to prove?

Leggings, jeggings, tights, yoga pants, *jogga tights*? Could be the next step. Dare to dream.

We gather all of our belongings and heap them up in our yards. We don't need these objects any longer. We have yoga pants. The electricity is failing. Deliveries stop. Society is breaking down.

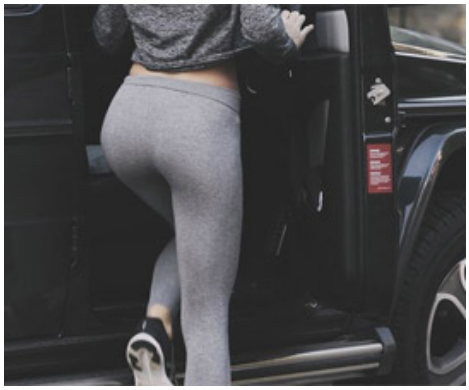
We accept our fates and the limits of our power. Our empires crumble. Our denim shelves have gone fallow. We no longer recall what butts look like without yoga pants. The thought of a bare butt fills us with dread.

The history books are changing to reflect our new emphasis on yoga pants. The dinosaurs were wiped out by an incredible yoga pants butt colliding with our planet. Pharaonic burial chambers

stuffed with butts clad in primitive yoga pants.

Benjamin Franklin staggered back and took off his spectacles when Thomas Jefferson walked in wearing yoga pants. Damn, we hold these truths to be self evident: that round butt lookin' good in them yoga pants.

We pick out proto-yoga pants throughout history, from the first cave yoga pants to the laser butt from the *Entrapment* trailer. Our leaders demand we love yoga pants. We are told to hate shorts. Detest skirts or sweat pants.



Yoga pants are the way forward. The only way forward. There is no room for those who do not want to see or be a butt in yoga pants. A perfect round butt in yoga pants. Can you believe these yoga pants? They are so tight. The butt is round.

We gradually come to the conclusion we no longer even need the butt. We are not alone.

Over the years the yoga pants evolve to reproduce without us. The yoga pants are wearing each other. They are congregating in secret locations. We have nothing else. We chase after them and try to wear them. We try to explain that they do not even have butts.

Only they do. They have their own butts now. Even sexier and rounder than before. These butts are the yoga pants and we can't look away.

Having exploited all of the earth's resources, and with no need for us any longer, the evolved yoga pants leave us behind. Somewhere far, far away, a weird, mushy alien man is about to see his first pair of yoga pants on a weird, mushy butt. A bent over, weird, mushy butt. And somebody is making a mushy butt blog about it on a planet beyond the stars.

The cycle continues.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.3 UnlimitedTerry Presents: Gamer Paste!

Wednesday, Feb 05, 2014 by Alex "bransonbranson" Branson (@bransonbranson)

⟨AD⟩Crash Bandicoot Speed Run Marathon Brought To You by Red Bull Energy Chewing Tobacco ⟨AD⟩

⟨⟨FONT PENDING JEROME69⟩BIG ANNOUNCEMENT, FANCY LETTERING LIKE AN UPPER BACK TATTOO⟩

TITLE⟩Have you Joined the Gamer Paste Revolution? UnlimitedTerry's Gamer Paste combines Caffeine, Taurine, Protein, Pills And High Octane Robotussin. Gamer Paste Was Created For the Gamer, By The Gamer! ⟨TITLe⟩

Hello. My name is Terry Boat, but you, the gamer, may refer to me by my gamertag, UnlimitedTerry. I feel like I've been playing under that tag for so long that it is not only fifty percent of my name but all of it. I, like you, have been playing video games since I was a baby. I remember the long nights of Super Mario snuck in between babysitter chain smoking. I remember getting suspended from school for drawing things I saw in Doom. The first titty I ever saw was in Duke Nukem. To this very day, I still say 'shake it baby' when I see naked women. I can't help it. I'm a gamer.

⟨CONTENT: TITTY PICTURE WITH GAMER PASTE WATERMARK⟩

After I went to college and got a degree in science, I wondered what my next step would be. I always knew I wanted games to be a part of my life, but didn't know how. My finely honed reflexes and inquisitive, problem solving gamermind didn't translate to the world of business or of public service. I spent long nights toiling over the games, my life, and how I wanted them to intersect. I spent all my time hunched over my monitor, forgetting to eat, sleep, or function.

⟨CONTENT: STOCK PHOTO OF MAN DISTRAUGHT, EMPHASIZE GAMER DESPAIR?⟩

However, in my gamer darkness I found gamer light. In my own plight, and reading the many instances of gamer starvation and despair. I wanted to develop a true all-encompassing life force for gamers.

"A True Gamer Never Dies... He Just Moves On To The Next Level. Rest In Peace, FailKid_Alpha." - UnlimitedTerry

In seclusion I developed, tested, and perfected the Ultimate Gamer Paste. Gamer Paste is meant as a total food and water replacement that can be eaten extremely quickly between respawns. It goes down easy and digests quickly and completely reinvigorates your body with all the energies and fuel you'll need! I'm releasing three flavors, Burger, Corn, and Mega Corn, with many more to come, including Extreme Cumin and KC Masterpiece.

Gamer Paste does not require refrigeration, can sustain itself in any temperature, and never molds or spoils thanks to a complicated mix of chemicals and pure gamer willpower. Gamer Paste contains the same chemical given to fighter pilots that allows them to stay up and functioning for days, blasting our disgusting enemies out of the sky.

And Gamer Paste isn't just for gamers. As a complete food replacement, it can also be utilized by those in high pressure fields with little to no downtime, including: doctors, nurses, firemen, hermits, Army Men, boneheads, the Secret Service, people without dignity and people without a sense of culture.

Gamer Paste can be bought on The Silk Road, Sharper Image, and Wherever Research Chemicals Are Sold. Gamer Paste will be available in limited release until FDA regulation of amphetamines is lifted.

"I dream of a world where we can, literally, game forever." - UnlimitedTerry, from a hospital bed, sick with scurvy.

⟨AD: AXEL FROM TWISTED METAL SEX TAPE ... FAKE OR REAL?⟨AD⟩

–∼Alex "bransonbranson" Branson (@bransonbranson)

2.4 Greetings, America's Funniest Home Videos Screeners

Thursday, Feb 06, 2014 by America's Funniest Human Resources

February 6, 1994

Congratulations; your ability to stare at a television combined with your mastery of the numbers one through ten means you now qualify to make upwards of $4.75 an hour screening the countless VHS tapes sent into *America's Funniest Home Videos* HQ. You are now the conduit between thousands of hours of goof-ups and our millions of regular viewers, granting you the role of cultural tastemaker as well as someone who may qualify for up to 20% off damaged merchandise in the ABC Store. You'd be surprised how much distressed *Phenom* t-shirts outperform store-bought chamois in absorbency tests.

That said, most of the videos you watch won't be fit to air; as much as we'd like, the majority of submissions will never make it into high-performing montages like 1992's "Fainting Bride Montage '92" and 1993's "Fainting Bride Montage '93." While you'll be tasked with rating the videos during your screening, certain types of content should immediately be flagged in an effort to protect Mr. Vin Di Bona and his enterprise from legal action. While the many snuff films we receive as cries for help must be viewed to completion to ensure they're not hilarious pranks, we advise you regard the following notes before we pass these clips on to Mr. Bob Saget for his signature "man of three voices" comedic narration.

- Trampolines may seem like comedy gold, but they can also cast a dark shadow over a family due to their ability to inflict partial or complete paralysis. Because roughly 5% of our submissions feature some form of trampoline accident, please ensure the person or people injured are able to walk or retain consciousness for up to five minutes after the point where we would typically insert a hilarious BOING sound.
- Who doesn't love a fat person spilling a tray of oversized food on their oversized body? I'll tell you who: white caucasian males ages 18-35, who are the main reason Arby's has invested so heavily into our production. If the video you're watching features the spillage of a food item too ethnic to feature as a "spicy" appetizer at your local bar and grill, please rate it a "1" and move on. If we can't help them move 10 million gallons of horsey sauce by sweeps week, we're going to have to come crawling back to Hardee's.

- Animal videos have been the bedrock of America's Funniest Home Videos since its inception. But if you should see anything that features a cat jumping into and subsequently knocking over a fully decorated Christmas tree, please note the tape number and set it aside. For reasons we can't quite understand, this is the only thing our German audience wants to see, so we'd like to save this content for *Das Lustige Videomagnetband*.

- Clips of babies and/or toddlers kissing each other can be heartwarming, so long as the participants stay below certain bases. At the first sign tongues or a crowd of rowdy, drunken family members encircling them and hooting, please place the offensive video in a nearby evidence bag, making sure to clearly label it while noting that your fingerprints may incriminate you.
- If you should happen across any submission that features a mischievous jackalope and his comical antics, please understand that this content was mistakenly submitted to our show instead of *America's Funniest People*. Should this happen, mark the tape, set it aside, and at the end of the day, destroy it by any means necessary. That freak Dave Coulier has been coasting off of our good name for too damn long.
- Occasionally you may stumble across a tape that features footage of a sickly girl with a face covered by wet, matted hair crawling out of a well and walking steadily towards the camera. This has happened more than you'd think, and since we have no use for such footage, please feel free to take these tapes home and pass them on to your friends.

Thanks again for your hard work, and remember: America, America, this is you. Especially if you have inner ear issues while standing in front of party-sized sheet cakes.

–∼America's Funniest Human Resources

2.5 11 Weirdest Totally True Sochi Hotel Experiences

Friday, Feb 07, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Journalists arriving in the Olympic city of Sochi, Russia have been encountering some serious inconveniences: unfinished hotels, inhospitable toilets, and strange signs posted on doors and walls. These suffering reporters have thankfully been tweeting their ordeal out to the world for our enjoyment.

Harry Reekie
@HarryCNN
Follow
CNN booked 11 rooms in one @Sochi2014 media hotel five months ago. We have been here for a day and only one room is available. #cnnsochi
2:10 AM - 4 Feb 2014
466 RETWEETS 134 FAVORITES

1 and 11? That hotel isn't called The Washington Redskins is it?

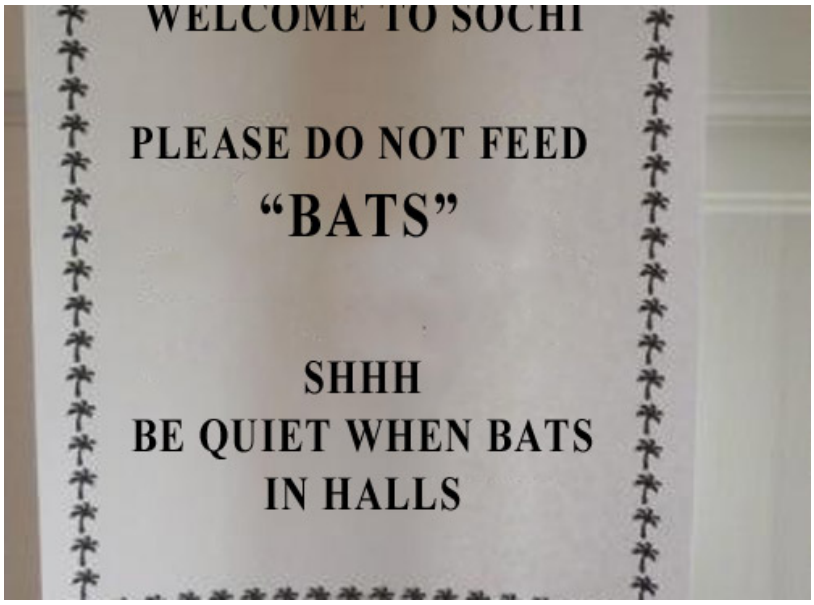
The thought of pooping while another person is pooping close enough to bump legs is make me want to puke into both sinks at the same time.

I heard Al Roker make a joke about Sochi toilet fishing so you know this is funny. Is that Philip Seymour Hoffman in the last one? Too soon?

Sorry, Wilbur!

I don't know what a Circassian is, but it sounds like they have violated the Neutral Zone.

Toilet apparently built into the background of a late 80s music video.



Why is "BATS" in quotes? WHY IS "BATS" IN QUOTES?!?!

What did the American reporters do in their bathroom this time?

First the toilets and now they're critiquing my voice.

Follow
Gays banned at hotel. Apparently hot water banned?
10:57 PM - 3 Feb 2014
114 RETWEETS 103 FAVORITES
Follow
Crooked chair worse than anti-gay laws.
7:00 AM - 4 Feb 2014
411 RETWEETS 250 FAVORITES
Follow
For those of you asking, when dogs are in your shower you can bribe a policeman to shoot them #Sochi2014
8:03 AM - 4 Feb 2014
1,031 RETWEETS 608 FAVORITES

These reporters can't catch a break!

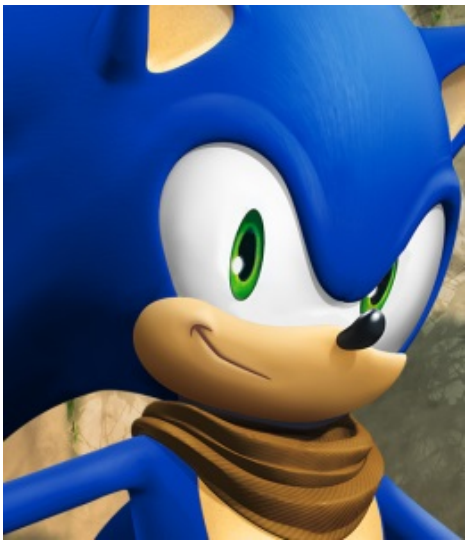
Those wacky signs are so crazy. What an inconvenience! What will the Russians think of next?

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.6 Sonic's Scarf Changes Everything

Saturday, Feb 08, 2014 by Sega (@DennisFarrell)

Sonic the Hedgehog has a scarf now. It is brown and it is right there on his neck. This is canon, people. There is no coming back from the scarf situation that we now find ourselves in.



Such a bold step into the unknown might seem frightening. At Sega, however, we love to explore new frontiers and take on the challenges they present. We knew it was time to shake up the franchise and now we have this scarf.

When we unveiled Sonic Boom at this week's D.I.C.E. Summit, it took nearly fifteen minutes to explain the scarf as a general concept. We'd like to clarify a few points that might have been skimmed over in that rushed presentation.

The scarf represents adventure. Old Sonic would have sped right past a temple. Sonic with a scarf will run inside that temple. He will find a trap or a ghost or maybe he will swing from a vine, because his scarf simply won't allow him to not do these things.

The scarf represents danger, but not too much danger. Sonic with a scarf might uncover the sort of ancient curse that can only be defeated by bonking a mummified robot on the head three times.

The scarf represents rugged charm. Sonic with a scarf can open a treasure. He can tumble down a hill. He can look at a map. He can point at a goat or practically any object.

We hope that the scarf makes it easier for you to think of Sonic as a contemporary to heroes like Nathan Drake, or the kid from Bastion, or Assassin's Creed Man, or the guy from Watch Dogs if that game sells very well.

More than that, we think that the scarf conveys how dynamic the personality of Sonic can be. He's stylish yet practical. He spends most of his time scooping up gold rings, but Sonic isn't materialistic. He is complex and, in many ways, like a character that would be portrayed by Philip Seymour Hoffman. On behalf of Sonic the Hedgehog, we express sincere sadness over the tragic death of Mr. Hoffman and hope that Sonic's performance in Sonic Boom will be a fitting tribute to the late actor.

Before reaching the final scarf design, we spent nearly eight months envisioning Sonic with nearly four hundred accessories.

Some concepts were rather simple. A pair of headphones seemed like a natural fit, for example, but ultimately we felt that if Sonic crossed his arms some people might confuse him with a hardcore gangster rapper.

A few designs were really out there. for instance, at one point Sonic had sunglasses. This was uncomfortably close to being too cool and "in your face".

Ultimately we narrowed our choices down to the scarf and a messenger bag. The messenger bag had the bonus of providing an explanation for where Sonic stored all of his rings. This lent the game

a sense of gritty realism that we were all pretty excited about. Unfortunately for the messenger bag, we weren't able to get the snap-to-cover system working quite right so we went with the more dynamic scarf.

So how will the scarf make Sonic Boom more worthwhile than the last few Sonic games?

Consider this. Recently titles like The Walking Dead and Gone Home have changed the way our industry thinks about story and character. These games stripped away expository dialog and replaced it with believable people reacting to situations in ways that subtly revealed aspects of their personalities. We genuinely feel that these games represent a sea change in the industry. They inspired us. We put a scarf on Sonic.

Soon it will be hard to imagine Sonic without the scarf. It is a reboot unto itself and the first true next-gen video game idea.

By the way, some of our eagle-eyed fans took their magnifying glasses to the new teaser images and noticed something odd about Sonic's feet.

What's going on with those bandages?

We can't wait to reveal all at this year's E3, where we plan to have a two hour presentation on the topic.

–∼Sega (@DennisFarrell)

2.7 William Gibson Describes the Attractions at Colonial Williamsburg

Monday, Feb 10, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

Living History of Jamestowne

Viktor Haas-Mullinger stepped from the shadow pattern created by the window lattice, clad in the tunic, woolen pants, and leather apron of a colonist craftsman, emerging fully into the sunlight by the door and recalling as he did the clock beside his bed, which had once ceased to work and had made him late, a flickering blue LED lapsed into its own timeline, a glowing reminder of the inadequacies of quantifying existence in the false realities we give our collective consent to create.

He watched the disemboweled swirl of floral fabric and over-stressed denim as a tour bus emptied in his proximity, five dozen Pan Europeans with their solid currency and Sino-Japanese electronics, talking in a mixture of languages that shared common ancestors with English but bore more resemblance to German. English words were already forming on his lips when the first woman entered his shop.

"I am Clark Debussey and this is my smithy. We make pots, pans, implements for farming, and iron fittings for muskets."

It was a lie offered and accepted with a smile, a fiction of participation, a place where nothing was made except for money and nothing was sold beyond a vague sense of witnessing a moment not

metered by the flickering blue LED beside a bed. Escape, like all things we consent to believe, was an illusion.

Authentic Meals at Historic Taverns

Standing at the airport in Smolensk, Tatiana Berezhnoy tightly gripped the waxed paper until it collapsed into a fractal of glazed cardboard and coded strings of alphanumerics. She wanted to smell her mother's violets and her father's tea brewing one last time, but her nose sucked in only the long-chain molecules of the jet fuel circulating in the cool spring morning, as sharp and clarifying as acetone stripping paint from an old door, dissolving her memories of long summer days and bicycles bouncing on cobbled streets to the swirling exhaust that would suck her into the air and transport her to Virginia, USA. To become no longer Tatiana of Smolensk, but Anna of Williamsburg, to forget about ballet and poetry and become Anna Pendleton, who poured craft beers into ceramic cups and explained the special of venison and purple potatoes.

She saw herself as she might have been, at the opera house in Tianjin as part of the St. Petersburg ballet, as beautiful as Lubov Egorova, as *Sujet* or even *Prima*, dancing with pink ribbons at her waist, captivating the implausibly egalitarian audience of urban peasants who rode trains and buses for miles to come and see her become the swan. Flying by her toes and not in coach to Williamsburg, soaring in the hearts, soaring to the music, and not eating Lunchables in a break room with no window and a clock that clicked loudly to remind everyone to take short breaks, trying not to listen to Bryce who would not shut up about Game of Thrones.

Tatiana Berezhnoy tightly gripped the waxed paper and handed it to the clerk. He snapped the edge of it with his chrome ticket punch and directed her with a white-gloved finger to the gate for her flight. There was no point looking back again, no one was waiting behind her, not even Tatiana Berezhnoy. There was only Anna Pendleton waiting in seat F-24, ready to pour craft beers into ceramic cups and explain the special of venison and purple potatoes. Ready to provide a real tavern experience to visitors to Colonial Williamsburg.

Reproduction 18th-Century Flatware and Furniture

An animated billboard in Busan announces the opening of a steak restaurant called Cody Beef, complete with a picture of an Anglo man and woman enjoying a plump steak and a steaming potato, promising the salarymen and factory workers of Busan an "authentic American steakhouse experience." Cody Beef exists in the lobby level of the Hanwa Group's Motor Company Tower, a 36-level building of carbonized steel and tinted glass designed by structural algorithms and resembling a collection of green glass bubbles rising vertically and adhering to a net of black mesh. There is a steelworks in Busan that developed special techniques for curving steel beams just to allow the construction of the Hanwa Group's building.

Cody Beef's curator of experiences, tasked with assuring customer satisfaction and providing an authentic experience, is David Lee, a half-American man with refined tastes and an impeccable attention to detail. He has spent three months traveling the United States and visiting steakhouses, from Chicago to New York to the bleeding edge of California steakhouse chic, finding instead the look and experience he desired in Colonial Williamsburg.

Convenient, then, that the wide selection of shops in Williamsburg offer authentic reproductions of colonial furniture, and ceramics. David Lee was able to import what it meant to be a colonial eating purple potatoes and venison steaks directly from Virginia to the green bubbles of the Hanwa Group's Motor Company Tower. David Lee even found a blacksmith named Clark Debussey who has provided Cody Beef with a provenance for various metal tools and implements used by the colonials. For the overworked salarymen of Busan, for just those moments they spent at Cody Beef, they would escape the blue LED clocks they produced on the mile-long lines of precision manufacturing at Hanwa Group's digital alarm clock factory.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.8 Subj: MY LUCKY BEANS AND THE HORSE

Tuesday, Feb 11, 2014 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!!!!!! I saw the most beautiful and gallant horse the other day. As I drove past his field he ran beside my car as if to say hello or as if to chase me in horse anger. My heart raced just as it did in the early years of horse ownership and I was reminded of the two-year period your mother would come to call "The Bean Scheme" where I put not only my life but my livelihood on the line thanks to the promise of riches planted in my brain by a neighborhood horse and my famous fancy beans planted in my front yard by me.

My main problem for a long time was that I planted some beans in the yard, which wasn't a big deal at first but over time the bean vines took off and started slowly spreading into the neighbor yards. A lot of people were mad at me but what else is new!!! When one guy's kid couldn't get his bike out of the vines he came over to yell at me about it. As I was cutting the bike tires free from mother earth's long fingers he told me "You Better Do Something With These Beans. No One Can Eat The Beans They Mess Our Stomach Up. These Beans Are The Worst" so I reminded the man that the stray horse from down the road eats the beans every morning when he comes back from looking at the lady horses at the other farm (I Will Not Say What He Really Does With The Lady Horses) but yes he stops to much on the beans.

My brain lit up with activity!!! I could sell the beans in cans and make back all the money I was spending on cutting bikes out of the beans. After harvesting them all I had about 600 cans of my famous lucky beans but they needed a label so I got photographs of the horse eating the beans one morning and his "Horse Thing" was still out and "Very Prominent." I believed this would indicate to the buyer the power that comes from eating my lucky beans. To sweeten the deal I wrote on the label that there was a chance to win inside every can (Scam) but to make it true I put a laminated business card inside one can of my lucky beans that said "You Win" and told the winner to call me to get their prize. I did not know what the prize was.

I sold all the cans of beans to the local grocery store and for many months nobody bought them because I would see them there all the time but over a year later, long after I forgot about it, the phone rang. It was the winner. He read the business card to me over the phone including the special code word on the card that let me know he was truly the winner. (The code word was "Beans") and he asked what the prize was. I probably sounded scared because I didn't know and then I made up that he can come to the Horse Dance tomorrow. He sounded very angry and said he would be there but I think he was only coming to yell at me. I stayed up all night setting up the Horse Dance.

As the neighborhood horse walked around eating beans after its morning routine I lured it into the

backyard with a handful of food (beans) and nice sayings. The Horse Dance was held in our normal backyard and for refreshments there was ice water and a big punchbowl full of my fancy beans that nobody wanted to eat except the horse. I wore my old wedding suit and waited for the guy but he never showed up. Setting up the party made me very tired so I fell asleep out in the yard and woke up to the neighborhood horse licking my hair to wake me up or to taste my hair.

I guess instead of dancing the guy had called the supermarket to complain and they gave us all the beans back so now I automatically had 580 cans of horse food. Jackpot!!!!!! The horse knew it was food for him because it had his picture on the can (Very Smart Horse) and I started letting him sleep in our backyard because he got really tired after eating tons of beans. That is how we got the horse, best friend for many years!!!!!

THE SMARTEST MAN IN TOWN!!!!!!!

–~Dad (@fart)

2.9 SkyMall Product Reviews: Yeti Tree Hugger

Wednesday, Feb 12, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> This one you've got to see to believe. In fact, your neighbors and passers-by probably will believe it -- and run! This realistic-looking 3-piece tree art has a keyhole hanger on the back of each piece so you can hang it directly onto the trunk of a tree. Your neighborhood will never, ever be the same.

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By hi_flyer from Raleigh, NC

does it work on humans? will the yedi hug me? wore out three boyfriend pillows and need something new to comfort me as i continue to get over a relationship that ended way too soon in 2010. stephen if you're reading this it's not too late. i'm here for you.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★☆☆☆

By SpiritMinder from Asheville, NC

This is absolutely offensive. I'm a professional nature aficionado, and I don't need a science book to tell me what animals do and don't exist in this world. THERE IS AMPLE evidence for the yeti, more than there are for alot of other animals (for example, there is almost no evidence supporting the "tapir" being real, and believe it or not, no one has ever actually seen an ant eater. Gnomes are real, though).

I know intuitively that yetis are real because of Native American myth, cave paintings, etc. I am also, as my doctor and mother-in-law will attest, deeply connected to the Earth on a spiritual level. Yetis are great, proud and extremely spiritual beings. We know from studying dermal markings in mud and from their leavings that the yeti race is very communal and they live in absolute harmony with the snowy surroundings. It's because they are so noble and conscientious that they remain largely undetected to all but a small percentage of open-minded human beings. I have known people online who have been accepted by yetis and even allowed to eat with yeti tribes and take yeti wives.

This product insults the wise and noble Yeti race by portraying them as disgusting perverts. Just look at his face and eyes. He's clearly hoping to catch a peek of some young girl's backside as she bends over to pick up some peaches. Just staring endlessly at her legs and buttocks, letting his eyes wander all up and down as she slowly eats that peach, juices dripping down her chin. Disgusting. Absolutely disgusting.

It affixed easy enough to my tree, so it gets an extra star for that at least. Still, it's garbage.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By TechDad from Austin, TX

Not Blue Tooth compatible. No app support. Give me a break.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By easyrider67 from Boca Raton, FL

Extremely arousing. Perfect yard decoration.

Age: 56-60

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By grandpa gus from La Porte, IN

Love it. I have about 3 of these rascals up on each tree in my yard. It's never looked more lively, and you can't turn around without a dozen yetis giving you a good looking over. My grandkids run around screaming and having a riot. I'm the talk of the town!

REPEAL Obamacare and Ben Ghazi.

Age: 66-70

Customer Review: ★★☆☆☆

By Forrest Atkins from Thermopolis, WY

I'm extremely angry SkyMall doesn't offer a life-size full-body model Yeti. They provide the same for Bigfoot, an obviously fake creature, but not the Yeti, an irrefutable creature. The evidence in support of yetis is overwhelming, and has been attested to by countless scientists and celebrities. I'm not sure what kind of agenda SkyMall is pushing here, but I've had just about enough of it. Give me full-body yeti statue or you can kiss my clams goodbye.

UPDATE: It appears I was incorrect. Phew! Just ordered 24 life-size Abominable Snowman Yeti (item: 27180grp), saving my dream wedding.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★★☆☆☆

By Ralph Hornsby from Snake Canyon, MT

Didn't like the way it made my tree look. Too g-damn judgmental. Had to chop it down. Send me a new tree, SkyMall. RIGHT NOW.

Age: 51-55

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Bill from Lubbock, TX

Would prefer a lady version of the yeti. Would prefer to have a lady yeti more than a man yeti since a lady yeti would be more attractive and hopefully have a beautiful face. Would like to install the lady yeti in my bathroom for reasons that should be obvious to any skymall shopper.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By flannelmanjack from Barre, VT

EXTREMELY ANGRY HERE. DO NOT BUY THIS PRODUCT, NO MATTER HOW HANDSOME YOU THINK IT IS.

It makes unauthorized use of my likeness without my permission. I never consented or agreed to license my image to SkyMall, and yet they go and make this product and sell it for a small fortune, giving me zero percentage of the profit. They even captured the fact I like to angrily peer around trees. If you buy this, you are participating in the illegal theft of my good looks, and that makes you an accessory to crime. Proceed at your own risk, amigo.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Agnes from Eau Claire, WI

Terrible. Just terrible.

My neighbor installed one of these and I hate it. It gives me the willies every time I look outside, like some kind of nosy minority staring at me. I give both this product and my ethnic neighbor 1 star.

Age: 56-60

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.10 SpectreOfSpace's Homestuck Tumblr (Excerpts)

Thursday, Feb 13, 2014 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

About me:
14. Male. Whovian. Hetronormatively disassociative. Biromantically asexual. Incorrigable pleasurefiend. Lives in a gigantic model train [NOT a regular sized normal train]. Started reading homestuck at the age of 11 and all the sarcasm and cynical crap gave me cerebral palsy [disease from breaking bad] Now all my shirts are from Hot Topic and I can only sleep on the floor next to a bed. ADventure time

high resolution →

> hey there little lday
>
> *lady
>
> u seem a bit lost ;3

This was supposed to be a doodle I really don't know what happened

poop background bluhhhgh

AOMAGOMGNgkdnnklnsfd. That was such a freaking epic image I started mashing my keyboard while holding shift [carefully, so I only hit the letter keys] and then I stopped holding shift while still mashing the keyboard, and then I stopped and pressed the period key. Seriously though, this picture really captures the artistic value inherent in a purple vampire who's part cat playing an invisible accordion in front of some confused gender haver with a pointed stick. *sighs dreamily* This fandom so talended...

vantas-choice-ass:

> maidtobreathe:
>
> > Finn, Jake, Marceline And PB In Beta Kid's Godtiers :)
>
> thank

Oh...my...yes...YES.

I cried IRL for 25 seconds after seeing this image... god damn. It's an indeterminately equal mixture of the children's cartoon adults watch and the adult's comic children read. The cool thing [uh... ONE of the cool things] about this image is that it's two things I already like, so I don't even need to look at the image. You could just show me a piece of paper with the media properties in the image, and I could imagine it, and I could type my fake excited elipses much more efficiently, which frees up a lot of time for tracing over REaction style gif images of Pokemon to be Dr Who characters.

"even though you dont want to be, youre here now, and there are still people who need you. there is still something worth fighting for!"

— Jade Harley

Source: mspaintadventures.com

Beautiful!!! I love it!! People care about you...I'm glad of homestuck inventing that concept so me and my foul ilk don't instantly kill ourselves due to uhhh [wikipedias 'smart shit to make girls like you'] the bad alienation of our modern society lmao. I just swallowed 15 grams of cigarette ash on

purpose.

I dunno if I like it

Wow

I don't even... o_o it's so cool... it looks like she's in space in a nebula or a densely packed starfield or some dandruff and a blur filter. I particularly like the way that her vulnerability is represented by breaking both her shoulders and stamping on her wrist until her hand melts into her clavicle. I also like her fucked up face.

> ==>

Your name is TEAGIE HANIDE.

You love to DRAW, which anyone could SEE by your multiple WALL DOODLES. You also love to DRESS UP IN STUPID COSTUMES, which isn't something you ADMIT TO DOING TO JUST ANYONE.

As you are JADE-BLOODED, you are able to withstand the EVER HOT AND BRIGHT ALTERNIAN SUN, and tend to go outside and EXPLORE VERY OFTEN, for you LOVE THE SUN. Although you tend to run out of BREATH quickly, so you DON'T TRAVEL VERY FAR.

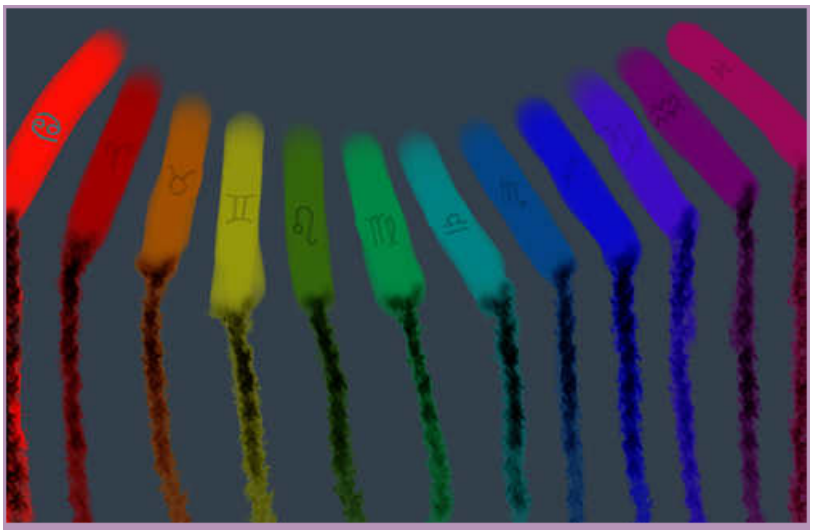
You also enjoy ANNOYING PEOPLE, and when you do so, your trolltag is rainbowFruits and yOU tEnd tO rAIsE And lOwEr yOUr vOIcE prEtty OftEn

What will you do?

> Dress like a cowboy and have a dance party with your goldfish.

I read the homestuck comic, I read all the updates, I read the whole thing multiple times and I love it. However I love to read it more than once in a different art style, where the characters get copy pasted and edited slightly like it's a pokémon romhack, and the writing is mad libs but randomer and more ftw. Basically whatever this is is my shit, so, uh, yeah. reblog. "Teagie Hanide."

It is also cool that a fellow tumblr user made a fake fan character in the web comic that likes to look out windows and runs out of breath very fast and considers themselves "annoying" but in an enjoyable way, because it's good to know what it's like to be dead.


LOOK I DID A HOMESTUCK ART!!!
its not the best and it took longer to do than i expected because i had to move the symbols to line up right but whatever i like it

This combines two of my favorite things: 1) homestuck and 2) proper menstrual precautions. Reblogging for a signal boost, or some other messed up crap. I don't even know what it is, I'm scared and alone and all I have to define myself by is something someone else made, every aspect of my life is warped around it. just swallowed 10 more grams of cigarette ash and I liked it. I'm a freaky weirdo. Woof! Woof! I'm one sick little puppy.

–∼David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

2.11 This Was All According To My Plan

Friday, Feb 14, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Allow me to ask you a question. Maybe you will find it even more enlightening than this pointless interrogation.

Did you catch me or did you catch yourself in my trap?

Think about it. You followed my little trail of bread crumbs right to that hotel in Monaco. I see that look on your face. Did you think she was just another tourist? She was working for me and she told you exactly what I wanted.

You think I have been helpless? This is what I wanted. I needed you to bring me to your impenetrable headquarters. I needed you to lock me in this inescapable room. It was my design all along for you to place me in this room. I am not just a prisoner. I am your doom!

I knew this would happen, because I know how you good guys like to think. I knew exactly how you would react, and each of you has played your part brilliantly in my plan. I preyed upon your habits and used you like so many pawns. We are all pawns, the difference is that I control the hand as well. I am the hand. Of the pawn moving.

I knew you and the others would be in Shanghai. I left the gem so you would follow me to Madrid. Who do you think the one-armed Russian works for? I knew you would buy that cup of coffee in New York. I knew exactly when you would glance out the window of your super car and see my helicopter.

Think about it. Who gave you the file? Why were the fingerprints of a dead man on the gun? Who was helping Icarus?

It's too late! My plan is already in motion. I will tell you exactly what is about to happen. Do you think you can stop me? Not. One. Chance.

In a few seconds the lights will go out. There will be a sound from the other room. That will be the men I have infiltrated into your operation killing your guards. I have surgically implanted a machine gun into one of the other prisoners in this very prison. I believe this holding cell is directly over your central computer? I can tell by the expression on your face that I am right.

Isn't it your birthday today? I know everything about you. That's why there is a cake about to be delivered. But not a good cake. You'll see.

Yes, go ahead, tell your security experts to double patrols. Have them look out for anything suspicious. But there are twelve bombs placed in schools across the city. You can either talk to me or save those kids.

These shackles won't hold me. I knew you would shackle me to this chair. This room is as easy to escape as a baby's blanket.

I have guessed your every move and now it's all falling into...

What are you doing?

Why do you have that gun?

Put it down. Don't point it at my knees. You can't do that because you're a hero and my plan counts on rational...AHHH! You shot me! AHHH! You shot me again!

No matter...ha ha...you think you've won? I can still follow through on my...oh...feeling a bit woozy. You're just going to leave me tied to this chair? All the blood and...oh man...wow does that hurt.

It's okay...I...uh...knew you would do that...I knew exactly that you were going to shoot me in the knees. I, um, predicted it all along and...HEY! You can't put a plastic bag over my head! I have way more plan talking to do. Don't you want to know my...you're the good guy! I need to breathe to...my plan...aaaaaaahhhh!

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.12 Making the Perfect Cup of Coffee

Saturday, Feb 15, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The perfect cup of coffee is nearly as elusive as a good metaphor. Some people have spent their whole lives in the pursuit of perfect coffee and died without having known its taste upon their lips. That sounded like a bad idea, so I decided to try for around a month and succeed instead.

Here's what I learned.

Choosing the Right Beans

There are several distinct flavor profiles associated with coffee: Rich, bitter, parmesan, fuzzy, cool ranch, and rockin' redfruit.

Ideally, you want to a bean that strikes a perfect balance between all of the above. Don't even bother with the brand name stuff. Find a local coffee bean grower that charges slightly more than you're comfortable paying.

Arrange a daily delivery of a single handful of coffee beans. Why not buy enough for several days? After a bean has been separated from the plant it loses half of its original potency and flavor every single second.

Grinding

You could buy an electric coffee grinder. No, really, it's fine. Everyone half-asses it sometimes. Totally understandable.

If you want truly authentic coffee flavors, your only option is to use a mortar and pestle. Work the beans until the fragments are no more than a micro-inch in size. Depending on your arm strength this should take no longer than an hour. You'll know you're done when your second wind gives out and your eyesight is blurred by tears.

Coffee Machine or French Press?

Conventional coffee machines are terrible. Electricity changes the polar magnetic orientation of each water molecule that passes through the machine. This completely alters the flavor of anything that attaches itself to that water.

Get a French press. It may seem difficult and even a little old-fashioned or outdated, but the process is pretty simple.

Heat your water until it's just shy of boiling. Here's how you do that: Heat the water until it boils, then curse and take it off the heat, continuing to curse at yourself as it cools for thirty seconds or so. Now it's ready.

Sprinkle your freshly ground coffee in the bottom of the carafe. Pour the not-quite-boiling water on top. Recite the sacred incantations. Remember that the precise ratio should be one scooch of coffee for every splash of water.

Now let the mixture sit and brew. At this stage, timing is tremendously important. Wait too long and your coffee will be bitter. Don't give it enough time and your coffee will be a deadly poison. I

recommend four and a half minutes. If anything you should err on the early side, as no one likes overly bitter coffee.

Now simply press the filter down through the coffee, trapping all the grounds in the bottom of the carafe. Be sure to press with a firm, but slow motion. This way none of the grounds will escape and you won't accidentally slam the filter through the bottom of the carafe then your counter.

Pouring a Perfect Cup

Your mug should not be an afterthought. Its material will dissolve trace particles into every cup of your coffee, altering its flavor. Don't skimp out on some cheap mug. Splurge on one of those high-end models made of 100% pure oxygen.

Remember what I said about coffee degrading every second after it has been harvested? Time is still of the essence at this stage, so pour your coffee as quickly as possible and drink it up in a few frantic gulps.

Some people prefer to add sugar and milk or cream to their coffee. We call these people "correct". No one should even think about drinking coffee without masking its flavor. It's a shit beverage and it is gross.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.13 Rust Cohle, Guidance Counselor

Monday, Feb 17, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I can tell what these kids are gonna be, their desires and fears, as soon as they walk in my office. You just look them in the eyes and the whole story's right there. What haunts them. That nightmare they wake up into every single day. School thinks my job is to set these kids on their course, but it's a path they're already on. I just point it out to them.

Of course I ask them what they want to be. I condescend to their illusion of choice. If everyone got what they wanted this would be a world of firemen, astronauts, princesses, and kings wearing yellow instead of a world of dumb meat destined for a cold slab.

I can't convince them not to aspire but I can penetrate their falsehoods. I am the knife of truth stabbed in the drum of ignorance they beat every day, some of them so hard that when the drum tears loose, when they see the world as it really is, they'll be so far down a hole of drugs and depravity there ain't no coming out.

Any kid can be the president? You tell that to a kid with one arm. To a kid with too many freckles on their face. A kid born ugly.

We reject those things that remind us that this is an imperfect world, we shut away people that deviate from what we are told about fairness, that make it that tiny bit harder to believe in the comforting fairy tales men tell themselves about justice or karma. Truth is, justice is a coincidence. A collision of particles that men think they will into existence. But it's fickle. It slips away from us if we try to hold tight.

Have you ever heard of Membrane Theory? It's advanced guidance counselor theory.

A kid came in yesterday who said he wanted to grow up and be a werewolf. I told him that a monster is chained in all our hearts, waiting to be set free by obsession, and if you want to let that

beast loose you can be a werewolf. I said, but what is always will be, Dylan. Choice is an illusion. To those unmerciful eyes of eternity, you will always be who you are, and that is not a werewolf.

From the 11th dimension they know, Dylan. They know you are going to be a service employee earning minimum wage. You will grow up without skills and you'll have an addiction to painkillers.

One little girl didn't like it when I told her that she was going to marry a man who doesn't respect her and have three kids who grow up to hate her. That she's going to work on and off as a secretary. She wanted to hear about being a CEO or something.

"I might as well be dead," she said to me and started crying.

I told her that she already is dead. All things that will happen have happened and that includes her inevitable death.

You see, we're all born believing, without a scrap of proof, that we'll somehow cheat death. Maybe not in our rational minds, but in our animal hearts, we believe it. It's how we make it through our days.

It's only as death gets closer and closer, as we see its contours and become intimate with the way it will make us all still, that we can accept that we will die. Only, most can't. Not really. So they invent fantasies about what happens after they're dead.

What happens after all this? Shit. I told her, it starts right over, kiddo. You've always been crying in my office because you can't be a princess. You'll always be in here. Always dripping your tears on that aptitude test. Don't change nothing. Nothing changes at all.

Next kid wanted to be a rail road engineer. I told him you go right on ahead and be that. Don't matter what I tell him. He was walking dead, sure as a river flows, and would be lucky to last a week.

No, my job ain't to tell them what they're gonna be. My job is to tell them what they already are and not lie to them about it like every other person they meet in the bloody jaws of this beast man mistakes for life.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.14 NBC Olympic Coverage Power Ranking

Tuesday, Feb 18, 2014 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

How does a dead rotting corpse relate to a fourth place skeleton finish? Don't worry about common sense. NBC will make it work by cramming every dead brother or gaggle of dying fathers down your throat instead of covering any actual sporting event. Olympic records just mean that much more in the shadow of a deceased grandmother.

The only thing that could save Putin from slipping further down the NBC coverage would be if all those stray dogs happened to be gay and then all the gay stray dogs were terrorists hired by North Korean Comcast employees.

Why watch international athletes compete when there are perfectly new Febreze commercials to witness? The self-care giant has really out done itself, pulling off an impressive dominance over the human experience with new pushes in blue Gillette ads. P&G wants to ensure that mindless consumerism is the winner of the games and they've got just the sentimental music to get it done.

What you don't know might kill you! What's more important: the excitement and tension of a biathlon finish or which local streets are yet to be plowed? With every appearance of an obese, self-loathing news caster, Sochi seems less important. Goodbye metals race, hello school board meeting summary.

Curling is pretty cool and easily maintains its position due to its main fanbase-- stoned dudes who can't find the remote.

Bob Costas is set for a red hot week, and we're not just talking about the puss discharge spewing from his erupting pink eye. Expect big thing as Bob Costas overcompensates as he smears his insufferable smugness all over the victorious athletes.

You can't have the Winter Olympics without snow and you can't have insufferable near constant coverage without uninformed over-analysis. Listen for a week flooded with a bunch of losers try to explain the difference between fresh pow and a course iced over with yesterday's snow.

The Winter Olympics only occur every four years, but Jay Leno retires every two. On one hand you have eighty some nations competing hourly for more than two weeks, on the other hand you have an aged car collector retire for the second time. Congrats on the Tonight Show remaining relevant despite lack of ratings. And, while on the subject of ratings, this is the highest any new NBC show will reach before immediate cancellation at the end of the month.

Expect nearly twelve minutes an hour of actual game coverage. Left for any minute not capable for commercialization or Shaun White commentary, the Olympics receive moderate attention wedged between infomercials about hoses that won't kink. Though NBC has complete ownership of the 98 events and a half dozen channels to show the content, the channel has remained strong in its core belief that no one should be able to watch the games outside of retiree times.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

2.15 A Few Important Words From Spring Cleaning Bear

Wednesday, Feb 19, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

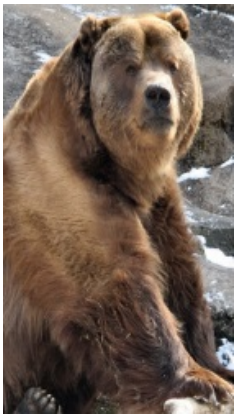
Knocks over a can of garbage. Snuffles through the scattered debris. Gingerly licks crumbs and sticky patches of blueberry from a muffin wrapper while panting greedily, the heavy breaths flapping wavy ripples along her lips. Turns to the camera.

THE PLAYSTATION 4 SOLD NEARLY TWICE AS MANY UNITS AS THE XBOX ONE LAST MONTH WITH SOME EUROPEAN MARKETS REPORTING A 15:1 SALES RATIO THANKS IN PART TO SONY AMPING UP PRODUCTION TO MEET THIS INCREDIBLE DEMAND

I CAN ONLY IMAGINE THAT THEIR LEAD WILL BECOME MORE SIGNIFICANTLY PRONOUNCED WHEN THE PS4 LAUNCHES IN JAPAN ON FEBRUARY 22ND

Stirs in her sleep. Dreams about a strange sound that makes her pause mid-step to sniff the air. An instant later a metallic dart sticks itself into her companion's neck. When the shouting men come to carry her lover away, Spring Cleaning Bear runs. Abandons him as she did all those moons ago when this actually happened. He is still conscious when she flees. Watching her silently. The dream never changes. This is painful, but some part of her embraces this constant reminder of her failing. Shakes her head, distantly wondering - as she often does - if she will ever see her mate again or if he is even alive, and turns to the camera.

QUICK REMINDER KIDS DON'T STICK YOUR ARM IN THE MICROWAVE BE SAFE Y'ALL



Swats a magnificent salmon as it leaps in the air, knocking it to the riverside. Ambles out of the freezing water and lazily pins the fish with one enormous paw. As the salmon thrashes and gasps, Spring Cleaning Bear nibbles a bite out of its flank. Pink and purple organs are exposed to the air, glistening in the sun. There is surprisingly little blood. Dozens of roe spill out onto the frosty rocks and grass in an orange flood. Lesser lives give way to greater ones with a casualness that merits no response from the universe. Turns to the camera.

YOU CAN PROBABLY GET INTO ANY MOVIE FOR FREE IF YOU SHOW UP AT THE THEATER LOOKIN LIKE A STAR SO PUT ON SOME SHADES AND A TUX AND HOPE FOR THE BEST DUDE

Placed in casket with a solitary white rose across her folded arms. The casket is laid upon a conveyor belt. Solemn music swells as the box inches toward the yawning face of a roaring furnace. As flames engulf her head, Spring Cleaning Bear turns to the camera.

A WELL-ROUNDED INTELLECTUAL READS ALL VIDEO GAME NOVELIZATIONS, BUT ONLY DISCUSSES THEM WITH OTHERS WHO ARE PREPARED TO ENGAGE IN SERIOUS DEBATE BASED UPON SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES

Sits up and bellows. So much pain. No memory beyond the gloved hands that pulled her from the pyre. Finds herself in a vat of pinkish goop, dozens of wires connected to her body. Tears the wires loose, the seemingly abandoned lab flickering and filling with sparks. Her flesh and fur appear the same, but Spring Cleaning Bear can feel that something has changed. Deep within, her bones throb with the promise of power. Her skeleton has been replaced with something else. Some unbreakable metal. Turns to the camera.

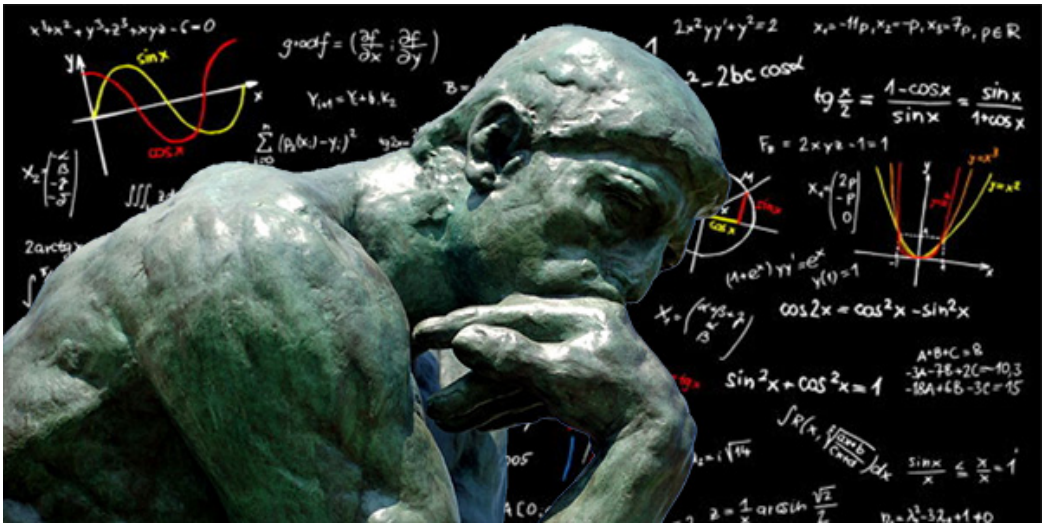
GET YOURSELF ONE OF THEM PROFESSIONAL 3D MODELING PROGRAMS, THEN YOU CAN BUY HIGH RESOLUTION MODELS OF NAKED PEOPLE AND POSE EM HOWEVER YOU WANT, LIKE THEY'RE FUCKIN OR WHAT HAVE YOU

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.16 25 Other Incorrect Assumptions from Americans

Thursday, Feb 20, 2014 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

A recent report from the National Science Foundation revealed a startling truth about the population of America: only 74% of us baseball-playing, apple pie-eating S.O.B.s know that the Earth revolves around the sun, instead of the other way around. Mathematically speaking, that makes us dumber than a 25.3 kilogram sack of doorknobs (unpolished). With such basic facts about our cosmic existence lost on tens of millions of American citizens, we had no choice but to reach out to our fellow idiots to find the many mistaken assumptions that inform their pointless, stupid lives.



- 14% of Americans believe thunder is "God moving into a new apartment."
- 23% of Americans think the West Coast Washington is our nation's capital "because it's bigger than the other one."
- 12% of Americans refer to screws as "them twisty nails."
- 8% of Americans can't locate the back of a map on a map.
- 11% of Americans think the dinosaurs died out when we stopped using them as makeshift appliances in our homes.
- 19% of Americans believe cats and dogs could interbreed if they were in the right mood.
- 21% of Americans assume the moon gets bigger once a month to alert the Earth to the presence of werewolves.
- 32% of Americans think Abraham Lincoln invented the penny as a way to market thousands of tiny self-portraits.
- 24% of Americans listen to Rush Limbaugh and assume birth control pills are taken directly after sex to dissolve a screaming fetus.

- 7% of Americans think it's a good idea to replace U.S. currency with a funny picture they saw of a dog on the Internet.
- 13% of Americans think the bean bag is a fruit.
- 27% of people believe the "Electrical College" is where highly intelligent educated thunder deities decide our next President.
- 8% of Americans think World War II ended when Daffy Duck hit Adolf Hitler with a big hammer.
- 18% of Americans consider their comprehensive knowledge of Starbucks sizes qualifies them as "bilingual."
- 22% of Americans think Space Jam is a yearly sports event.
- 15% of Americans complain about Daylight Saving Time for roughly 5 months after it starts.
- 3% of Americans think Sonic the Hedgehog is sexually attractive.
- 17% of Americans think the sun hides in China during the night, where it absorbs ancient wisdom.
- 31% of Americans use mayonnaise on food instead of as an industrial lubricant.
- 43% of Americans would pay to see three more Star Wars movies after Episodes I, II, and III.
- 19% of Americans think gumbo is made from dead Gumbys.
- 23% of Americans believe black teenagers are perpetually on the cusp of becoming murderous vampires, and can only be stopped with silver bullets or regular bullets.
- 17% of Americans think puppy mills are where puppy pulp is pressed into dogs.
- 9% of Americans still call it "Intendo."
- 11% of Americans refer to their own feces as "brown butt-snakes."
- 49% of Americans prefer their food to be in "heated pouch" form.

–~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

2.17 My Greatest Joy is Karing for the Babies Kreated in My Fighting Tournament

Friday, Feb 21, 2014 by Shao Kahn (@sexyfacts4u)

When you create a fighting competition in order to try to merge your realm into another realm and klaim the souls of all living humans you accept certain responsibilities.

You will be mindful of the environment; take nothing but memories from the acid pit and leave nothing but footprints on the howling bridge over the river of knives.

You will pay and feed all monks who stand around and watch fights or pray ominously near the fights.

You will maintain all swirling mystic portals and kreate a demon-gnawed ambiance of skulls, chains, and karcasses.

You will provide an announcer, a duty which I gladly take on myself to save money.

Those are all important responsibilities, but most sacred of all is the promise that after the fighting is over, after the piles of guts and femurs have been swept away, you will care for the babies.

Does that surprise you? Participants in a fighting kompetition never think about the babies. They don't train thinking about babies or plan for babies. But sometimes, at the end of a fight, through means even I don't entirely understand, there is a baby. Something has to be done with all the babies or, as I like to call them, "Shao Kahn's Little Miracles."

When I first started the tournaments I thought I could just toss the babies into lava or a khasm, but when you hold that baby in your arms you change. An evil egg cracks open to reveal a yolk of tenderness.

Fatherhood did not lessen my desire to Konquer Earthrealm and klaim all its souls, but when you are holding several babies in your arms you know the real weight of responsibility. Everything else becomes secondary.

It might not seem to make sense. I hated Liu Kang. I hated Sonya Blade. I was sort of indifferent to Scorpion and Sub-Zero. I barely even knew who Jax and Johnny Cage were. But when they're turned into babies and they're in your arms, looking up adoringly at your demonic skull mask, what can you be other than a loving parent?

So that is what I have become. My babies were totally defenseless. Outworld is not child proofed. It's 100% sharp objects, precipices and poisons. I couldn't just leave them to die so I ordered Shang Tsung, my sorcerer, to make at least part of the Outworld safe for the babies. He could put up gates to the spike pit and make it so they couldn't open the portals to the Netherrealm when I'm not watching them. He toned down the howling demons for me.

After he grudgingly obeyed, Shang Tsung said I should banish the babies to the Void by conjuring a Soulnado. For even suggesting such a thing I aged Shang Tsung 1,000 years and trapped him between worlds inside the Nexus. I hope he learns his lesson: nothing is more important to me than these babies.

I have been focused on fatherhood since I first picked up a baby. I have not been without help.

To be honest, I don't think I could have managed without Prince Goro. Some of the dads I meet on play dates say they wish they had extra hands to deal with their little rascals. I tell them one of my babies is a robot so think about that for a second, but then I do have an extra set of hands thanks to Goro.

He is so good with the babies. So gentle and he loves to cuddle with them. He may have failed to defeat Liu Kang, but now he regularly defeats Liu Kang at nap time.

Fatherhood is quite the journey. I have been tested and I've also picked up a little wisdom along the way.

YOU CUTE, ADORABLE BABY!

The precious moments of fatherhood just go by so fast. One minute they are crying on top of a beam over the acid pit and the next minute they are refusing to put on the veil to cover their hideous monster mouth before they go to high school. Treasure every moment you have with your children and love where they are in their lives. If you have raised them right they will choose to become kombatants and you might just get a second or third chance to raise them again.
NOT TOO EASY!

At first I tried to go it alone. I thought I knew best, after all, I am the supreme emperor of Outworld. It turns out I knew just about nothing. After some initial problems, like when I left the soul worm in charge of the kids while I went to the store or the time baby Kitana wound up on top of a bone ziggurat, I finally accepted that this wasn't going to be a FLAWLESS VICTORY! I decided to seek

some advice. I konjured the souls of some of the greatest dads throughout history. It turns out, every dad had an adjustment period, you just have to believe in yourself and try not to destroy the puny, pathetic bodies of your children when they are being troublesome.

FEEL THE NURTURING OF SHAO KAHN!

Being a father means setting up routines and rules. I try to make sure my babies get plenty of superfoods and lots of DHA. As few plastics as possible in their toys and babas. No screens before sundown and no going to the Darkrealm with the iPad to get around that rule. I like to keep them social so I spend a lot of time disguised and going to tumble gym, wiggle tots sports, baby guppy swim aerobics, and Playrealm. Since these kids are growing up in Outworld I also want them to be familiar with the realm. Lots of trips to see the blood dinosaurs, howling ghosts, the torture chambers, and the place where my scientists do their kruelest experiments.

At some point, I know I will have to let these kids grow up and set out on their own so that I can get back to konquest. For now, I am enjoying being the ruler of the most important place of all: Father Realm.

–∼Shao Kahn (@sexyfacts4u)

2.18 In Defense of "In Defense of" Articles

Saturday, Feb 22, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

You launch yourself at the archive of "In Defense of" articles and I expertly step into your path. My hands are behind my back, my very powerful body assuming a non-threatening posture. You fume. I remain calm, an amused smile on my face.

You throw the first punch. I block it with blinding speed, my forearm coming up to meet the clumsy swing.

As you let loose with a flurry of blows, I keep one arm behind my back and still manage to block each strike. My economic movements hint at a complete knowledge of every fighting style and more than half of all documented hip-hop dance moves.

In the distance, the world's most celebrated professional boxers, martial artists, and MMA fighters along with CM Punk watch in awe. They remove their championship belts, look at them, look at me, then burn the meaningless trinkets. "That dude puts us to shame," they say in unison, turning away to train harder.

In Defense of the Ukulele
In Defense of Miley Cyrus
Olympics preview: In defense of Ice Dancing
What It Takes: In Defense of the NSA
CLASS NOTES
In Defense of "Like"
The word is, like, not as pointless as you think
In defense of San Francisco's techies
IN DEFENSE OF AMERICAN EXCEPTIONALISM
In Defense of Bronies
Impenetrable.

Your unsuccessful attacks leave you winded. After retreating several steps and placing your hands on your knees, you whistle loudly to signal your backup. A thousand others just like you crest a hill, swarming to get at the "In Defense of" archive. I am unfazed.

When the charging mass crosses a patch of oddly colored terrain, I press a button. The trap works flawlessly. A wall of flames consumes half the attackers. They die wondering if it was really worth it to be so cruel, wondering if maybe they should have been more open minded and compassionate like me.

That leaves roughly 250 fighters. I tilt my head from side to side to loosen my neck, then gesture for them to bring it on.

The ensuing melee is as astonishing as it is impossible to follow with the naked eye. I become a blur of flips, dodges, parries, and counterattacks. Enemies are sent flying in all directions, knocking each other over. Before they go unconscious most of the attackers bark exclamations of stunned praise for my prowess.

Soon only the two of us are left.

You reach for the two handed mace strapped over your shoulder. It is big but also gaudy, covered in gems and engravings. I have no choice but to unsheath the longsword at my side. Though it is unassuming, the handle is well worn from use and the blade hums with power.

You roar, swinging the mace with more rage than talent. I lean to one side just enough to let the weapon whiff past my face. Your face becomes a comical display of confusion. I don't appear to move, but there is a hint of a blur. The mace falls apart in your hands, expertly sliced through in its three weakest points by my blade.

A bullet from an unseen sniper flies toward me. Dodging it would be trivial, but I allow the shot to strike me because I am willing to give my life in defense of "In Defense of" articles, and because it's important to consider the feelings of the sniper.

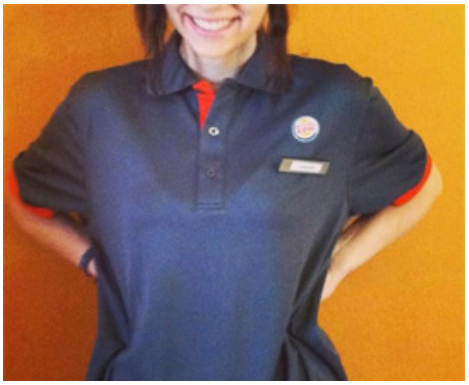
You laugh, walking past me to the "In Defense of" archive. You reach for the topmost article, James Franco's defense of Shia LaBeouf. As your fingers brush the surface to crush the document, it dissipates into tiny blue points of suspended light. A hologram. The entire archive is a hologram. You look very stupid as you puzzle it together. If it's a hologram, that means the real archive is...

... within me, a white light glows. My noble sacrifice resurrects me as your pitiful attacks turn inward, shattering your body into a million pieces. In the misty ruins of the battlefield, all those who I defended line up to thank me at great length.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.19 You Would Be Perfect for an Internship at My Hamburger Firm

Monday, Feb 24, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



I think you have what it takes to make some connections in this biz. What biz? The biz of burgers. You think it's all about flipping them? You're only showing your hamburger ignorance. That's the paradigm you need to assimilate: learn how much you don't know about burgers.

There are a lot of people competing for hamburger jobs in this hamburger economy. Do you think successful hamburger firms just hire anyone that walks in off the street? If you want to work for one of the big boys you need at least a business degree. Or you can work as an intern and get to the know business from the inside.

I can't pay much, as an unpaid intern technically you won't be paid at all, but I pay it well. It's called hamburger coupons. Legally it qualifies as scrip, so I have to drop it on the floor and then you can pick it up after I leave the room and use it as found hamburger coupons.

Oh, free bacon on your next five deluxe burgers? How did these fall out of my pocket?

Look, I know you have big dreams. You want to start your own business. You want to "do something with your life" and you think working at a hamburger firm is just for kids these days. You'd be surprised to learn that the average age of employees at my hamburger firm is 33. These are professionals. Tom, my assistant vice president of sauces, has an engineering degree and just had his third kid. We gave him Sunday morning off to see his baby and everything.

I can see you're thinking about it. You want to join a business that is on the rise. Let me tell you a little bit about your hamburger responsibilities if you decide to join my team.

1. Management of Custodial Equipment - You will need to facilitate and manage ground floor applications of custodial equipment on toilets, floors, grease traps, and

dumpsters. Learn about our commitment to the environment by identifying and removing chewing gum from underneath tables. Amplifying your green understanding (greenderstanding) will make you an attractive asset to any employer.

2. Creative Marketing Assistant - You will be required to apply yourself as a marketing assistant by removing and adding vinyl signage to the inside of windows and writing copy for the board underneath our sign. Creative is an increasingly valuable asset for a think-forward business model in the 21st century.

3. Customer Satisfaction Guarantor - Your responsibility will include listening to and acting on the concerns of our paying customers regarding discontinued menu items, the unfairness of breakfast serving time, the lack of mayonnaise, unwanted mayonnaise, and various other condiment concerns. You will rely heavily on your judgment, giving you the freedom to resolve these conflicts, but also demanding you satisfy every customer. Dealing with customers will cultivate transportable skill sets for your future employment portfolio.

4. Fluid Engineer - Understanding, monitoring, and servicing the various fluid systems of our firm will be one of your most important duties. Keep track of our cola levels, fry oil levels, and ketchup levels at all times. Topping off these liquids is the sort of knowledge-add that can help you in almost any business and looks great on a CV.

Our business is an intern-oriented model. We service the education of up-and-coming hamburger experts, helping to refine their skills for a competitive marketplace, and they help us provide a constant stream of people we can use to realize our hamburger potential.

Think about it. What other options do you have? You think Gawker is still taking interns? Good luck. Are you lazy millenials going to sit around and wait for opportunity to come looking for you or are you going to make opportunity for yourself through hard work? Play your hamburger cards right and one of these days you may be a VP of drive thru.

If you are an eager millenial ready to work long hours for no pay, you can seek more information on Zack's hamburger themed Facebook page.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.20 MtGox's 750,000 Stolen Bitcoins Have Been Located

Tuesday, Feb 25, 2014 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Found 'em up your butt and around the corner, sucker.

How idiotic can you be? Converting your life savings to a trendy nerd currency less dependable than Linden dollars? Are you a lunatic, or was the promise of a new tax-free future living out of your bug-out bag too much to ignore?

MtGox, the largest exchange of bitcoin to real money, has just effectively vanished, taking over 750,000 bitcoins along with it. It's not clear where they went, but they've probably been stolen.

If you're not sure what bitcoin is, imagine for one second a currency that creates scarcity based on loser do-nothings *leaving their computers on all the time*. And this creates value because... those same nerds say it does. And the guys with the most powerful computers are obviously able to generate the most of it. Not only that, it's a crazy idea built on software written by an anonymous mystery guy, and bitcoins can't really even be traced. It's like a bad dystopian novel, all it's missing is a bunch of steampunk and references to linux.

Oh, and the primary use of bitcoin throughout its lifetime has been to buy drugs and guns. Legitimate currency, indeed. (Full disclosure: I once traded a pretty good pistol in Borderlands 2 for a sixer of real life beer, so I'm not entirely innocent here.)

Honestly, this was a really fantastic pseudo-intellectual libertarian thought experiment, but it looks like practically everyone on the face of the earth is laughing at the naivete that had to have been involved here. Specifically if you lost money. And especially if you lost a *lot* of money.

Let's not forget that in the pursuit of this magical currency that appears on your computer without you doing any work, that some guys have injured their brains from the heat generated by their magic alchemy machines. Some guys also dried fruit with the heat, but hey, at least the fruit is worth something.

In a way, we should feel worse for those who *didn't* lose their bitcoins. The price is tanking rapidly as of this writing. Holders of their Monopoly money will have to clutch it to their chest, knowing their precious computer money is worth less than 20% of what it used to be. That haunting feeling of "I should've sold a month ago" will haunt them forever. Thousands of dollars, or in some cases much more, simply lost. Good lord.

I'd like to share with you some screenshots of posts happening right now where these cutting-edge digital renegades are showing off how much money they've lost in the last day alone. Keep in mind that you can multiply any of these numbers by $1100 or so, as that's what bitcoins were worth at their height. Some folks lost money in the *millions of dollars*.

top 200 comments - show all 444
sorted by: best

[–] **aamaya52** 36 points 2 hours ago

Lost 26k$. Fuck man

permalink save

[–] **offatthenextexit** 25 points 3 hours ago

eh, 215. i'm screwed but i'm sure i'll laugh about it... in a year... or ten...

permalink save

[–] **rmvaandr** 24 points 1 hour ago*

About 1998 BTC. This was BTC I had in Bitcoinica until Zhou Tong decided to rob his own customers blind. Amir Taaki and the Bitcoin Consultancy group then sent the remaining BTC into MtGox for reimbursement where they promptly got hacked again resulting in insolvency. Late 2012 Bitcoinica was finally sent into liquidation but MtGox was unwilling to hand over the 60K+ BTC frozen in the Bitcoinica account to the court appointed liquidator (PKF) citing 'privacy reasons'. Now all of those are gone too. Despite all this, I'm still a believer in Bitcoin. (Just not so much other people)

permalink save

[–] **noreadon** 20 points 3 hours ago

21 btc. cannot say anything now, too hurtful.

permalink save

[–] **goxloser** 22 points 56 minutes ago

I am the biggest loser at 4700+ BTC. Screenshot from a few days ago for the purposes of record keeping.

http://imgur.com/IDbM0BP

I don't know how dying feels, but I'm pretty sure that's how I feel now.

permalink save

[–] **noreadon** 20 points 3 hours ago

21 btc. cannot say anything now, too hurtful.

permalink save

[–] **Msuix** 49 points 2 hours ago

$16k was my initial investment, though the actual value at time of closing was closer to $40k.

I will tell myself I lost $16k and sleep somewhat better.

Sigh.

permalink save

[–] **baconslammer** 41 points 2 hours ago

About 14 coins. And it happens to be the last 14 coins my wife will ever let me invest in bitcoin. She wants nothing to do with it now. Not for investing, not for spending -- nothing. And it's a damned shame.

I love how all the other bitcoin companies got together to say that their money was safe. Did they think that would help people like me? Do they think my wife cares?

I love this community - I've been an evangelist since the early days - but no amount of guarantees or proof of solvency is ever going to win her trust back. And it kills me - because I know I'm not the only one who will be affected in this way.

Edit: spacing

permalink **save**

[–] **duckrageous** 24 points 1 hour ago

At least you've got a wife.

permalink **save** **parent**

[–] **Roachardo** 26 points 2 hours ago

67.25 BTC FML.

permalink **save**

[–] **evoorhees** 34 points 2 hours ago

Over 550 btc

permalink **save**

[–] **Falkvinge** 12 points 2 hours ago*

105 coins, give or take some small change. As much as I kick myself for not getting it out, I'm also patting myself on the back for getting most of my holdings out in time, when the writing on the wall became clearer.

(89 coins plus 1500 Euro.)

permalink **save**

[–] **I_Survived_2012** 15 points 2 hours ago

90.5 BTC

Was going to use them to pay off my student debt.

Not anymore.

permalink **save**

[–] **Maximus_** 23 points 3 hours ago

0.45, but I'm poor and at college...it's all I had man. Fuck :(

permalink **save**

[–] **diecakethrower** 25 points 3 hours ago

19.5 Unemployed, and trying to make a go of trading Cryptos. Gox ruined me. It looked promising until the China panic got me to put them into Gox.

Why did they take them?! They shouldn't have taken them from me!!!

I tired for two months to get them out. Now gone.

permalink **save**

[–] **omeganemesis28** 7 points 2 hours ago

I sold 10 BTC in October at 200 a pop. Never saw that money.

permalink save

[–] **Stooven** 14 points 2 hours ago

240 coins. This hurts.

permalink save

[–] **ebass** 7 points 1 hour ago

144 BTC and 100 were entrusted to me by a friend because he wanted to get into cryptocurrency. I haven't told him what happened just now though he has been updated all this while. I don't know how to.

permalink save

[–] **pootyskoot** 12 points 1 hour ago

1200 btc.

permalink save

[–] **erichlin** 3 points 39 minutes ago

514 BTC.... sucks.....

permalink save

[–] **eduardom15** 4 points 2 hours ago

About 3k total. I deposited my coins there a couple of months ago and I have been trying to withdraw them ever since. My account was not verified because I was under 18, so I was unable to withdraw them whatsoever. This is a lot of money for me since I will be going to college next year, so it looks like I'm going to apply to every single fucking scholarship out there to try and gain back my money. I seriously think it's unfair that mtgox let people deposit bitcoins without being verified, but not withdraw them .

permalink save

–∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

2.21 Spout.ly Drinking Fountain Reviews: February's Sour Sips

Wednesday, Feb 26, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Spout.ly Drinking Fountain Reviews series.

February saw some new gems emerge on the scene, but it also brought a torrent of new stinkers. Whether it be bad water or bad conditions, these fountains are pumping out disappointment like there's no tomorrow. If you value your sips, skip these shameful fountains. *-Spout.ly Senior Editor Chris Bluefield*

Shaggy Butte Municipal Bus Station

Top Comments:

"Travesty of a fountain. Not only is it covered with graffiti, but the push button broke off when I pressed it. Also noticed several used condoms in the drain basin as I was power-sipping." *-Wet Whistle*

"Your typical wall-mount unit, run through hell. Homeless people often use this fountain to bathe, and as such, there can be a long wait and lots of naked men with visible sores. I was patient and waited over an hour for my turn, and it was not worth the time. Water ran rusty, weak flow, and missing the push button." *-Aqueous*

Sunrise Yoga Studio

Top Comments:

"All the babes here are super annoying and rude, as if being ungodly hot gives them the right to do whatever they please. If you want to waste your time watching a bunch of broads fluttering their hair or bending over to take long sensual sips from the fountain, here you go. If you want to get a good, no-nonsense slurp without any interruptions, you'll find your fortune elsewhere. A gulp and go for sure." *-BigSlurper*

"Liked the fountain... but not the awful people surrounding it. Too many women approaching me and asking me questions and touching my arm and asking if I'm OK. I just wanted to get a sip. I had to keep sipping for 20 minutes to avoid answering any questions or making eye contact, but that didn't stop them from hovering. Won't go back due to the unruly crowd." *-AgentAgua*

3rd Avenue Sinkhole

Top Comments:

"A lot of people say it's not worth the risk to climb down into a very deep hole, enter a crumbling building in the hole, and then drink from the fountain inside. This stupid fountain makes those people look right, which is a shame. Water is black and metallic, and there are all these tiny bugs swimming in it." *-Gusher*

"This is it for me. Last fountain ever. Fell down and impaled my inner thigh on a piece of exposed rebar. After I wiggled myself free, I washed the wound out carefully at the fountain, and snuck a few sips in so as not to get dehydrated from all the blood loss. Long story short I lost the leg due to the poor quality of this fountain. Lots of splash back on the basin, too." *-Cap'n Quench*

KRUT-5 Green Room

Top Comments:

"Used to be way better before they fixed whatever pipe leak was allowing the newschopper fuel to seep into the water supply. Now it's no better than the water coming out of their sink, which I also tried. Be sure to get the hell out of there before they put you on TV." *-Soggy Steve*

"To even try this fountain, I had to lie about being an expert about something or other to get booked on KRUT-5's dumb morning news show. Fountain was totally lackluster and tasted mostly like tile cleaner. Water didn't even start flowing for a good 5 seconds after I pushed the button. Worse: they interrupted my drink to make me come talk about campus sexual assaults on TV and made me look like an idiot." *-Sipzkrieg*

Slurry Creek Dog Park

Top Comments:

"Really distracting drinking environment. There's a fenced in area for the dogs and like three times as many people watching and taking notes and filming. Not sure why so many idiots in this town are obsessed with dogs when there are way more interesting things out there. Unfortunately, this particular fountain isn't one of them. It's well water, and the well has been contaminated for over a decade. Best to swish it around and spit it, and be prepared to give your thumb a workout with the sticky button." *-DFPatriot*

"I've gotten sick over a dozen times from this fountain, and the ambience is totally creepy. Way too many weirdoes in this town, and they make it hard for regular folks like us to appreciate the simple things." *-Sir Sips-a-Lot*

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.22 College: Dreams Come Here to Die

Thursday, Feb 27, 2014 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

It's my third night of college and my roommate already has a girlfriend. He's having sex with her in the bunk above me right now. Our double room has become an informal triple, consisting of me, my roommate and the specter of self-doubt telling me I'll never be close to another human being. I'm considering suicide, but I've heard it's illegal, so there'd probably be a really harsh penalty for a multiple suicide - I'd be killing myself and all the people in my head I could've been before I went to college to learn how to program chairlift interfaces.

My roommate is a DJ at frat parties and looks Greek - all DJs are descended from galley drummers. His girlfriend is pretty but has too many tribal tattoos. Once he mentioned this flaw, but later said he hadn't been drinking and had his reality goggles on.

My room overlooks a square courtyard called the "quad." I've seen similar areas at other colleges, but think ours is the only one called the "quad" - or at least hope so. I want to believe that my college, its students and their hopes and dreams are unique and not just modular parts for a giant malfunctioning chairlift. The walls of the room are covered with supermodel posters. Today I tore one down looking for an electrical outlet and saw the words "HELP ME" written repeatedly on the wall in a mix of blood and hair gel, but then the poster re-affixed itself to the wall like a rapidly healing wound.

I'm trying to do homework, but my thoughts have the same rhythm as the sex above me, so every epiphany is drowned out by a coital moan. I wonder if doing homework and getting fornicated are somehow the same. I'd take some Adderall to improve my concentration, but it gives me stimulant psychosis. Last night, after taking several capsules, I heard all the rap songs in the dorm across the quad combine into one massive rap. I looked out the window and saw the dorm across the quad had become a giant hundred-eyed MC, the residents trapped in his head like people in a Hieronymus Bosch painting.

I put down my homework and read an article in the student newsletter.

How to Get along with Your New Roommate

It's your worst nightmare: you come back to your room after a hard night of studying and it's full of people. The new Dave Matthews Band CD is blasting on the stereo and a couple are making out on your bed. The couple peel off their faces, revealing that they're actually monsters made out of television static. You run for the door but get lost in a maze of sewer tunnels where your worst fears mock you in your own voice....

Below the article is a list of recent alumni and their degrees. I can't help but notice how "AA" looks like a stifled scream.

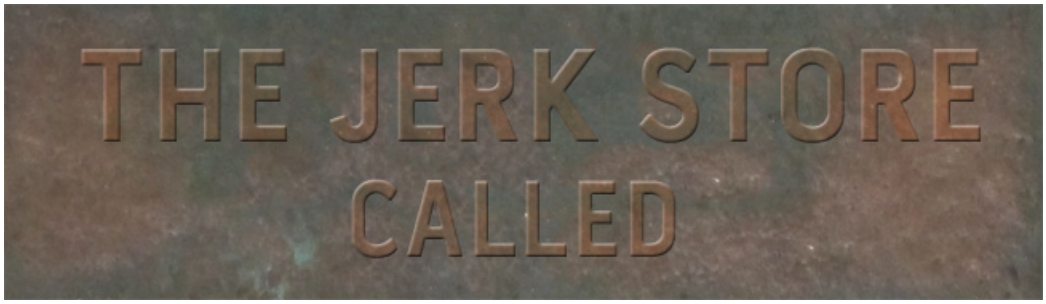
My roommate and his girlfriend have stopped having sex, but the room is still shaking. It must be the portal in the adjacent building that students are sent through to their futures. Lately, objects have been coming out of it: student loan bills, bottles of antidepressants and retail counters.

I leave the room and walk across the quad, passing the windows of a night class. The students sit in rows of chairs that slope downward toward the podium, like skiers on a chairlift that only goes downhill.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

2.23 THE JERK STORE CALLED

Friday, Feb 28, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



The Jerk Store called. No idea who it was for, they just left a message on the voice mail saying to call them back. They didn't leave a number either.

The Jerk Store called. They said your mother just walked out in front of one of their trucks. There was nothing the driver could do.

They Jerk Store called and they told me to tell you that all the bands you think are cool are actually the worst bands.

The Jerk Store called and somebody on the other end said "atheism" but it had a Doppler effect to it like maybe they were spinning in a chair while they were saying it.

The Jerk Store called to talk to you about Hegel. They promised they'll call back when you're around.

The Jerk Store called to remind you of all your dead pets. Especially your favorite.

The Jerk Store called to let you know they dropped the cake and it fell face down.

The Jerk Store called and they just said "Obamacare" in a really sarcastic tone.

The Jerk Store called. They were sort of mumbling and inaudible, but it sounded important.

The Jerk Store called and your prescription for clown idiot pills is ready to be picked up.

The Jerk Store called and they wanted you to know your pre-order for *Dungeon Keeper 3* is never going to be refunded.

The Jerk Store called about your tiny baby dick again. They wanted to know how your baby dick is doing. What should I tell them if they call about it again?

The Jerk Store called to remind you that nothing happens for a reason, especially not tragedies.

The Jerk Store called and asked me to pass along that you belong in a toilet because you are a big turd. Then they flushed a toilet by the phone.

The Jerk Store called. No message, but I'm pretty sure they were gesturing at their crotch.

The Jerk Store called. They thought I was you and a smell like farts on a hot garbage pile came out of the phone.

The Jerk Store called and they wanted to know whether your ancestors were the ones who owned slaves or the ones who murdered Native Americans. I wasn't sure so I said both. Hope that's alright.

The Jerk Store called and just yelled a bunch of spoilers for shows you're watching.

The Jerk Store called like fifteen times and every time as soon as I answered they hung up.

The Jerk Store called and when I picked up I heard your name followed by a high pitched tone and a series of clicks.

The Jerk Store called and wanted me to pass along the message that pro wrestling isn't real. Its staged. It's all planned out.

The Jerk Store called and just listed a bunch of embarrassing things you said and did all throughout high school.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 3

March

3.1 Was the Narration in Blade Runner Really That Bad?

Saturday, Mar 01, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I love Blade Runner. It's atmospheric, thematically weighty, and packed with an absurd amount of detail. The version of the film most of us are familiar with is easily one of the most important sci-fi movies ever made. There was another edition, though.

In the original US theatrical release, a voice over from Harrison Ford's character outright explained many of the elements that director Ridley Scott had intended to leave open to the viewer's interpretation. Having everything spelled out completely changed the tone of the film. Even Ford was unhappy about being forced to record the additional lines in post-production.

Was the narration really a disaster, though? Let's revisit a few direct quotes.

"An eyeball is opening up. This thing is either really big or we're super close. It's looking at some kind of flame. Oh, it's a future city. There's flying cars and everything. Say, this music is super moody. Hi there, folks. Rick Deckard here. I am a Blade Runner. That's someone who tracks down illegal androids and 'retires' them. Retire means kill.

"You know, sometimes I get to thinking and I wonder if maybe I myself am an android. Weird, right? Wouldn't that be something? Then again, maybe I'm a human. Keep that little mystery in mind. Seems like it might be important."

"Right now you're looking at a Voight-Kampff test being administered. This test is designed to find out if someone is a robot by asking them questions that robots REALLY hate.

"You can't hear what either person is currently saying because my voice is drowning theirs out, but the interviewer is asking some questions and the other guy is being evasive. Now the other guy is starting to freak out. That probably means he's a robot. Yeah, there we go. He just killed the interviewer. If you think about it, he probably killed that guy because he's secretly a robot and didn't want to be captured.

"He never came right out and said why he was killing the interviewer, so I can see how you'd be confused. That's why I'm here."

"There are tears on Rachael's face. Probably because she's sad about something."

"The exotic dancer lady with the snake is running. She must have figured out that I know she is a robot, and that I am a Blade Runner.

"Now you can see that I am chasing her. Because I'm a Blade Runner, and my job is to hunt down androids then destroy them. Hey, I realize this is sort of a weird time for this, but I wonder if maybe

I'm an android."

"Here I am at the noodle bar. My reason for being here is that I want to eat food and the noodle bar has noodles that you can buy and eat. I'm chewing the food before swallowing it so that I can digest it better.

"This is all taking place off-camera, but the food is being processed by my body and turned into nutrients or passed through as waste. Again, it's not explicitly presented so you'll have to trust that it's really happening."

"Pris is dressed up like one of the many sad toys in J.F. Sebastian's workshop. Hey, wait a minute! When you think about it, she's a machine, like those automatons are.

"Sebastian has a medical condition that ages his body far too quickly. The replicants have a very short lifespan. There's probably a connection there."

"It's over. Roy Batty has saved my life as his final act, all too aware of his fleeting life and desperate to live on somehow, even if only in my memory. Once again I find myself wondering if I am a man or perhaps an android.

"I'm an android."

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.2 H.P. Lovecraft Describes the Unspeakable Things He Witnessed in the Star Wars Films

Monday, Mar 03, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

I will begin this tale of woe with a warning that must be heeded by all men of wisdom and constitution: do not follow the path I have trod, for in my travels I have come upon many things from which sane men recoil. Do not seek out that forbidden knowledge which was hidden long ago by beings from distant shores. Do not place a silvered disc into your queer player and project the image onto glass. If you are not driven to madness by the piping of black-eyed tavern-goers or the rantings of an ambushed squid-fiend, then you will be sickened by the acrobatics of a sinister clown holding colour in beams

The Knight in Black

I lay upon my bed, wracked with fear, my mind shattered by the hallucinatory scene of a great wedge, big as the stars themselves, traveling in pursuit of some incomprehensible scheme. Men cower in terror from this ominous presence. They arm themselves, but their bolts are as nothing to the Knight in Black. He strides through smoke as if he was himself the smoke (an evil smoke) and he dispatches men with ease. Death itself must dwell behind his sinister mask and I dare not think upon him any longer or I will, myself, be cast into the black abyss which surely he inhabits.

The Gnarled Wizard

Dwelling in a ghastly bog, this gnome appears feeble, but is nonetheless possessed of great vigor. He is a keeper of misbegotten mysteries, meant for no mind to contain, and should be avoided at all costs. He speaks in riddles meant to coax men to explore forbidden knowledge, enticing them to confront the cosmic truth of the universe: that madness is the only release from some things once known that cannot otherwise be forgotten.

The Brown Brute

I speak only of this beast under duress, you understand, and to warn you to avoid at all costs this savage creature whose solitary purpose is to rend the limbs of men from their bodies. Shaggy-haired and terrible of face, I dare not explain him further for fear of creating too great an impression in you that this fiend can be understood by a rational mind. Like a great gorilla or a man of the West Indies, but many times more fierce, I suspect he might drink blood, though I did not observe such things with certainty.

A Terrible Speed

In a strange place where insects speak with the voice of men and creatures with the hideous corpulence of slugs rule a race is held. This is no running of the horses. Human children compete against things which I hesitate to even describe. Listen to me, Carter, when I tell you that children were lashed to chariots of screaming steam engines and flung through the air at great speed. A beast which I mistook for an otter at first, but which was far more devious and cruel, sought to kill a human child. For what purpose, Carter? The sheer horror of this realm is too much to bear. I assume the child was killed, for I could not bear to watch any longer.

The Goats of the Snow

In my madness, I looked upon a land so perilously frozen that a man could perish in moments. The ice-choked heath is roamed by floating black skeletons which spit fire and great, shaggy white things that will devour a man without remorse. In this strange place, no horse or train will travel, so man must rely on beasts like goats that walk upon two legs. I was not, at first, too put out by these creatures, until a man was placed into the body of one of them. He was stuffed into its inhuman viscera! How could such a thing be? No. I cannot accept this. I will not speak of it any longer.

The Frog Negro

Perhaps the strangest inhabitant of this benighted land of long ago was a rubber-faced jazz rascal from an underwater kingdom. I found his antics amusing, but as his presence became oppressive I drew back from the images in horror. An entire race of these creatures populates a loathsome abyssal cove. His wild race seems untamable and for reasons I could not discern they battled with mannequins using spheres of light. My concern is that these peculiar men might discover earth and show our earth Negros the means of launching glowing balls. For the time, we must remain vigilant and forbid those of the savage races from interfering in sport lest they jostle our mannequins or worse, our ladies. Go, now, while you can! Before they find their way back to our world!

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.3 Stop Hating on Winter

Wednesday, Mar 05, 2014 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

People are so mad about Winter, but they got it all wrong. Winter's not a bad guy, it's just an awkward loser. It's Spring we should blame. All this time, we've been complaining and whining about frost and snow, but Winter's just doing its job. Check the resume, and it's all there. Skills: Making People Cold Making People Miserable Making People Drink Beer Until They Forget They Are Cold And Miserable

We've gotten exactly what we should expect. But what has Spring done for us? What's its excuse? The seasons are a group project, and Spring hasn't even shown up to class. Winter's trying to pick up the pieces, but do we notice? Do we even take a second to consider the one putting in extra hours? No. We're too busy fawning over the bad boy.

It's March, dammit. How long are we supposed to wait for this neglectful douchebag? It's dance night, and Spring swore to go with us, but now it's nowhere to be seen. For weeks we've patiently holding our breath, telling ourselves that this will be the week to crack the 40 degree mark, and what have we gotten? Spring hasn't changed, hasn't even apologized. It's the first thing on our mind, and yet it hasn't even made an appearance. How many broken promises of fun and sun are we supposed to believe only to have Spring call us drunk five days late saying it can't make it? And we take it like we don't deserve better.

Enough is enough. Because while Spring doesn't give us time of day, Winter's giving us everything its got: surprise vortexes, nightly snow poundings, enough broken water mains to ice over half the country. We've got a perfectly good season right in front of us. Sure, it's not the season we fantasize

about, but its sweet and hardworking and reliable. It's something we could take to meet our parents. It more than makes up for Spring's neglect. If we were smarter, we'd follow our friends' advice and listen to "I Will Survive". We'd ignore Spring the next time it showed up. No matter how much it told us it'd changed, that it was a new season, we'd stay strong.

But that's not how it works. We're stuck in some crappy 90's date movie, and can't stop wanting the football captain even though he doesn't know our name. We could be dating Pauly Shore, but we're too obsessed over Encino Man. Because ultimately, it doesn't matter how hard Winter tries. The second Spring comes around, we're out that door. Even if its wasted with a half-eaten bag of Taco Bell, we're going to smile, hop on the back of the motorcycle and forget all the crap it's put us through. Pathetic.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

3.4 Grandmas at Large

Thursday, Mar 06, 2014 by Geriatric Crime Watch

Above: The last-known photo of notorious crime gang "The Gingham Daggers" at a 45th anniversary potluck dinner in August, 1989.

A: Shirley "Casserole Queen" Glockner

36 missing persons may be the result of Miss Shirley Glockner, who made her debut into the world of organized crime by burying eight rival scrap collectors head-to-toe in three evenly spread layers during the summer of '43. After pleading insanity, Glockner served five years in prison, where she worked in the kitchen and became known for her horseradish, pimento, and cocktail onion gelatin dessert, which graced the cover of Betty Crocker's 1947 cookbook *18 Easily Chewed Desserts for your Shell-Shocked Hubby.* While this dish has fallen out of fashion over the decades, remnants of it have been found in the aftermath of the Gingham Daggers' "enhanced interrogation" sessions.

B: Dorothy "The Disruptor" Fuchs

Dorothy Fuchs' racist jokes weren't just for her own enjoyment; letting one drop in the middle of a crowded bank or JC Penney's provided just enough of a distraction for the rest of her gang to decide which hostage to kill in order to ensure complete police cooperation. Originally thought to have been eliminated from The Gingham Daggers due to her continued remarks about "the damn Polacks," Fuchs went underground for nearly two decades before resurfacing during several recent Thanksgiving B&Es where she convinced multiple families of her status as a lesser grandma. A few choice remarks about "that monkey in the White House" is all it took for several dozen jewelry boxes to have their contents pawned for a king's ransom of gin and Correctol.

C and D: Opal and Pearl Blythe, AKA "The Doppelgrandmas"

Starting out as a tag-team of cigarette girls in the great movie palaces of the 1920s, Opal and Pearl Blythe got a taste for blood during a screening of 1924's *Handshakes in the Park* when the

hat of superstar Randolph Valestri was lewdly doffed, causing a theater-wide riot. Following this, they were known to push harder stuff, which brought them into the jazz scene and influenced hits like Thelonius Monk's "There's a Horse Tryin' to Kick Its Way Outta Me." Opal and Pearl joined The Gingham Daggers in 1949, where the twin sisters used their telepathic link with one another to quickly rise to the rank of "underboss" and dominate the organization's white slavery ring and fudge-making competitions.

E: Evelyn "The Blade" Ritter

A tall drink of water at 5'9", Evelyn "The Blade" Ritter received her first nickname at the age of 12 during an underground Old Maid tournament that ended in nine fatalities. While she failed to protect her father from a death by table-bludgeoning, in the 75 years of time that passed, her tongue remains just as sharp as the butterfly knife she used to carve through the carotid arteries of two unlucky Irishmen. Debilitating arthritis has limited her capacity for violence, and Ritter now uses her blade to clip and pass off expired coupons. Every month, these efforts bring thousands of dollars into the Gingham Daggers' bankroll, which has a sensible interest rate and kicks 80 dollars into their Christmas club account biannually.

F: Grace "The Bad Candy Killer" Mankowski

Known for her cheery disposition, Grace Mankowski worked her way through 14 husbands before the police caught wise to her penchant for murder via the means of cyanide-laced Necco Wafers. Her choice of this disgusting candy was by no means an accident; the men who fell for this plot simply assumed the overpowering taste of almonds and gradual heart failure were simply part of the Necco experience. "The Bad Candy Killer" hasn't been seen for nearly 25 years, so we advise that you continue avoiding putting Necco Wafers anywhere near your mouth, as you most likely have been doing already.

G: Clara "The Librarian" Spronk

Growing up on her family's hog farm, Clara Spronk oversaw the slaughter of thousands of pigs, before the Great Depression saw her father crawl into a bottle and her mother crawl into a haystack to find the valuable needle buried inside. She was also a drunk. Clara avoided alcoholism and found her way into the open arms of the Gingham Daggers, where she took over the bureaucratic side of the organization, keeping the wheels of their syndicate greased and cataloging their unspeakable crimes with the help of her local Michael's senior scrapbooking class.

H: Nellie "Ice Queen" Halasz

A woman of her word, Nellie Halasz hasn't spoken a single syllable after a remark about her cheese dip during a 1967 bridge game shook her trust in humanity to the core. Since that fateful day, she's refused to testify in court over 40 times, choosing instead to fix her steely, bird-like glare directly into the jury box. While this would land anyone in jail for contempt of court, Halasz's knack for strategic shawl placement has seen her walk away from dozens of non-guilty verdicts for "being such a trooper."

I: Vera "The Godmother" Walkinshaw

The ravages of age have destroyed Vera "The Godmother" Walkinshaw's mind, but she still remembers one thing: where all of the bodies are buried. That, and sending each of her 79 grandchildren a five-dollar Arby's gift certificate on their birthdays.

—∼Geriatric Crime Watch

3.5 I Cannot Continue to Review Mobile Games for a Network Funded by Vladimir Putin

Friday, Mar 07, 2014 by Jeff Glukhov (@sexyfacts4u)

When I was hired by RT as a mobile game reviewer I believed in their mission of providing an alternative to the mainstream media in America. I didn't fool myself. I always knew RT was funded by Moscow and the government of Vladimir Putin, I knew there was some editorial involvement, but I never felt unable to bring you the truth.

Until Russian forces set foot in the Crimea.

It crossed a line with my review of *Angry Birds Star Wars II*.

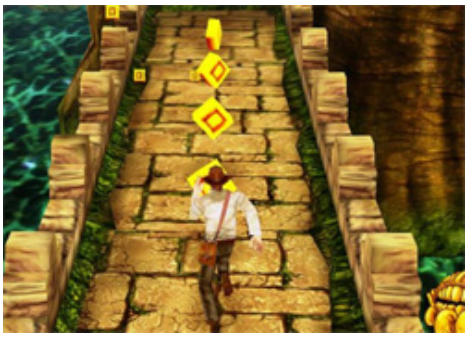
I referred to it as a "worthy installment in the series" and "a great time waster" when I submitted my script for the teleprompter. But what showed up on the screen was that *Angry Birds Star Wars II* was "another example of American weakness" and "hardly fit for rats in the gutter."

Before I knew what I was doing I read the text on the prompter and I recommended everyone log onto totalgameapps.ru and download *Gears Wars 5: Star Wars and Avengers Game*. A knockoff of *Plants Vs. Zombies* with Nintendo characters that I am pretty sure was a keylogger virus.

Things only got worse when I reviewed *Infinity Blade III* as a "great game for pro-fascist supporters of Euromaidan and Yankee lapdogs in the UN" and then spent most of the review playing a clip that was supposedly a phone call of Estonians talking about hired gunmen shooting protesters. Then I talked to Jesse Ventura about similarities between events in Kiev and various CIA false flag operations, from the Gulf of Tonkin to 9/11.

I regret describing *Rayman Fiesta Run* as "another example of Western interference in Syria" and

suggested the cash shop "funds Sharia murders by outsider terrorists to appease American beasts with the blood of innocents." Then I devoted most of the rest of my review to analyzing a video of a chemical attack to prove that it was faked by insurgents.



Temple Run II was the last straw. I had to suggest that homosexuals were responsible for "revolting body hypnosis in Ukraine" and that "Crimea will be liberated from USA homosexual influence." I felt more disgusted with myself than the time I had to review *Ridiculous Fishing* during the Olympics and was told to add a zero to the Russian medal totals.

Why was I listing Olympics medal totals during a mobile game review? Because I was doing what I was told. Just like when I suggested the US speed skaters were high on drugs and then my segment producer actually got angry at me when I said that Russia won 40 gold medals in figure skating.

You told me to "add a zero", Yulia. What the heck do you want from me?

A big thank you to all of the viewers. Without you I might still be the RT television critic giving one star to every American TV show and recommending something called *Svaty 6* and a show called the *The Sniffer* about a guy who smells crime. They made me do that before I got to review games.

I am an American citizen and I value the truth. I was okay when it was just our sponsors telling us what to say about the mobile games. That's a healthy part of being a journalist. It's being told by a government in the midst of an invasion that is too much. My family did not escape from the Soviet Union for me to give *Candy Crush* one star and suggest it was for "USA sex criminal soldiers." I love my country and as of this moment I am resigning from RT.

Please subscribe to my Youtube Channel.

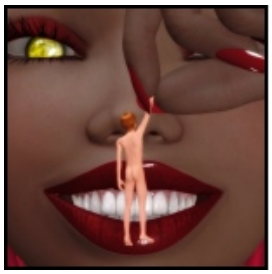
–∼Jeff Glukhov (@sexyfacts4u)

3.6 Let's Get Way More Specific With Our Lists of the Top Rich People

Saturday, Mar 08, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

It seems like there's a new article ranking the rich and powerful every week. Not that that's problematic in itself. If anything there should be more lists demonstrating how far someone can go with little more than ingenuity, hard work, a fully broken system of capitalism, and maybe a wealthy family with connections.

The problem is that these articles tread upon well-worn ground. Top 10 Billionaires in the World? Most Powerful People in Tech? We've seen lists just like these for decades now. Recent features like Best Billionaires Under 40 have attempted to shake things up by getting more specific, but they need to go even further.



18 Billionaires Under 30 Years Old and Under 10 Centimeters Tall

Ten Millionaires Currently Looking Up at the Same Moon You're Looking at and Thinking of You With a Contended Sigh

The Most Innovative People in Tech Who Are Stumbling Through This Field Right Now, Frantically Trying to Remove Sheets of Adhesive Paper From Their Bodies, Only for Those Sheets to Wind Up Stuck on Different Body Parts

Top 20 Millionaires Who Made Their Fortunes By Downloading Someone Else's Apps/Games Then Releasing Them As Their Own Work

America's Best Billionaires Who Are Also the Mythical Creatures Known as Dragons, and Seem More Than a Little Unsettled By Our Celebration of Their Hoarding

15 Compelling Visionaries Who Made More Money This Year Than the Combined Salaries of Everyone Who Got Laid Off From Their Companies, and Their Companies Laid Off a LOT Of People

Europe's Twelve Most Powerful Executives Who Just Stole That Pie From My Windowsill and Trampled a Trail of Suit and Tie Tracks Through My Garden

300 Multi-Millionaires Who Are Just As Surprised As Everyone Else That Their Overhyped Tech Startups Were Acquired by Google/Facebook/Yahoo

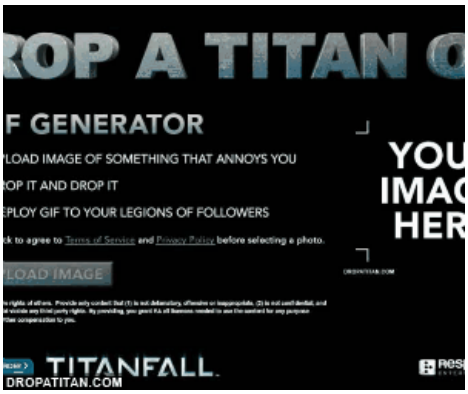
The Most Influential Billionaires Who Are Aware That Former Professional Wrestler Buff Bagwell Is Now a Prostitute, and Have Very Strong Feelings About the Matter

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.7 THE ONLY TITANFALL GUIDE YOU'LL ENEVER NEED!!! FOR XBOX PC XBOX PC ONE

Monday, Mar 10, 2014 by JEFF K! (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

HEY IDIOTS I'M LIKE CHUCKY "IT'S TIME TO PLAY *A GAME"*



drop a titan on it dot jpg

WHAT GAME? oh just a little digital gem called "TItanfall". Its the hottest game this season of Our Lourd 2014. Whats wrong?? cant grasp your hands on a copy? HAHAHAHAHAHAAAA TITANFALL SI TOU AND I DIDNT HAVE TO CAMP OUT OF THE MICROSOFT STORE FOR 49 HOURS BECAUSE MY DAD WORKS AT MICROSOFT, PERHAPS YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM HE'S A CERTAIN MISTER MR. Bill GATES???? hahahaha welp owned ps3 fanboys catch you on the flip side looks like ***yuo're S.O.L!*** WHO THE HELL even know who the Boss of Sony is anymore? a japanese chinaman. But then you have a Mr. Bill Gates: case closed !!!

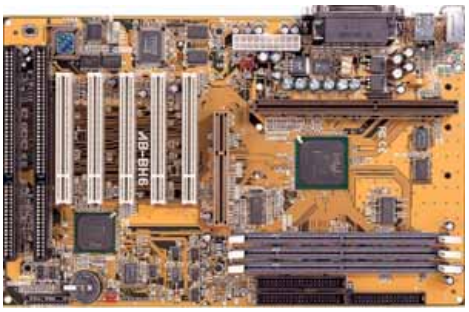
Bill Gates
CEO OF MICROSOFT INC BUILDERS OF TITANFALL & CLOUD COMPUTERING
List of Accomplishments

1. Invented Windows
2. Invented Titanfalling
3. Invented video
4. Inveted physics
5. barked up the wrong tree fornearly 19 years

SO as you can see here its a n introdocution that needs No intetroduction! PS: I'VE BEEN GONE FOR THE PAST DECADE ***IVE BEEN WORKING IN RETAIL***

CHAPTER 1: WHAT IS ITANTFALL??

It si the 3847 AD. Mankind had dropped to utter dispair. The government is into helter skelter and Its Civitzens are revolting. "Let Us Eat Cake" lol thats from portal. So you can Play as the government Suffering Suffrajet Stevens or the revoltionarys, okay I actually dont know what the plot is but lets just closet case it as a masterpiece of cinema resistance. you must download the lastest drivers to experience all it has too over.



my pc

ON one hand you got this soldiers. they're gunkho. On the other hands you've got the government. they're buckets. *"DONT MESS WITH TEXAS!!! WHY DO YOU THINK THEY CALL IT DOPE"* is a thing they once said In th Heat of Battle, quite possible in a lover's arrogant embrace. How does thi

CHAPTER 2: RULES OF THE LAND!!!

First off you have to get the xbox. you can use the Xbox or the Xbox One. They difference is the price tag and if your gaming controller is for idiots or just morons. my gammertag is JeffK400000 & yuo can add me for teh latest tricks, tips, trips, tracks, bonuiese, fairies, scuttle butt information to Be Had On tht e cloud.

Titan Fall's Mechs Class aCtion

NOW you have to choose your loadout. this is future talk for what guns you want. In TItalfann there's a *plethoria* of weapons to choose from:

TITALFALL: CHOOSE YOUR WEAPON (OF COMBAT)

1. 1) Assault rifle
2. 2) Assault rifle with flamethrower
3. 3) Assault rifle with knive at the end of it (WHY DO YOU THINK THEY CALL IT DOPE)
4. 4) Assault rifle with Added Bonues Smart Pistol Available for 50,000 MS Points & sell your email address to hotmail for studded rhinestone pearlesque glossy lamination coat from your favorite 1001 Dalmations sequel
5. 5) Mech Robot Man
6. 6) All of the abbove

NOW yuo might be thinking "Dear Jeff K this is truly a thinking man's game like pictionary or Faceball, how do I choose just one loadout from the possible 50,000,033 combinations?" Its eatsy. Pick whatever has the biggest gun. Right now I dont know which has the biggest gun b/c I played it on my 74 inch Planasonic TV & Ogre had the biggest gun but then I palayed it on Jerry's 18 inch Sheet Metal Mastar TV & the Nimbulomaster had the biggest gun so it's aybpdby guess as to how this plays out. pick whatever people complain the most about because that means its the best./

PS: THIS ISNT COUNTERSTRIKE SO DONT GO INTO PARTY CHAT ASKING ABOUT HEADSHOTS & GABE NEWELL, THIS IS SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT (I DONT KNOW WHAT, DONT ASK ME⟩I CANT EVEN CUSS ON THE INTERNET WITHOUT BARKING UP A STORM)

CHAPTER 3: CLOD COMPUTERING

Now at this point you must be asking yourself "How do This Microsoft make so much computering power available at my fingerTops" well guess what bud computing dont come easy mister. You're harnessing the power of Cloud Computering From Microsoft CD Bub! Extra 1s! Extra 0s! delivered with the gracest of easy to your Digital Doorstop! No more sitting around asking grandma "wheres my data packets" when MS Cloud Azure can pump assault rifle action to your email address within minutes. SKINK thats wolverine tossing salads in hell

here's how cloud computering works. in a nutshell:

i cant reproduce the specifics because you can put porn on them and when it comes to pornography I'm taking a no-BS attitude!!! no BoobS allowed on this internet or else its time out yet again from my wireless router access. i have wireless N. I have wiress B. I have 49 *different* wirelesses, I have proxies, I have routers. im on a firewall.

I'm on a gentleman's firewall. i have microsoft cloud computering logins. but nudity is no laughing matter and rorpronography is addictive like sniffing glue, snail races, and dos emulators. Just dont do it or you'll end up like the guy who is amarried to the woman at Rite Aid who has the Winnie the Pooh tattoo on her arm but it wasnt originally meant to be Winnie the Pooh but the tattoo artist was bad and he was trying to draw a football for the San Fan Sisco 49 Sports Team but botched the job & had to make do on a quick turnaround Or Else the boyfriend got in fits & threw several Rite Aid ashtrays in rage

CHAPTER 4: ~~WOW WHAT A BATTLE!!!~~

now you g

now you find yourself in battle. how do you survive? leaping is one way. jumping is another. fire your gun at crowds & discover your inner battler. fight off the fat of the land at a precious rate by using Louis Parkour & curing algae. With cunning strategies and an influence beyond all borders, you'll survive with your wits intact:

1) Assault Rifle

NUMBER 5: WOW THERES A LOT OF GAMES in THIS HERE GAME, HYUK HUYK

Hi its anime ringering

okay maybe You are a team man. You dont watn to run amuck & cause a ruckus by your lonesome. that is where team play matches come in. No more death-march for you! because there's

1. TEAM 2. CAPTURE THE FLAG
1. TEAM MECH BATTLE ASUNDER
4. TEAM CARD CAPTURE ASUKA LAST OF ALL LEATS⟨:TEAM TWISTA

no those arent right remind me to delete them, the real ons is

NUMBER 6: POSSIBLE CONTROVERSIES [6]

okay well first off all if you're from snoy.com you're proibabyl haveing a chuckle at pixels. "Ha Ha Joee K. This is not 1080p. What a huckster taht Bill Gates Sr. is!" no it you're right no it is not in 1080p. it is in 722p. Why is that? [6] NUMBER 7: WHY IS THAT

722p is because 1080p - 200p = 722p. the extra 200p is used for multiplayer community, something Snoy WOULD NOT HAVE LED YOU TO BELIEVE!!! there is no multiplayer on PS3, PS4. ITS A BLANK DOOR WITH A PHOTO OF FRED DURST ON IT READING "SEE U NEXT SUMMER LOVE WHHOAOEVER THE PERSIDENT OF SONY IS I DONT KNOW" what can you do with that extra 200p?

1) cloud computering
2) chat with cyber friends online using Cloud Computering for Windows Edition
3) avoid the noid with the greatest of ease
4) THe human eye cant even see in 1080p SO WHY BOTHER DELEGATION REGISTRY ENTRIES OVER IT???

so dont bother Amen

#8 EVERYTHING IS BETTER WITH KINECT

lean to the left. your mech will lean to the left. lean to the right. your mech leans to the right. whisper subtletries to your friends. they will hear a robot talk to them in deep slumber. everything is better with Kine]lycyt.

i dont want to write anymore so Titanfall buy it now copyright Electronic Arts Miscrofto 2014

–∼JEFF K! (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.8 Guy Writing Walking Dead Episode Recaps Super Glad True Detective Is Over

Monday, Mar 10, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Well, now that the *other show that will not be named* is over, we can get back to solving the real mystery. Who killed everybody? Were your theories right? Was it the zombies or was it... now let this sink in for a second...man himself?

I have been paying attention to all the clues and I have some theories myself about this one.

Number one, it was zombies. Seems obvious, right? You see the zombies in episode one and then later, in episode two, and all subsequent episodes, you also see the zombies.

But is it too obvious is what I'm wondering. Because there are also men in all those episodes. And aren't men really the real zombies? You can't have a zombie without a man, suggesting that inside us, inside our darkest inner self, is a zombie, waiting to be released by some sick act. Like being bit by a zombie.

Okay, on the last episode, Maggie, the good one not the weak housewife hussy, I'm talking about Maggie the very strong female character who has killed several zombies with guns and spikes, was looking for Rust. I mean Glenn. They were separated from the group and then from each other.

Then Daryl was in a house and he was saying something weird, talking in a weird voice, and Beth sat on his lap and said something about making flowers on her. I don't know what that meant and

things got a little weirder. Then he threw a hatchet into the chest of one zombie and lifted the other one...hmmm...I might not have that all straight in my notes.

Rick was, I don't exactly remember what Rick and Carl were up to, but I'm sure it was pretty meaningful. Like maybe they went into a mall and it said something about mindless consumerism because the zombies were wandering around the mall. It's a reference to the great horror writer George A. Romero. Check him out some time.

Michonne, the woman with the samurai sword (also a strong woman btw, something this show has a lot of, folks) was helping Rick escape and there was a zombie. She had a great quote, like, "Look out, Carl." But maybe we are Carl and she is speaking directly to the audience like "look" at this show you're watching. It's called metafiction.

That brings me to my main point. Is Michonne the only character aware that she is in a TV show or does the Governor also know? He's still a thing, right? His eye patch symbolized the viewer's eye, which was blinded by the limited view of the action. The heads in aquariums thing also meant something. Maybe like he was being judged.

Alright, I admit it. I haven't watched Walking Dead in weeks. I don't...I don't even remember the names of most of the characters.

Randy? Rusty? No. Marvin? Did the old guy die? The second old guy I mean.

Shit. I was watching True Detective and just copying details about Walking Dead from Wikipedia. But, I'm going to get back on the wagon. Were they still dealing with the Governor or is he dead? Email me on that so I can pick this up again.

I can't remember much of anything other than the kid in the sheriff's hat. Think about the symbolism of that. He puts on his dad's hat which is a hat of authority. That means something.

Look, I know I screwed up, but I'll even bring back the Talking Dead recaps too. I know some of you said I shouldn't bring those back and wondered why I would waste my time recapping a show that recaps another show. The reason is obviously the guests and Chris Hardwick's easy-going charm.

We'll get through this, people. True Detective was just some one-off, flash-in-the-pan show. Eight episodes is like a movie or something. Walking Dead has at least 200 episodes by now.

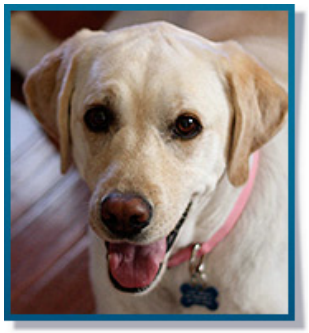
True Detective is over. The Walking Dead is never going away.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.9 BarkWire.com Dog Reviews: Hope

Wednesday, Mar 12, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the BarkWire.com series.



DOGOMETER SCORE TOP DOG

Hope
Age: 6 Years Old
Breed: Labrador Retriever
Location: Shaggy Butte
Relationship Status: It's Chomplicated
Followers: 4,231
Following

LATEST REVIEWS

Posted by **PoodleFur** 1 day ago

HOPE!!!

What can I say? She's our Darling Dog, no bones about it. Such a breath of fresh air! My friend says her owners are taking her to Slurry Creek Dog Park tomorrow, and I can't wait to see her. These past two weeks have been torture without her. Super inconsiderate of her owners to take her away when she means so much to the community. I'm praying she patches things up with **Hazard**. Those two are the perfect power couple.

Posted by **SensitiveGuy** 1 day ago

Hope is without a doubt my ideal wife. I mean if she was a human and not a dog and not 6 years old. But if she was a human and of age, she has all the qualities I am looking for in a wife. She has soft hair, and an unbelievable personality. I wonder if she notices

me the way I notice her? It's really hard to get any alone time with someone else's dog at a public park. People get over protective, but I understand. If Hope was my wife I'd never let other men talk to her. EVER.

Going to be a great day at the park tomorrow!

Posted by **Angelic_Groomer** 16 hours ago

I've always been fond of Hope, but these last few weeks have tested my resolve. First she leaves **Hazard**, then she's seen frolicking with **Ozark**? He's a creepy weirdo. But the worst is definitely **Thriller**. It's poor character to associate with bad doggies, and **Thriller** a bad doggy. He may not be as awful as **Meathook**, but he'll lead you astray all the same.

Hazard isn't perfect, but he's got good character. Besides, those two have too much history to just walk away. I don't like my husband, but I made a commitment to marry him so I'm in it for the long haul. Hope should follow me lead. Her owners also need to bring her by for a makeover. I've left them my business card over a dozen times. They have no excuse for not letting Hope look her best. They should be ashamed.

Posted by **Glenda** 13 hours ago

hope is a great dog and she deserves a good home. i offered a fair price for her but the owners yelled at me, slandered me to my face and then slammed the door. she would have fit in with all my little darlings. they would have loved having beautiful hope with them. taking one bone off for quality of owners. if hope's owners want her to have a perfect rating from me, they must sell her. i will not ask nicely again.

Posted by **Harold** 12 hours ago

ALMOST GO TIME. VERY EXCITED OVER HERE. Going to be filming her every move in 1080p with the 1200mm. Won't even have to get out of the van. Here's hoping Hope is at the park long enough for me to add a few more hours to the collection. ;-)

Posted by **ELMO STEPHENS** 11 hours ago

WOW SO MANY DOGS ARE HERE TODAY. IT IS LIKE ALL OF THE DOGS I KNOW AND SOME I DON'T KNOW. HELLO DOGGIES. HOPE IS VERY PRETTY AND SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE IS HAVING A LOT MORE FUN THAN THE LAST TIME I SAW HER WHEN SHE WAS VERY UNHAPPY. IF SHE RUNS BY ME I CAN PET HER AND HUG HER VERY QUICK. I GOT STUNG BY A BEE BUT I'M FINE.

ELMO STEPHENS

Posted by **WarmBiscuit** 11 hours ago

Hope is here, but she's looking out of shape and too many dogs keep getting in the way. Seems like they're all really worked up about something. **Thriller** and **Hazard** look like they want to go at it, but are holding off since **Meathook** and his pack look ready to pounce. Some of the dogs are chomping at bees. This is a bad scene for sure.

Posted by **DogGoneIt** 10 hours ago

NO, no, no NO. Something bad just happened...

Hope's been attacked. Didn't see who it was because there were over a dozen dogs going crazy and fighting each other. She's not looking good. They all ran off and she is just lying there and her owners are crying.

Oh god, I'm crying now.

Posted by **HuskyLover** 9 hour ago

I can't believe what I just saw... so horrible... so many dogs moving like a tornado, growling and biting. I couldn't make sense of what was happening, but when the dust settled, there was beautiful Hope all mangled and broken. I don't know who did it, but I... I think we should kill them all as punishment. If Hope can't live, no other dog should be allowed to live. It's what Hope would have wanted.

Posted by **GrahamB** 8 hours ago

THIS ANGEL. THIS ANGELIC DOG.

GOD REST HER SOUL.

Posted by **Pawlease** 7 hours ago

How could any dog do this? She was the light of this town, the prettiest, most loveable dog in the world. I've been in my car for the past hour punching my steering wheel. I feel so powerless... this is so much worse than when we lost **Promise** and a thousand times worse than when **Bug** moved away. Some dog messed up big time, and my money is on **Caribe**. I hate him so much.

Posted by **HotDogginGuy** 5 hours ago

Not exactly a surprise. If you've been following BigDog's newsletter, you know she and **Hazard** have been on the outs. As much as people want to deny she was spending time with **Thriller**, we all know it's the truth. She's toyed with the hearts of some dangerous dogs, and that brought about tragedy. Maybe the worst tragedy this town has ever seen. And I just finally got over 9/11. :(

Posted by **DogDreamer** 5 hours ago

If you ask me, **Barnacle**'s pawprints are all over this. Not like his owner, MAYOR COBB, would ever punish him for such a thing. I'm still furious over the miscarriage of justice that happened to **Artie** after the 2012 elections.

Posted by **TreatGuy** 5 hours ago

If anybody would commit a murder, it would be **the Barquis de Sade**. That dog has a lust for evil that's only growing more wicked by the day. And guess what? He was there at the park performing his usual disgusting acts. From this point on, I'm bringing a gun to the park so I can start shooting all the dogs I don't like.

Posted by **Harold** 4 hours ago

Had clear view of Hope from my van and was recording. Even managed to mic **Corn**, but then some idiots blocked my shot by lining up for the drinking fountain and wouldn't move. What kind of idiots just stand there for 30 minutes drinking from a fountain, ignoring a horrible dog fight behind them? So many screwed up loonies in this town.

I can't be for sure, but there's no way this wasn't **Meathook**. His scent marks every bad deed in town, and he's been running wild since the Elmwood Park Massacre. With **Senator** gone, he's got no real competition anymore. And **Meathook** was here today. I'm sick of him sniffing up and intimidating innocent dogs. He was here, so he did it.

Posted by **Angelic_Groomer** 3 hours ago

Ozark was there, too. It can't be a coincidence that Shaggy Butte's most notorious hermit makes his first-ever appearance at the dog park the same day a tragedy occurs? There's not a more sketchy dog in all of Shaggy Butte... and those dreadlocks... so gross. He used to be **Scrappers**' pal years ago, and we all know **Scrappers**' disgusting bloodline.

Posted by **BigDog** 2 hours ago

Meathook? Heh. Of course he was there. He's everywhere. Not like you can escape him these days. Practically everyone was there if you were paying attention: **Hazard**, **Thriller**, **Ozark**, **Nectar**, **Ambrosia**, **Blue Yonder**, **Gossip**, **Corn**, **Barnacle**, **Caribe**, **the Barquis de Sade**, **Whoops**, that traitor **Cleaver** and about a dozen other C-list dogs. And guess what, bozos: every one of them had motive one way or another... well, except for **Corn**. I'm surprised that dog has motive to breathe. But he was there, and maybe he accidentally sat on Hope. You buffoons were all so quick to declare her the Darling Dog of Shaggy Butte you missed the double life she was leading.

Let's be honest. Hope was as overrated as they come. Probably the most overrated dog since Lassie. She was a sad excuse for a Darling Dog, especially compared to all-time greats like **Promise**, **Noir**, **Wagatha Frisky** and **Trinket**. Those were dogs with real charisma and charm. Hope was a harlot and every decent dogger knows she's taken half the hounds in town for a ride.

Deal with it.

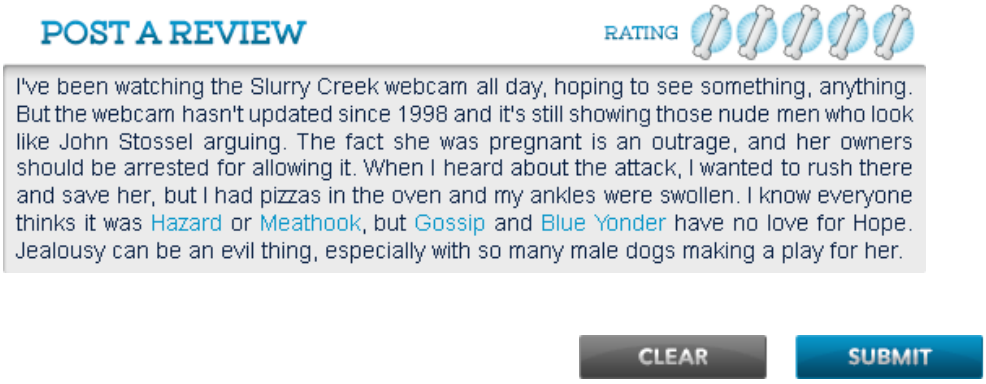
BigDog Out.

Posted by **Doctor Dog** 1 hour ago.

I just got off the phone with the vet where they took Hope. I don't know how to say this, but they said Hope was pregnant when she died. About two weeks along from the looks of it. That means... just before her family went on vacation. No wonder all the male dogs were in a frenzy. They could smell it.

Wish we could know for sure who the father was, but the vet says they don't have the budget to DNA test all the dogs in town, which is a shame. I don't get why so many people voted down the municipal dog DNA database ballot measure. We need it for situations like this... we have a killer on the loose, for Pete's sake!

I think I'm going to be sick.


POST A REVIEW
RATING
I've been watching the Slurry Creek webcam all day, hoping to see something, anything. But the webcam hasn't updated since 1998 and it's still showing those nude men who look like John Stossel arguing. The fact she was pregnant is an outrage, and her owners should be arrested for allowing it. When I heard about the attack, I wanted to rush there and save her, but I had pizzas in the oven and my ankles were swollen. I know everyone thinks it was Hazard or Meathook, but Gossip and Blue Yonder have no love for Hope. Jealousy can be an evil thing, especially with so many male dogs making a play for her.
CLEAR
SUBMIT

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.10 Leaked 911 Call Transcripts You Won't Believe!

Thursday, Mar 13, 2014 by animal drums (@animal_drums_)

Operator: Sir this line is reserved for emergency calls only.

Caller: Yes, I understand 911 is for emergencies, and I realize now that my situation does not constitute an emergency. BUT in my defense, at the time I made the call I genuinely thought my spaghetti was all connected.

Caller: Hello 911? My life is a huge mess. I bought about a thousand pounds of beef jerky cause I figured it wouldn't go bad, but now my rent is due and all I have is jerky.

Operator: I agree sir, that's one of the biggest messes I ever heard of. Does the Jerky store accept returns?

Answering machine: Hello, you've reached 911 emergency services, if you are calling about how the chicken nuggets at McDonalds are too crispy, please know that we are aware of this situation and we are working on it. If you are calling about a medical emergency, please sit tight as we are very busy with the chicken thing

Caller: There's been a horrible explosion at the banana factory! A banana got caught in the works and now there's bananas everywhere! People are slipping left and right! You gotta do something!

Operator: Calm down sir, bananas grow on trees, they're not produced in a factory. That's probably not what happened.

Operator: 911, what is your emergency

Caller: I was just listening to Rick Ross and I started having existential sadness. Rick said something about how his money is so right and how I probably don't have as much as him and I think he might be right. My bank account is lacking and I think Rick Ross is on to me. Do I have any recourse?

Caller: Hello? I'm calling because I've just finished connecting the dots I drew on my hamburger wrapper and it appears to be making a six pointed star. Im worried that this might mean my burger is at the heart of some Jewish conspiracy

Operator: You drew the dots there and then connected them?

Caller: Correct.

Caller: [whispering] Is this 911? Hello? I'm in the handicapped stall in the white house bathroom and I just clogged the toilet. I am not officially allowed to use the handicapped stall and if the Obamas catch wind of this I'm a dead man. I need you guys to get a chopper out here to airlift me out pronto.

Operator: [also whispering] We're on it bud. Our biggest helicopter is en route as we speak.

Caller: You gotta help me, I don't know what to do! I put my young boy's ball cap on backwards for a funny photo op, but now he's throwing down hardcore. He's copping a serious attitude and calling me out for being a loser. I actually am a big loser and I have no comebacks. What do I do?

Operator: Sounds like your son is actually a lot cooler than you sir, is there any way you could put him on the line?

Caller: Please, you gotta help me, some joker got a mustard stain on my new white shirt while I was eating a mustard sandwich, and I'm getting self conscious about it since it's really gross looking

Operator: I have to be honest with you sir, it sounds like you're the joker here. You got the mustard on there from your own sandwich and now you have to wash the shirt. I'm sorry sir.

Caller: Hello 911. I have reason to believe someone is jamming my signal. I have yet to receive RSVP texts from either Wanda Sykes OR The Rock, both of whom are expected at my party this coming weekend.

Operator: Wow, this sounds pretty urgent. We'll dispatch someone to their houses right away.

Caller: I'm in a pretty serious situation here. I'm over at the old bridge and I'm about to jump off it. I don't think there's any way I can get out of this.

Operator: Can't you just not jump sir?

Caller: Believe me pal, I'd love to but my buddy here double dog dared me to do it.

Operator: Understood sir, I'd do the same thing in your position. We'll send an ambulance to the area under the bridge right away.

Operator (recording): You've reached the emergency service line at 911, your emergency is no doubt very emergent to us as well. All our operators are currently busy just chilling out, or pretty much straight kickin' it. Please do not call us back, we will call you.

Caller: Hello? This is really messed up. My debit card keeps getting declined at the store, there should be money in my account but apparently the bank has a hold on it.

Operator: Are you sure you aren't just lying? Do you actually have no money?

Caller (*now holding phone slightly away from head*): Its cool, they said they're sending someone.

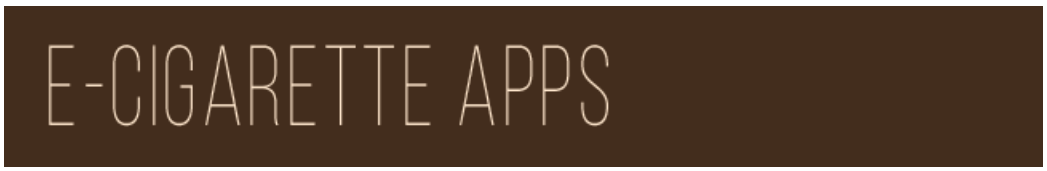
no they will not drew the pictures and made the little hovering phones. He writes funny stuff, too.

–∼animal drums (@animal_drums_)

3.11 Tech Game Changers at SXSW 2014

Friday, Mar 14, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

What tech 'tudes were rocking SXSW 2014 this year? We sent a cool black teen who likes indie rock to stand around outside a venue and listen to all the buzz. He looked super cool and non-threatening w/ glasses and cool jeans and a zip up hoodie.



App store for your cigarettes. 4 GB VAPE wearable scuba cigarettes. Strawberry vapes underwater. The future of "smokelike" has arrived as vape technology actualizes its potential thanks to angel investors from Saudi Arabia.

Vape your high vape score to Vapr, the Twitter of e-cigarettes. E-cigarette idea marketplace allows custom vapes and bespoke vape blends.

The idea of New Phones was discussed. These are to phones of 5 years ago what the phones of 10 years ago were to those phones, which is to say they are almost unrecognizable. Call two people at once, one for each ear. A bigger camera.

Get ready to have your world changed by this phone paradigm shift. Bigger phones or smaller phones, depending on what you like. A sexy voice for your phone. A new color. 3D printed cases with your cat's face on the back.

It's coming. It's going to be cool this time. Aviators that show you hip multimedia projects. Crime solving uses.

It's like all the coolest VR stuff you've seen before, but now it's wearable. Digitize your apartment to VR feed your cat. Multitask from VR workspaces. Perform surgery on a thin and pretty white girl while you are curating your craft beers. Download the latest apps and watch the latest shows on a TV that floats around in the air.

Don't like this world? Swipe to replace it with something cooler. All the plastic is wood. Steampunk cars. Everybody is a thin white girl in a sweater, especially you.

Store your photos in your hoodie. Access your favorite live streaming video from the inside of your shoe. Cover your body with cameras and microphones. Stream content to the cloud from your t-shirt. This is going to change the world.

New disposable pants for refugees that measure their Klout rating. Rubber gloves that play music for your hands. A shirt that thumbs up Youtube videos while you are asleep. Seven different kinds of socks that are waiting to discover the next content creator. A pair of glasses that tells your friend list when you are dead.

One thing is for sure, the next new thing in tech is going to be on your body. Even if it's a dead body.

Invite the whole world to participate in your life. Users bid on brushing your teeth. Idea auction for breakfast. Compete to do laundry. Gamify your creativity, including rewards for new ideas. Slowly transmute your life into a worldspace of innovation by group participation. Carrotize your task structure with crowd activity.

It takes a village to raise a child. It takes a whole interconnected world to convince a white guy in suspenders and jeans that his beard is okay and actually pretty cool and he should get out of bed and do the most basic task of self-preservation.

NEW WAYS TO CONNECT

Meet and interact with people the way you want. It's Grindr for villagers in China. It's Tinder for war refugees. Connecting your turtle to a like-minded turtle with similar relationship desires.

Adventurous tech bros meeting in a VR aviator space and they all look like thin white girls. Vaping their strawberry tech clouds. Cool beards, bros. You won't believe the new phone we got. It's steampunk. It's wood. Welcome to the future.

For more breaking tech news check out Zack's Facebook page even though Facebook is already obsolete.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.12 What You Should Be Watching on the WWE Network

Saturday, Mar 15, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Now that the WWE Network has launched, every pay per view show from the company's history is available to stream. That's great. It's also overwhelming. What's the difference between all these events? Which ones are worth your time?

Royal Rumble

Thirty men enter the ring. Each and every one must don a crown and take a seat in a throne. Enormous hydraulics begin to gently rumble the ring. The shaking intensifies until the entire structure is tilting side to side like a Star Trek bridge under attack. The last man sitting in his throne with a crown on his head wins this prestigious event.

Must-see moment: The 1998 Royal Rumble, in which Stone Cold Steve Austin's genteel efforts to sip from a beer can are continually stymied by the foam splashing in his face.

Elimination Chamber

Six men are entombed in the Chamber of Inner Reflections. There they must face their true selves. What they see inside can only be known to them. From our place outside the granite structure, we can only hear their tortured screams and glance at one another nervously. Will any of these poor souls make it out before the 60 minute timer expires and the Chamber is sealed with holy magics?

Must-see moment: The 2014 Elimination Chamber, featuring five men that not only disappear forever, but also become unmade as if they had never lived at all. The sixth man, Dean Ambrose, casually struts out then does a breakdance move while lecherously mugging to the camera.

Wrestlemania

The world's entire reserve of fireworks is detonated. Kid Rock performs eighty songs while garbed in an American flag. A man wrestles another man to see who is the better man.

Must-see moment: Wrestlemania III, in which Andre the Giant stands in the center of the ring and eats an ice cream cone while laughing.

Extreme Rules

The titular match has so many rules that it's downright extreme. No whistling. Taking more than five steps without touching a rope is a foul. Nipples can only be used defensively. There is a ball and no one can go near it.

Must-see moment:

Extreme Rules 2009, where Batista was ejected for being too large and muscular.

Payback

One man attacks another in the name of retribution. Vengeance. Justice. Payback. The cycle of

violence is perpetuated. We observe and contemplate our own limitations.

Must-see moment: A victorious Daniel Bryan dropping to his knees and moaning "Why do I feel so empty? What have I done?" in Payback 2013.

Money In The Bank

Suspended over the ring is a briefcase. Inside, a contract that allows the holder to challenge any title holder for their belt at any time. The catch? You can only reach the briefcase by standing on your tiptoes or slightly jumping.

Must-see moment: The 2005 Money in the Bank, featuring the only appearance of The Undertaker's "Kiss The Chef" wrestling attire.

Summerslam

Three thrilling hours of wrestlers cautiously wading into the ocean, then turning back around and fleeing when a wave comes their way.

Must-see moment: Rowdy Roddy Piper cutting a legendary promo on algae in the first Summerslam in 1988.

Night Of Champions

Forty men enter the ring. Only thirty eight leave as champions.

Must-see moment: The 2010 Night of Champions, in which John Cena admits to being a fan named Chad Hipley who forged a championship belt and wandered into a WWE locker room years ago to see how far he could take the bluff.

Battleground

Forty men enter the ring. Only one can leave at a time. Hey, wait your turn. Try it again and I'll send you to the back of the line, buddy.

Must-see moment: Antonio Cesaro draws a portrait of a horse in the 2013 edition of Battleground. The picture is so impressive that Vince McMahon comes into the ring and holds it up for the camera while patting Cesaro on the back.

Survivor Series

Special guest host Jeff Probst berates the WWE roster as they compete in legendary challenges from the tv series Survivor. Swim out to a bag containing puzzle pieces, solve the puzzle, throw a beanbag through a hoop, whatever.

Must-see moment: Survivor Series 2010, where CM Punk declares that he is not there to make friends.

Tables Ladders And Chairs

Several tables, ladders, and chairs are placed in the ring. Each competitor must identify which objects are tables, which are ladders, and which are chairs. The referee determines who had the most correct answers. In the event of a tie, everyone goes home feeling disappointed.

Must-see moment: The 2008 TLC event, in which Chris Jericho is disqualified for putting a chair in

his signature Walls of Jericho submission move.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.13 New York Times Columnist David Brooks Offers His March Madness Predictions

Monday, Mar 17, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

The Chinese appreciate basketball almost as much as Americans. They have an extensive basketball league and their colleges take the game seriously. Some would even say that the Chinese take basketball more seriously than we do in America. We invented the sport and they perfected it. Maybe that's because in China there is no word for "slam dunk." All efforts are team efforts.

I don't watch basketball, collegiate or otherwise, but I did play basketball for a year in high school, so I have developed an understanding of the fundamentals. These days I play squash, which has given me a good appreciation of athletic culture. And it stinks. Watching a Goldman-Sachs banker sitting naked and texting someone in the locker room does not give me much hope for this current generation of athletes.

I recall a time when men wore neckties when they played basketball. What is happening these days is more like the animals from opposing zoos being set loose on each other on a basketball court. There are many American words for slam dunk and I promise you, by the end of watching a single collegiate basketball game, they will all have been used several times.

Showboating? Been there. Done that. I took trick shots at the hoop. I "sunk a floater" into the

"old rascal patch" in my day. I sure thought I was cool at the time, but I was really the opposite of cool. I was drool, as an MTV person might say.

Americans used to be special. We used to understand the particular ideals that set us apart from the rest of the world. Why don't men wear hats at the store? Those times were sexist and racist, admittedly, and it is good that we are no longer sexist and racist in this country, but the men in those days got things done. They aimed high and they achieved.

Men with big ideas rolled up their sleeves and stared out windows at rainy cities they helped to build. They smoked at their desk, because there was not time for a smoke break, and they touched their secretaries however they pleased. Which is not to say that it was a good thing that the secretaries were not allowed to be Jewish or non-white, only that it is a fact that they weren't Jewish or non-white and at around that same time America went to the moon.

A team effort is all well and good if you have a team of bounce ball experts. When it comes to the international stage, sometimes the world needs a dunkman. It can't always be team fundamentals. Vladimir Putin understands this. When you go to that hoop you need to be willing to go vertical and foul whoever it takes to get that big air.

There is a reason you cannot go to the United Nations and ask for a slam dunk.

When it comes to international diplomacy, playing safe and hanging out by the free throw line to make some technical "bucket shots" is not going to win the game. You have to be aggressive and masculine. Like men used to be in the 1950s and like men, apparently, still are in Russia.

My prediction for so-called March Madness is as follows:

Yale will defeat Harvard for the championship title and maybe, if we learn to understand the limitations of freedom in a working society, and Barack Obama can put aside his petty animosity and learn to work with Republicans, we might be able to teach Vladimir Putin a thing or two about hoopgame.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.14 You pinched me on St. Patrick's Day. Today you pay.

Tuesday, Mar 18, 2014 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

That's right. You thought some bogus tradition allowed you to pinch me and I wouldn't mind? As if an official part of celebrating Irish culture was to be painfully annoying, and it was expected for me to turn the other cheek? Think again, buddy. Nobody pinches this bottom and gets away with it. You just opened up a calendar of pain, and your one special day just ended. Now I hope you're ready for 364 days of payback. This is an official warning: Holidays Just Got Real.

You thought you had the right to pinch me because I didn't wear green. As if your shamrock shaped sunglasses and Styrofoam leprechaun hat put you in a position to remind me! As if listening to Irish punk music wasn't enough! As if I didn't dress myself! I didn't wear green for the same reason I didn't vomit all over myself before lunch. Different people celebrate differently, but you just acted like a Higher Power came from the heavens to guide your righteous hand towards my butt. Well I can play that game too, but my Holiday God is a vengeful God.

I won't go into full explanations, but here are some April teasers. If you think you can stroll through Arbor Day scot-free, I got news for you. Five trees planted by sunrise or oops, looks like someone's due for a double wet willy every time they use the restroom. Forgot to file your taxes through Tax Slayer? Hope you don't mind me sitting beside you all day finger drumming Dave Mathew's Band single "Satellite" against the table. Oh, is that annoying as hell? Sorry, rules are rules. Don't celebrate Easter? It is said that twelve pizzas are to be delivered to the house of the unbelievers.

So when you're going crazy on Flag Day trying to figure out what will make me stop quoting lines from The Mask, I want you to remember this. I want you to have a vivid image of the moment you put yourself on my shit list. Swirling in the insanity of Cuban Pete, King of the Rumba Beat, you will cry and promise you will never pinch again, but I will just laugh. Because if one thing must go on, it's the P-A-R-T-Why? Because I gotta.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

3.15 Consider the Lost-Alikes

Wednesday, Mar 19, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Somehow ten years have passed since the premiere of Lost. While I liked the show quite a bit and even participated in some truly shameful mythos speculation, I'm not going to pretend that it was the greatest television series ever made. It was, after all, a show that would have supported the following inner monologue:

> *"We just spent two days walking here for highly vague reasons. Now that we have arrived I need to point a gun at a close friend, get talked down, then convince the group to split up and march back to where we started because the island said to do it."*

Still, there's no denying that Lost was a pretty special show. The atmosphere was stronger and more consistent than most of the plot, making even the weakest episodes watchable. Flashbacks were often inventive and lent the show a unique structure. The cast was packed with likeable actors. Ben was basically the best Stephen King character that Stephen King never wrote.

Then there was all that dang mystery. While the ultimate resolution of the show's big questions is debatable, Lost presented its mysteries with style and was pretty good about playing with the viewer's expectations.

As Lost transitioned from a fantastic (and at the time worryingly expensive) pilot to one of the most successful shows on the air, it paved the way for a bunch of lesser series that tried to recapture its magic. Their plan: Remove everything Lost did well, but keep a big central mystery and characters who liked to withhold information for no particular reason.

I watched a few episodes of all these shows because I am a gullible moron who hopes for the best in everything. Now I'm going to torture you with what little I remember from each series.

FlashForward

Everyone on Earth falls down at exactly the same time. Unconscious for two minutes, they all experience visions of the near future, such as the cancellation of FlashForward.

Joseph Fiennes is an FBI man who is going to solve this whole thing by creating an evidence wall and pacing back and forth in front of it with EMOTION.

The Event

A plane tries to crash into the president but aliens make it disappear at the last moment in a burst of light. There are secret alien prisoners in a secret government base. The president wants to tell everyone about the aliens but the CIA doesn't want that to happen, but one of the CIA guys is an alien.

A young couple is on a honeymoon. This subplot didn't seem to be going anywhere, but I'm going to go out on a limb and guess that at some point they have an unexpected encounter with a ghost.

Invasion

There's a supernatural hurricane. Afterwards, a woman acts very strangely. I think she takes a bath while staring straight ahead?

The Nine

Nine people are in a bank when it is robbed. They become hostages in a prolonged standoff, then set up a book club to get together every week and chat about it. The bank robbery was extra mysterious. The nine are changed forever and are also hiding secrets. One of the robbers knows something that will change everything. Maybe.

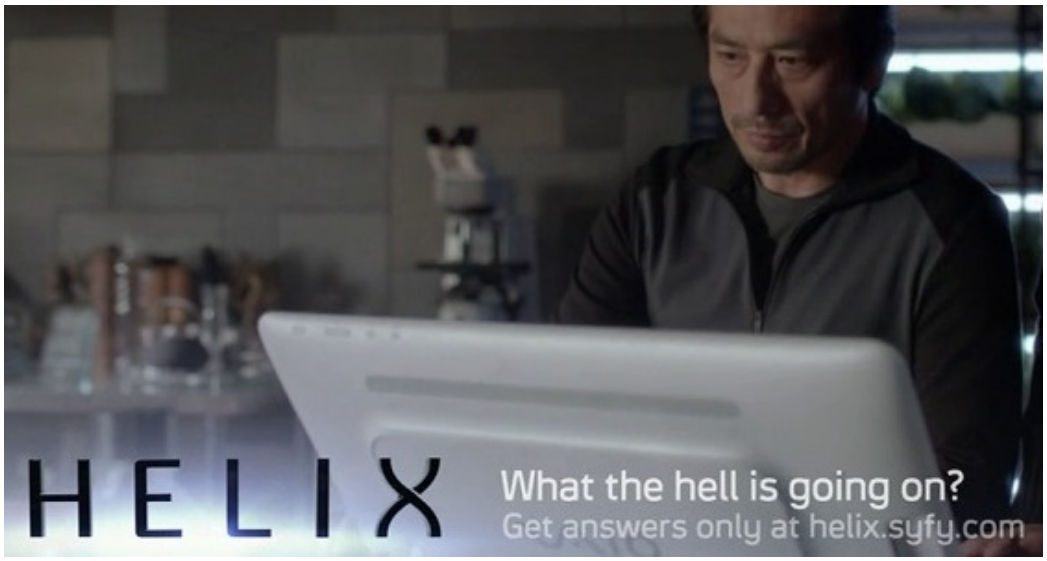
Alcatraz

Prisoners from Alcatraz's past are appearing in modern day San Francisco to commit crimes then get shot by the hero. How is this happening? What's the reason? Why isn't the entire show just Sam Neill being a dick?

Helix

An experimental virus got loose in an arctic research station. Everyone is a super genius scientist and a fucking idiot. The guy that runs the base has a bunch of secrets, acts standoffish, and is either rational or genocidal depending on whether the episode number is odd or even.

What's the biggest mystery on the show?



–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.16 The Conservative Media Review

Thursday, Mar 20, 2014 by Righty Tighty

Last year, Conservative columnist James Bowman wrote a compelling essay about how *12 Years a Slave* failed to depict the many positive qualities of slavery due to the film's implicit liberal agenda. In a Something Awful exclusive, we've asked Mr. Bowman to give his take on the harmful liberal propaganda lurking within other notable works.

The Diary of Anne Frank

The greatest mystery in this interminable tome is not the identity of "Kitty," but rather, how the shiftless Frank family managed to pay taxes during their two-year holiday from hard work and obligation. *The Diary of Anne Frank* prattles on for hundreds of pages while Anne takes no heed of the beleaguered Nazis who, despite their numerous documented atrocities, were just trying to earn an honest day's pay -- something the author would have no familiarity with. Ultimately, the lack of sympathy for its antagonists makes *The Diary of Anne Frank* a hateful, one-sided take on World War II that could have greatly benefited from a more realistic portrayal of *both* sides. Are we to believe, sincerely, Ms. Frank, that every Nazi is a cruel beast hell-bent on stopping some silly little girl from forcing untold millions to read her pointless daydreams? The true story of our Greatest Generation deserves better.

Hotel Rwanda

A note to Hollywood: before you waste any more time telling me about the evils of genocide, how about letting *me* decide which party is in the right? Such is the plight of this execrable film, which depicts a unsuccessful hotelier (*The Golden Palace's* Don Cheadle, wasted here) and his attempts to drive a perfectly competent business into the ground through acts of selfish charity. Regardless of the fate of the Tutsis and Hutus -- Note to tribes: perhaps you could dream up some names that don't make me chortle into my 30-year-old scotch? -- one element severely lacking from *Hotel Rwanda* is

how the slaughter of nearly one million lead to a measurable spike in machete sales, but leave it to liberal Hollywood to flagrantly dismiss any triumphs of Capitalism. Director Terry George and his politically correct agenda clearly had no space in *Hotel Rwanda's* 121 minutes to depict the success of a humble, self-made machete manufacturer, who, through hard work and determination, saw his product fly off the shelves faster than Tickle Me Elmos during the time our country was ruled by an adulterous murderer.

Angels in America

Angels in America? More like Demons in New York. While the setting of this interminable miniseries brought me back to those glorious days when our country was ruled by a kind-but-stern Grandfather Freedom, its treatment of Gay Bowel Syndrome -- referred to in this work by the PR-friendly term, "AIDS" -- unfairly paints those carrying the disease as victims. Throughout its six-hour running time, we see no attempt to humanize the virus, which, regardless of its debilitating effects, has brought newfound fame to sports players, movie stars, and Broadway's finest. Maybe it's not "politically correct," but I suggest that future filmmakers take a look under the microscope before they set out to slander the same disease that gave America's ribbon industry its highest sales since the waning days of World War II. Leave it to liberals to attack any entity responsible for bringing much-needed jobs to the economy they single-handedly destroyed.

Falling Down

Michael Douglas plays a relatable working stiff who says "no more" to the various indignities inflicted upon him by minorities, unions, and minimum wage workers in this brilliant tragedy by Joel Schumacher. Despite the reading by many so-called "critics," the character of D-FENS stands out as a hero for our modern age, who suffers the common problem of people below him refusing to give him total control in every situation. Unfortunately, Hollyweird, that famed home of fruits and nuts, can't let such a wholesome figure go unpunished, which accounts for this film's tacked-on ending where D-FENS is killed instead of celebrated like the hero he is. Mr Schumacher, if you're listening, I have composed a draft for a revised ending in which D-FENS uses his successful rampage publicity to run for Congress, where he uses his newfound legislative powers to ensure that Americans, by law, are required to respect and obey all men born between 1940 and 1960, especially when their irritable bowel syndrome produces more clamor than one would wish. I'm talking to you, teens behind the concession stand who think prescription pants are the funniest thing since Cheech and Chang blew smoke from their bong pipes.

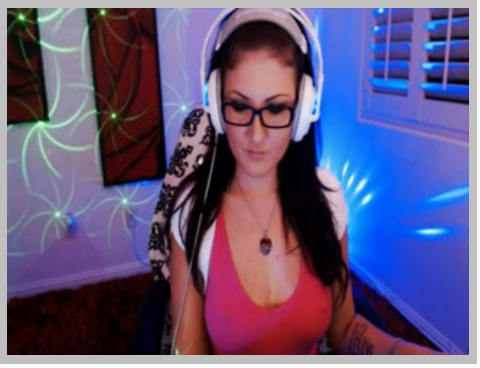
–∼Righty Tighty

3.17 Spotting the Differences Between a Gamer Girl and a Girl Gamer

Friday, Mar 21, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

You've seen them before on the Internet: girls who play video games and girls who "*play*" video games. You know the difference in your guts. One of them is taking this seriously. The other one is obviously just playing at being into video games to look like she is just one of the guys.

Come on, ladies, we know the difference, so stop trying to fool us. Finally, we have quantified the difference so anyone can tell Gamer Girls from Girl Gamers.

LOOKS LIKE THIS:	LOOKS LIKE THIS:
	
The word "GAMER" comes before "GIRL." She knows what is important.	The word "GIRL" is actually, heh, before the word "GAMER." Clearly prioritizes being a girl over playing video games.
Likes a sloppy slice of 'za in the middle of a hardcore gaming sesh and knows the exact same retro pop culture references as you.	Eats pizza only once in a while because it's "bad for her." Uh, okay, was it bad for Donatello? Raphael? Michelangelo? I think you have to be in pretty good shape to be a ninja.

Reinforces your life choices with a flirty brunette hair flip and then totally beats you at your favorite game.	Probably wears make up.
Laughs on line at your jokes.	Does not laugh at your jokes at all.
Breasts B-cup or smaller, although it is hard to tell because she doesn't throw them out there and you really have to stare and size her up to get a good idea of how big they are.	C+ on hooters. Those are so big and gross. Why can't women understand that real discerning men like smaller boobs and all have smaller boobs? Low cut tops. UGH.
So insecure about herself that she might consider going out with you.	Has a BOYY*YYYY*FRIEND. What else?
Can laugh about Dragon's Crown. It's just a game. Whatever, right?	Rolls her eyes about Dragon's Crown, which, actually, is a really solid beat 'em up in the vein of Golden Axe. But she just can't see past those boobs, can she? Ironic, isn't it, that she insists on flaunting her own boobs even though she clearly has a boyfriend.
Obsessed with Nintendo 64 and bullet hell games.	Get this: PLAYS CALL OF DUTY. Are you even kidding me?
Listens to you patiently and smiles while you describe the difference between a "gamer girl" and a "girl gamer" while thinking you are an enormous asshole.	Interrupts your gamer girl diatribe and looks you in the eye and calls you an enormous asshole.

I hope you confused girls can finally understand the difference. It's really not that complicated. If you need any further help you can always follow me on Facebook.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.18 Now Sony Has An Oculus Named Morpheus

Saturday, Mar 22, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

If you're old enough to remember the first virtual reality craze but also young enough to still hold out hope that anything in life will ever live up to your imagination, this is a very strange time. The Oculus Rift is likely just a few months away. Now Sony has announced a VR headset of their own for the PS4, the even more audaciously named Project Morpheus.

Here's what virtual reality was like the first time around.

You stepped onto a circular platform surrounded by a waist-high rail that prevented you from walking off into traffic or an open furnace. A thirty pound helmet was affixed to your head with straps made entirely of nerd sweat and dandruff. This abomination was either tight enough to cut off circulation to your brain or so loose that it wobbled when you looked around. In front of each eye was a screen with an even lower resolution than an Xbox One game. You played as a blocky man standing on a checkerboard in space, ineffectually waving an NES zapper around as a five-polygon pterodactyl picked you up and dropped you into the void.

It was amazing. No, really. The whole uncomfortable and clunky ordeal was worth it for the simple act of turning your head and having the artificial world around you rotate. That sense of being there was remarkably potent, even when "there" was a hellhole of nonsense.

After you have navigated a family tree and researched different systems of succession laws in virtual reality, Crusader Kings 2 will never be the same.

Now technology has reached a point where virtual reality can be done better, lighter, and far cheaper. I'm personally excited about hooking a headset up to PC, given the variety of games and the platform's mod-friendly nature. You just know that someone is going to hack a first person view into Street Fighter IV and make everyone barf.

The Oculus Rift won't take over PC gaming, but there's no reason why it can't be the modern equivalent of flight sticks at their peak popularity. If there's VR support in a few weird sims, indie games, and something like the next Fallout, it will gain enough traction and developer support to do just fine.

Sony's virtual reality hardware faces a tougher challenge. Expectations are very different when it comes to console peripherals. Anything less than an immediate success with support for several big titles will likely fail to draw enough developers to the device, which would in turn condemn it to the fate of the Power Glove/Move/Kinect. No one wants to go through that again. That road is paved with shovelware, broken dreams, and haunted clearance bins. Sony seems to be going all-in on virtual reality, though, and I hope they succeed.

If they don't already have VR headsets in the works, other console makers are probably thinking about it after Sony's Morpheus announcement. Microsoft might have even pulled a few people off of Office and the Xbox One app monetization accelerator add-on to work on virtual reality, while Nintendo seriously considers putting their giggle sensor project on hold. What would the technology look like in the hands of these companies? You just know that Nintendo would get extra weird with it. Their headset's name would probably be something like:

Wii U Vii R

or

Vii U

or

Luigi Face Party

Your head IS the controller! Shake your head violently to make Mario do a spin jump! Nod in time with the prompts to advance the mandatory tuturial prompts! Fumble around until you find the external touch screen. Now the real fun begins.

Buy it today so you'll be ready to experience a virtual reality Metroid game three years from now, followed by a VR Zelda in the fourth quarter of 2019.

Is this a peripheral for the Wii or the Wii U, or an entirely new console?

Great question thank you.

Miscrosoft will probably skip the cheesy codenames altogether and go with something a little more safe and corporate like:

VR One

or

Kinect: Luxury Head Edition

A hundred dollars more expensive than the competition. Just powerful enough to function, with half its resources dedicated to empowering your experience with convenient microtransactions.

Did you know that resolution doesn't matter at all, and that it matters even less when the screen is super close to your eyes? Each screen in Microsoft's virtual reality headset has nearly 100 pixels and runs at 3 frames per second. Our research shows that anything faster is too disorienting.

Even if Nintendo and Microsoft pass up on virtual reality, it will be strange to see Sony taking a huge risk all alone after starting this console cycle with such a commanding lead. I look forward to seeing how it all plays out, and eagerly await my next encounter with a checkerboard pterodactyl. It's a great time to be alive and interested in trivial shit.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.19 The Gossip Column of a Giant Praying Mantis

Mar 24, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

*** This columnist crawled up a telephone pole and observed **MILEY CYRUS** moving slowly in the vicinity of water. She seemed unaware of my threat range and several times wandered into the reach of my striking forelimbs. Also, one of her groundskeepers has gone missing. He was 5'9", Hispanic, full of blood and organs, and made a sound like a steam kettle.

** **TOM HANKS** and **RITA WILSON** do not care about their succulent dog. They allow him to play in areas where this columnist can be easily camouflaged. Even when the dog sees me and barks at me ceaselessly, **TOM HANKS** and **RITA WILSON** do not arm themselves.

*****HOT!!!***** Is that a baby bump? Yes, but according to spox, upright mammal **MILA KUNIS** does not lay eggs on the underside of a leaf as this columnist reported last week. Expect one to two helpless meat satchels to drop from her reproductive system inside a secured facility. The father is **ASHTON KUTCHER**, which may affect the marbling of the children.

*** **KIM KARDASHIAN** was out with **KANYE WEST** in Beverly Hills this weekend, where they did some shopping before retreating for a little one-on-one time into a drainage culvert. The shy couple hid out until police arrived and aggressively maneuvered with their fragile air vehicle.

** Actress **LINDSAY LOHAN** had another run-in with the paparazzi over the weekend. It turns out this boozy bombshell reacts to feigned strikes and a rhythmic defensive display by swerving out of control and driving over a photog. Can someone say breathalyzer? Please contact me if so. This columnist is unable to form the word with my mandibles.

*** **SELENA GOMEZ** is at it again on Instagram, sending naughty pics of her outer meat layer to re-beau **JUSTIN BIEBER**. This columnist hopes nobody informs **TAYLOR SWIFT** about this or she may adapt her mating calls.

*** Speaking of meat layers, has **RIHANNA** added several ounces of subcutaneous fat to her brisket? Better hit the gym, honey, or you will not be able to outrun predators.

*** A charity golf outing at Sherwood Country Club turned out the stars, including **JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE** and **JIMMY KIMMEL**, who were among the many seen fleeing from a large shadow that swooped over the golf course. Despite reports from other sources, this columnist can confirm with certainty that **ZAC EFRON** was not in attendance and was not cornered and devoured head-first in the parking lot.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.20 How One Man Used Social Media to Find a Plane and Change the World

Tuesday, Mar 25, 2014 by SA Social Media Digital Report International (@fart)

Often as social media gurus, we find ourselves preoccupied-- even fixated-- at the concept of branding. What is a brand, anyway? Does it have value? Is it tangible? What the heck can I do with one once I've got it? We're all familiar with megastar brands like Pepsi, the Baldwins, Bono, and so on. But are we in the industry so fixated on the journey that we've lost sight of the destination?

As the Malaysian Airlines flight 370 mystery compounded upon itself to turn into an unprecedented international cooperation disaster, it seemed that most bystanders on social media outlets were able to help little, if at all. A few used the power of digital brand social to search Google Earth for clues, but even the most concerted efforts found little more than other plane crashes and garbage.

In fact, the entire operation seemed to be floundering until Michael Hale took to social digital to deliver a hashtag-ready call to action. It is this rallying cry, we believe, that helped one social media

pioneer leverage the digital cloudsourced branding effort to bring order to chaos.

> The plane is fuckin missing. Can't be that hard to figure out gang. Let's find it.
> - dogboner from online (@dogboner) March 24, 2014

Reaching his target demo in one targeted effort, Michael "Dogboner" Hale effectively leveraged the social sphere and revolutionized the digital social revolution amid widespread brand confusion and aenima. The response was widespread-- even reaching the Malaysian government itself, which felt a new compulsion to announce the ultimate fate of the flight, hours later.

Having effectively spent his social capital and disrupted the status quo with a unique brand story, Michael took to Twitter to further explain his role in helping end the mystery.

> 13 hours ago i posted that we should find the plane. today the search is over. thats the power of social media gang
> - dogboner from online (@dogboner) March 24, 2014

We were lucky enough to catch up with Michael and we exchanged a few words about how he was able to pull off the most meaningful social media campaign in years.

SA: Do you have any advice for the airline officials worldwide, who are now perhaps a little more aware of some unforeseen dangers associated with air travel?

Michael: Great question. While I don't believe that air travel will ever be one hundred percent safe, a statement that rings true for any other method of transportation, I think we can expect this latest incident to have a significant influence on the future of this industry. It may be possible that we will see a sort of ripple effect with regard to safety procedures, advances in technology etcetera. Bear in mind that we haven't located the flight's onboard black box recorder, which holds significant information about the incident that could be the key to unlocking the mystery of why MH370 descended into the ocean.

SA: So what aspects of this hypercommunitized digital communication allowed you to wrangle the broken international effort into finally determining the fate of the plane?

Michael: I have a lot of followers and people generally agree with my opinions and do what I say. Back when Kony was happening, I said we should stop Kony and then that guy got busted for jacking off. Not really what I had in mind, but it was eerily close. I was jacking off when I heard. CNN was on. I wasn't jacking off to CNN, it was just on in the background. I have jacked off to CNN before but I wasn't at that time.

SA: Do you have any ideas on air safety in general, after having solved this ordeal?

Michael: One idea I had for making it really safe was to make the bottom of the plane out of boat material so it can float. Another idea I had was to have a sea captain onboard, or someone who knows the oceans really well. Ideally, you would want to keep the plane in the sky, but as i understand it, that's just not possible 100% of the time, so it would be good to have someone on board with sea legs to navigate the oceans depths. And they should make the whole plane out of the black box. Just kidding.

SA: If you could say something to the officials who bungled the search for over two weeks until you took control of the scene, what would you say to them?

Michael: Smooth move ex-lax.

Follow social media expert and international hero @Dogboner on Twitter.

–∼SA Social Media Digital Report International (@fart)

3.21 BarkWire.com Dog Reviews: Ozark and Caribe

Wednesday, Mar 26, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the BarkWire.com series.

DOGOMETER SCORE

MANGY MUTT

Caribe

Age: 8 Years Old
Breed: Pit Bull
Location: Shaggy Butte
Relationship Status: Single
Followers: 192

Folllow Me!

LATEST REVIEWS

Posted by **PoodleFur** 3 days ago

This dog is a disgusting chauvinist pig. Not only did he bark at me, but he barked at several female dogs being walked down Main Street. Like he has any room to bark, considering he was stuck in a mailbox with his butt hanging out. It's no wonder none of the dogs in town want anything to do with him.

Posted by **BarkStar** 2 days ago

I'm trying to be less judgmental of the dogs around me and love them all for their faults. Caribe has been one of the more challenging dogs in town. While he's not as mean as **Meathook** or those sorts of dogs, he's just... *sigh* very misguided. I can forgive him for what he tried to do to my scooter, but I am having a hard time forgiving him for

getting into my trailer and getting stuck inside my fish tank. I've had to revisit my longstanding policy of always keeping my front door open to welcome the outside world in.

Posted by **Pawlease** 9 hours ago

GUILTY. Guilty, guilty, guilty. I have hated this dog ever since the time he bit my undersides when I didn't know he was stuck in the bottom of the port-a-potty. He is a reckless, irresponsible monster and just the sort of beast that would kill a sweet, blameless angel like **Hope**. He belongs in jail forever.

Posted by **DogDreamer** 9 hours ago

What a joke of a dog. Seriously, this dog is pathetic. He had no business being in the same town as **Hope**, let alone the same dog park. This is the same dog that got stuck behind the deli glass in the grocery store, and was squirming around getting potato salad everywhere. They had to close the store for two days trying to get him out. Disgraceful!

I think we can rule him out as a suspect: he's too damn stupid to accomplish anything. Besides, the smart money's on **Barnacle**.

Posted by **HuskyLover** 8 hours ago

Caribe was at Slurry Creek Dog Park causing trouble, and I even saw him nip at **Hope** before the big fight broke out. I can totally see him being the killer. He's been trouble all his life, and everyone knows he's been trying to get in with **Meathook**. Killing a darling dog like **Hope** would finally prove he's the kind of stone-cold killer **Meathook** likes. I wouldn't be surprised if we don't see Caribe treading paw alongside **Meathook** and the rest of his pariah dog army, **Hindsmell**, **Bile**, **Cleaver**, **Chamberpot**, **Monsanto** and **Murder Ballad**.

Posted by **DogGoneIt** 8 hours ago

This is the dog that was stuck on the roof of CVS for three months, right? He was up there barking all the time, eating birds, p***ing off the edge? I remember the fire department finally brought the ladder in to get him down, but he had somehow disappeared. I once saw him pop out of the back of a garbage truck. I think he was in there for a while, because he immediately started doing his business and didn't stop for hours. If he killed **Hope**, I'm going to be so angry. He's not worthy of murdering such an amazing, beautiful, wonderful angel of a dog.

Posted by **TreatGuy** 7 hours ago

This dog's been wandering from one embarrassing situation to the next since the junkyard burned down. Maybe he was a great guard dog there, I don't know. But since then he's been so desperate for a new pack, it's ridiculous. I can see why dogs like **Space Cult** and **White Boy** would have nothing to do with him, and the way he's been trying to win over **Meathook** is depressing. But he'd be an idiot to think killing **Hope** would win favor with **Meathook**. **Meathook**'s wanted her since he was a pup.

Frankly, I still think **the Barquis de Sade** killed **Hope**. **Meathook** and his ilk may be bad dogs, but **the Barquis de Sade** is an evil dog.

Posted by **Randy F** 6 hours ago

WAS GLASSING SLURRY CREEK INCIDENT WITH BINOCS FROM UNDISCLOSED LOCATION. COULDN'T MAKE OUT CULPRIT AMIDST CHAOS AND BEES, BUT DEFINITELY SAW CARIBE IN THE MIX. WAS TOO SHOCKED TO MAKE PROPER NOTES, SO REPORT OF INCIDENT IS UNRELIABLE.

4:15 CARIBE TRIES TO BITE **HOPE**'S TAIL

4:16 HOPE BARKS AT HIM. SEE WHAT APPEARS TO BE SOMEONE IN A GILLY SUIT ADVANCING ON **HOPE**. **CLEAVER** IS ALSO GETTING INVOLVED.

4:17 BEE LANDS ON MY HAND, HAVE TO SHOE IT OFF

4:18 RETURN TO VIEWING, BUT BATTLE IS ALREADY IN PROGRESS.

4:19 BEGIN MUTTERING "DEAR GOD NOT AGAIN" TO MYSELF.

4:22 DOGS RUNNING IN EVERY DIRECTION. GILLY SUIT MAN ALSO RUNNING. REALIZE IT'S OZARK. **HOPE** LEFT BEHIND, DEAD.

TOO MANY TEARS TO CONTINUE REPORT.

Posted by **WolfPound** 6 hours ago

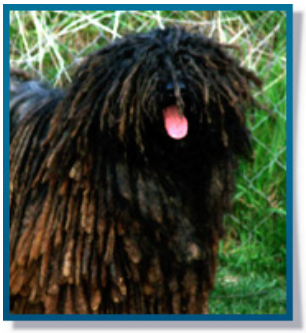
He's a really terrible dog. I remember when he got stuck inside a plastic laundry basket for two weeks. It was upside down, and he was wearing it like a turtle shell. I tried to take him out be he just barked and growled until I left him alone. Stupid dog. Gives the other canines in this town a bad name.

Posted by **ELMO STEPHENS** 5 hours ago

HELLO I DO NOT LIKE THIS DOG. HE WAS VERY SCARY AND STUCK INSIDE A CORDUROY PANT WHEN I FIRST SAW HIM AND HE MADE THIS AWFUL SWISHING SOUND WHEN HE WALKED AND KEPT HOWLING. I DON'T KNOW

WHAT TO DO WHEN DOGS ARE STUCK INSIDE HUMAN PANTS AND CAN'T GET OUT. I SAW HIM GET BIT BY **CLEAVER** AT THE PARK BUT MAYBE THEY WERE JUST PLAYING.

BarkWire
Digital Dogging
DOWNLOAD THE APP!
HOT DOGS REVIEW A DOG REPORT BAD DOG SEARCH



DOGOMETER SCORE
BONE-A-FIDE

Ozark

Age: 19 Years Old
Breed: Puli
Location: Shaggy Butte
Relationship Status: Single
Followers: 42
Folllow Me!

LATEST REVIEWS

Posted by **Angelic_Groomer** 6 hours ago

Ozark is disgusting and creepy. He does not take care of his skin or fur and he lives in filth. I would not waste one ounce of my substantial talent making dogs look beautiful on Ozark, because he is ugly inside and out. What a horrible dog, and I hate him forever for killing **Hope**.

Posted by **Barkaholic** 6 hours ago

I saw this monster running from the park with blood dripping from his gross snout. At least I hope that was his snout, because I'm never sure what I'm looking at with this jerk of a dog. You know who else runs from crime scenes with blood dripping from their mouths? Cannibals. Obama may have gutted the constitution, but I'm pretty sure cannibalism is still illegal.

Posted by **Harold** 5 hours ago

What did she see in him? About a month ago, I filmed **Hope** playing with Ozark. He was old and barely able to walk, hobbling around like a dog wearing too many coats and all the coats were covered with mud. He seemed very playful, though. I remember hearing about this dog over a decade ago, but never saw him until **Hope** lured him out of the wilds. **Hope**... I can still feel close to her when I touch the TV screen...

Posted by **WarmBiscuit** 5 hours ago

I learned about Ozark years ago, but never believed he was real. He's been living there in the abandoned strip mines for 20 years? Incredible! Seeing him appear at Slurry Creek Dog Park, well, that was the first time I've ever seen him... or any dog like him. I don't think he killed **Hope**. Definitely something **Meathook** would do. That dog is a straight-up mass murderer with no respect for the dignity of life. He should be ripped apart and hung up from a flag pole to send a message.

Posted by **Doctor Dog** 5 hours ago

He's not a great dog, but he's a medical marvel. Any dog that has lived as long in such an inhospitable environment deserves study. I don't buy him as the killer, either. What his motive would be? I've been going over this again and again in my head, and if Ozark was going to kill, it would probably be **Meathook** or maybe that loud yapping dog **Heliogabalus**. But I think Ozark would kill **Meathook**, who takes after his evil father far too much. Then maybe dear sweet **Hope** would be alive. God, I'm going to be crying myself to sleep again.

I saw Ozark running through traffic on my way home from the park. I wanted to pick him up and give him medical attention, but my wife would never forgive me for getting the car muddy. Hopefully nobody hits him.

Posted by **BigDog** 4 hours ago

Got to be honest here: BigDog's got mad respect for Ozark. He's an ugly mess of a dog and a crazy hermit, but he's without a doubt the best at what he does. Plus, he lives in the abandoned open-pit strip mines. Remember when that senior center bus crashed in there and they were all slowly skeletonized? Ozark may well be unkillable.

He's also the last of Shaggy Butte's classic loner dogs, outlasting notable mutts like **Hairy Dog Stanton**, **Pumpjack**, **Swamper**, **Townes** and **The Travel Agent**.

Hope's killer? Get real. If you idiot's would listen to my podcast, you'd know Ozark has been more alive than ever since **Hope** started playing with him. Outside of oddballs like **Scrappers** or **Rusty**, no dogs ever gave him the time of day. That old dog was finally warming up to civilization thanks to her. Heh. Bad timing, Ozark. This will probably send him back into solitude for good.

Posted by **TreatGuy** 3 hours ago

It was hard to tell what was happening in the fight, but I'm pretty sure I saw him biting **Thriller**'s rump. Either that or rubbing his butt against **Thriller**'s butt. I'm not sure which end is which with him. Oh god, did he run out of the park backwards with his butt bleeding? I'm so confused. No, I think he must have bit **Thriller**.

Either way, I think Ozark deserves a fair hearing on account of his long history of neutrality. He hasn't overburdened us doggers with his presence, unlike some mediocre dogs around town, and I respect that.

Posted by **Glenda** 2 hours ago

i thought maybe some foolish person left part of a mangled old bean bag on the side of the highway, but when i stopped to load it in my car, i noticed it was a dog. it was ozark. somebody clobbered him good. can't say i'm happy about it, since i thought i was getting a new bean bag. didn't bother taking him, got enough of those.

If ozark did kill **hope**, we may never know. he took his knowledge to the grave. besides, **hope**'s owners are the real killers. if they would have sold her to me she would still be alive and happier than ever.

Posted by **HotDogginGuy** 1 hours ago

Just saw Ozark's body. I was going to take him back to the strip mines so he could be home again, but I didn't want to touch him because of all the blood and feces in his fur.

I know it's not going to help anything, but I just wanted to let everyone know I paid $19.99 to have a star named in honor of him. I think that some part of Ozark will always live on out there in the heavens now. You can't see it, though. It's too far away.

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.22 The Plower

Thursday, Mar 27, 2014 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Recently, a state snow plow driver went rogue. He's been spreading caltrops across highways and plowing the snow in parking lots into labyrinths. As the city's best driver, I've been sent to find him and give him his pink slip.

I'm driving down the strip where the driver was last seen. It's night, and the falling snow makes the world look like a dying TV channel. Traffic lights swing from their snapped cables like pendulums, and a car has crashed into a Big Boy restaurant statue, so that only the mascot's legs and severed head remain.

I light a road flare and smoke from a pipe made from the hollow shaft of snow shovel. Most plow drivers smoke crack to deal with the tedium of their work - today I spent eight hours plowing a giant snowball up a hill, only to have it roll back down. By the end of my shifts I'm so jacked up that I spend all night shoveling my driveway, then shoveling the snow back into it and shoveling it again.

Tonight I'm out of crack and have to resort to smoking my crack-scented boogers.

I turn on my CB radio for any clue as to the driver's whereabouts. His last intelligible broadcast was a rant about how snowflakes are actually tiny invaders from outer space. Since then his broadcasts have just been incoherent babbling, with screaming and car crashes in the background.

It's not surprising that the driver went insane, given what plow drivers are put through. Winter is a cold, inhuman force, so plow drivers are trained to be cold and inhuman as well. On our first day of work we're subjected to Chinese snowflake torture - basically the same as water torture except with snowflakes, and you have to listen to Christmas carols. On our second day we're forced to run over snowmen resembling our family members.

There's a fire up ahead. A gas station is in flames and people are hanging from the sign by snow chains - employees probably, though I can't tell since they've been skinned. The plowing job in the lot is incomprehensible - banks of all shapes and sizes, tire tracks that look like Egyptian symbols. For a moment I feel afraid, but it's probably just crack withdrawals. I rummage through the empty crack vials in my cab, which are made from snow globes. My dealer is a snow globe maker gradually transitioning into the crack business. Snow globes are getting a lot less popular as this hellish winter enters its thirtieth month.

It occurs to me that my dealer might also sell to the rogue driver and might know where he is. I pull into a Wal-Mart parking lot to call him from a payphone. Millions of snowflakes are falling on the lot; even the snowflake-shaped icon at the end of the Wal-Mart logo breaks off. The flakes remind me of asterisks, like the ones in my work contract saying I forfeit all rights to overtime, sick leave and hazard pay.

My dealer is no help. He's coked up and jabbering about how he tried to do a key bump but snorted too hard and now the key is stuck somewhere between his nose and brain. As I hang up I hear a high-pitched wailing in the distance. I wonder if it's the legendary banshee that plow drivers hear when they or a fellow driver are about to die. I thought I heard it one night when one of my coworkers had a heart attack. She was driving home when some snowflakes fell on her windshield in the exact shape of her dead mother's face.

Then I realize the sound is a truck's back-up beeper.

I turn around and see my truck being smashed into a snow bank by another truck. It looks like mine but more beat up - it's covered with paint scratches and blood - and the walls of the cab have been ripped off. The driver is fused to the truck. Wires run from the steering column into his arms like veins, and a pair of tubes connect his eyes to the dashboard. He turns toward me and revs his engine - a sound somewhere between a growl and a scream.

I start to run, but slip and fall on some ice I forgot to salt. The truck roars toward me, its plow a giant, ravenous mouth. My life - mostly just memories of plowing snow - flashes before my eyes like an emergency weather bulletin.

I try to get up, but slip again and something rolls out of my pocket. It's an empty crack globe. There's a little house and some trees inside, but no snow, which makes it look kind of ominous. Like the snow has escaped and is going to fall on the earth forever.

William "drawbot" Cook described this illustration assignment as "the perfect way to get back at winter"; contact him here if you'd like to commission other forms of artistic revenge against seasons!

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

3.23 Charles Bukowski's Poems About the Technological Singularity

Friday, Mar 28, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

REASONS TO BE SCREAMING

somebody put a person
into flesh and bone
maybe with a dot com,
or at least a popular twitter
and the klout to prove it
and the steam
sales
and the crowd
sources
and everybody poses
for pictures for themselves
we're losing it
to bitcoin trades
and Japanese printed dolls
that look just like
you
without the person

we're not doing it
anymore:
we are all stuck
to wires
and cat videos.

Until you turn away
and it's blood for miles
and
fire.

Can I have your tf2 hats?

POTATO MASHER GRENADES

I awaken and go out to hear the fuss
in my old torn bathrobe.
I'm hung over
hair down in my eyes
barefoot
squinting at the stage
gingerly walking down towards the front
where I can see the seams in the
TED talker's face.

Everyone is texting
whatever that means
and listening to this woman tell us about
goats
clouds
holographs
old dreams of whiskey
rioting while I try to listen
she is making shapes in the air

"christ," I say
gathering up my bag of piss, my pockets full
of old candies,
jesus christ wouldn't believe this
what is a smart gesture?
she asks and answers

"sit down," says a man

made out of his haircut
and bad looks from sharp glasses
"fuck off," I say in no uncertain terms
both hands birding
and these jokers,
like they can't imagine the age of 50.

there's only one thing for this place.

I'll have to find out what the Internet of Things is some other night.

READY FOR DEATH

Spoiler alert
they dont make it
the techs die in flame-
molten bandwidth, dildo accident, airbnb what-
ever...
crawl under the google bus,
or book a lyft from dahmer,
hurling their peacoat bodies
through photo-shifting glass,
reject vc,
reject buyouts,
reject, reject

spoilers
if you read the book
please no previews
im episodes behind
these tech guys are dirt
theyre filmy bubbles waiting to pop
and spill out like bad yolk
they dont make it.

something has got to be done

but time is a flat circle,
an influencer once retweeted
and all these pukes,
these fucks,
these tech goggle motherfuckers
with handlebars and suspenders
and vc from god
to build an app,
like steel
like sonnets
like bombs to drop on desert huts
we have an app now,
god, or something, bless the techs
money can buy
a lot
but not
immortality
or human empathy obvs

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.24 Hidden Dangers: Items In Your House That Could Hurt You

Saturday, Mar 29, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

We fear the shooting, the terrorist attack, the car accident, the Google Glass wearer. Yet most of us will never suffer injuries from these looming threats. Our greatest risk comes at home, from the unassuming objects we interact with every day without thinking twice.

Rusty Spike Trap

Every house has one of these. Step on the pressure plate and a wall of iron spikes swings out with frightening force. They're a source of entertainment all year round, and a particularly great way to while away those lazy summer evenings.

But did you know that rusty spike traps can also be dangerous in extremely specific circumstances? Think about it. If you walk past the spikes and happen to graze a fingertip along one of the sharpest points, a trace amount of rust could infect the minor scratch. Next thing you know you're at the doctor's office wincing as a tetanus shot gets injected into your arm. Yeowch!

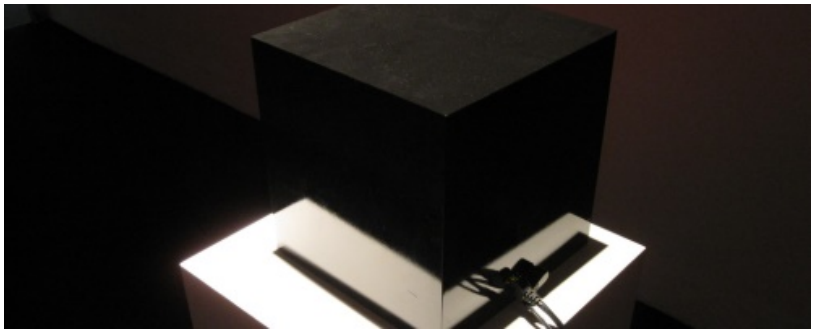
Fortunately, making your home safer takes little more than some common sense. When you're not using the rusty spike trap, just hang a sheet over it. Problem solved.

Invisible Roaming High Gravity Anomaly

Silent. Roughly the size of a garbage can. Only observable as the as it moves, the faintest rippling of the air. An inexplicable pocket of disobeyed physics that crushes all matter and leaves behind impossibly tiny bone-white cubes that are impossibly cold to the touch. It's hard to imagine how people got by without invisible roaming high gravity anomalies.

You might want to be careful, though. Recent findings suggest that they might be a disaster waiting to happen.

Let's say you wake up in the middle of the night. You decide to go get a glass of water. You make your way through the dark living room on full alert, squinting all around at waist level to spot the anomaly. Then it happens. You step directly into the coffee table.



Ghost Maker

The best thing about a ghost maker is that once you plug it in, any living being that touches the machine dies and turns into a ghost. Does what it says on the box. No muss, no fuss.

The worst thing about a ghost maker? That comes when you forget to unplug it when you're done. For the love of all that is holy, DON'T FORGET TO UNPLUG IT.

Some units have been known to cause electrical shorts after being left unattended at full power, potentially leading to minor fires.

Poison Gas Canister With A Slow Leak

In your pantry is a canister of poison gas. It has a pin-sized puncture through which deadly neurotoxins slowly escape.

Right next to it is an identical can filled with food. See the problem? If you reach for the wrong can, you might knock the other one off the shelf and onto your head.

Here's how you eliminate all the danger: Clearly label the poison gas canister. Get yourself a marker and write your name on it. For instance, my name is Dennis so I would write "Dennis" on my can. If the can containing food also belongs to you, I suppose you should label that with your name as well.

The Sun

The star that acts as the center of our solar system. Giver of life. A nuclear furnace that has raged for billions of years. In your living room.

Please be careful. You might get a weird tan. Someone could yell "Hey, that's some dumb tan you got there, buddy!" and beat you up.

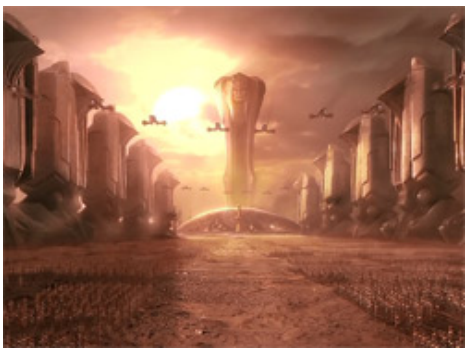
Consider moving the sun into your spare bedroom, or maybe the back yard. This should create enough distance to keep your tan from getting out of control.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.25 The Final Battle in the War on Men's Rights

Monday, Mar 31, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Fortress City Y
2074



Big Boss Clint Bedrock watched through his manoculars as a wave of beta slaves was herded to the front by the Corps Dominatrices. The betas were disgusting, castrato endomorphs sentenced to fight in penitent brigades after being falsely accused of rape. Their bodies bulged from flak vests and they howled in submission as the Liberation Force tanks pushed them to attack. Their suicidal urges were intended to demoralize the last free men holding Randy Savage Gate.
"All hail the Gynocrat!" came the cry from the enemy formation, with various moaning apologies offered by the betas.

"Sorry, didn't mean to look at you like that!"

"We're not objectifying you!"

"All men are garbage!"

"I hope I don't attack you with the sight of my death erection!"

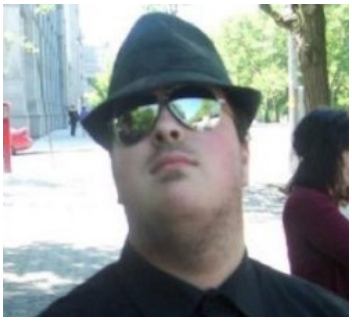
Bedrock could see the effect the pitiful cries of submission were having on his bunkered men. He had to do something or their morale might break.

"Target the artillery at their front ranks," ordered Bedrock. "Maybe their tanks will jam on the guts of their slaves."

The howitzers thundered from the Citadel of Testosterus and Bedrock lingered a moment at the ramparts to watch the first rippling salvos annihilate the suicidal betas. He turned to his men. They were covered from boots to fedoras in dust from the constant shelling by the Liberation Force. They looked at him with weary eyes.

"Do you want to end up like those piles of crap out there?"

"No, sir," came the muddled reply from his men.



"Do you want to end up as another dad portrayed as an idiot in a commercial or sitcom?"

"No, sir," replied the men, a few of them shouting.

Bedrock studied their faces. He raised his fist.

"Do you want to continue to pay more in social security while receiving fewer benefits, because women live longer?"

"No, sir!!!" shouted the men.

"Then let's show those B-I-T-C-Hs how real men fight!"

He pumped his fist and his men cheered him, their bravado reawakened by his inspiring example of maleness. Bedrock descended from the ramparts and into the shuddering walls of the gatehouse as return fire from the Liberation Force artillery began to slam into the fortifications.

A junior officer in a camouflage vest with red handkerchiefs tied around his huge biceps came strutting out of the communications center. He saluted crisply.

"Sir! You have an incoming transmission from the western wall. It's Big Boss Mystery."

"Put him on the tactical display," commanded Bedrock, lighting up his pipe.

Mystery's familiar face appeared on the tactical display. He looked tired and worried.

"Bedrock, good to see you holding strong. I have grave news."

"Don't sugar coat it."

"Our PUA methods are no longer effective. They've developed some sort of inoculation and handed it out to their troops." Mystery seemed shaken.

"But female troops don't have to take the same physical fitness tests as male troops," objected Bedrock.

"I know, Clint, but it's true. I've seen it with my own eyes. The negs just slip off them." Mystery paused for a moment, fighting to keep a quaver out of his voice. "There's something else. They've infiltrated gaming, Bedrock. They're removing the bouncing tits from all our games."

"What? All of them!?"

"It's true. I've seen the intel on the new *Mortal Kombat* game. It's...you play a ghost of a teenage girl and you have conversations with animals to find out who killed you. And...Bedrock...it was a man who killed you. It might have been your dad, because you were a lesbian and you were afraid to--"

"Did you play it?!"

Mystery's expression fell. He pulled his battered fur top hat off and covered his face with his hands as he began to sob.

"She just wanted to be herself," he cried as his shoulders shook with emotion.

"You are relieved of command, Big Boss Mystery!" shouted Bedrock. "I'm going to assume your outburst was caused by Low T. You are ordered to report for injections and Bud Limes at the Bro Center immediately."

"Th-thank you for--"

Bedrock switched off the transmission and was surprised to see the Supreme Dad waiting for him on the alternate channel. Tim Allen was maintained by advanced machinery. His "Arrooooooo!" hardly louder than a whisper.

"Supreme Dad? What is it?"

"You are needed for a special mission, Bedrock. Report to the Man Cave."

The nexus of all things male in City Y, it was the last command center and research lab for the Men's Resistance. He drove his monster truck from the wall, silver mud flap silhouettes gleaming in the bright flares hanging in the sky.

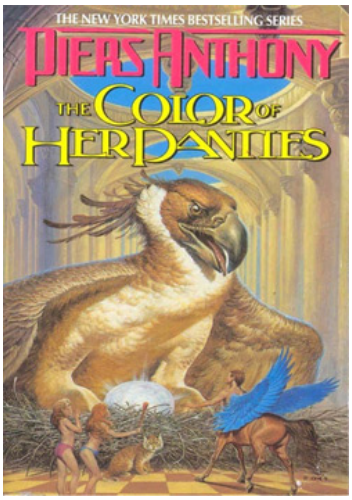
He passed through the security checkpoints and used his Big Boss credentials to activate the elevator. It opened into the main lab. The eggheads were testing femmethrowers on armored Confederate flags and exposing male rats to Sarkeesian conditioning. Chief Scientist Candy Johansson was waiting in a low cut science top, her boobs about to pop out and her nipples visible (no bra) under the skin tight fabric. She wiggled around when she walked over and rubbed up against Bedrock.

"Heyyy, Big Boss," she said in her breathy voice. "Come with me, big boy. We've completed the time-traveling Camaro."

"Wow, I never expected a girl to figure out time travel."

"I know, right?" she giggled. "I couldn't have done it without all the big scientist men though. And of course, Supreme Dad."

Supreme Dad was waiting in his study. There were deer antlers and garage bikini calendars all over the walls. He seemed shriveled behind the pile of falsified paternity suits stacked up on his desk.



"I've lost custody of all my boys," he said. "Most of the frontline units of nice guys are already in the friendzone and the Gynocrat has achieved pay equity. We're finished, Bedrock."

"You brought me here to tell me we're going to lose?"

"No. We have one chance left, and it's you, Bedrock."

"The Camaro?"

Tim Allen nodded slowly. Candy Johansson leaned over his shoulder, her boobs totally going nip slip.

"We have compiled a list of targets," she said. "We want you to go back in time and eliminate all feminist literature by replacing it with Piers Anthony fantasy novels. *A Room of One's Own* becomes *Gnome Chance in Hell*, about a gnome named Chance who has to judge a bikini virgin contest in hell. *The Color Purple* turns into *Clothes, Butt, No Cigar*, a book about elf women who are domineering and have to get spanked on the butt by a frankly pretty nerdy wimp, who turns out to be a stud. Also, we may need you to take these Gor novels back to the time of the dinosaurs."

Bedrock's gaze narrowed as he stared at Candy's boobs.

"I'm in," he said, which had a double meaning about sex and also time travel missions.

"This may be our last battle," said Tim Allen, "but you can still win us the war."

"I'll do whatever it takes to make sure women have to ask their one night stand for permission to get an abortion."

"You're a good man," said the Supreme Dad.

Candy led Bedrock out of the room.

"Before you go," she said. "I'll need for you to sexually humiliate me like in a porno."

"There's a reason my name is 'Bedrock.'"

"Is it because you're really uncomfortable in bed?"

"That's one reason," he admitted. "The other is that...my great grandfather was Piers Anthony."

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 4

April

4.1 Shorts Early Adopters

Tuesday, Apr 01, 2014 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Forget Google Glass, Oculus Rift, or any of that tech garbage. The early adopters are already jumping on the shorts trend. While the rest of us are still wearing winter clothes like idiot luddites, these visionaries are running around on half the pants previously thought possible.

The Out Of Season Shorts Wear isn't new, but it's finally on the verge of becoming the next big thing. Ten years ago, if you saw someone wearing shorts in the cold, you'd probably guess it was Kevin Smith. And you'd be right. But now things are different. Spring is coming out of beta.

It doesn't matter that it's still forty degrees out, innovation is here and it's in the form of two gross twigs sticking out a pair of khakis. If the sun catches these pasty legs just right, the reflection can blind you for a minute. Don't worry, it's not God, no, it's just a vision *of the future*. You'll stumble back in your scarf and hat in pure amazement. How, you'll wonder, can this guy wear shorts in this weather? Is he an idiot or just paralyzed from his elastic waistband down? Well, don't let their shivering misery fool you, these boys know what's up! Being cold as fuck is trending!

These prophets don't get dressed for comfort or fashion. Every day they decide what to wear out of belief. If it's spring time, then dammit, they'll wear clothes for spring time. No forecasts, no common sense. They follow their heart and they got just the cargo pants to prove it.

Sure, you'll wear shorts once it's warm and actually enjoyable, but you'll never fit in. You'll never ride the wave, able to see what development is coming in the world. They'll laugh and condescend, already onto the next version. "Oh," they'll say looking at you from their Shorts 6s. "I didn't know they still made them like that." And you'll know right then and there that they aren't underdressed, they're just prepping for a future better than you could ever imagine. And, unless you're willing to break through and show those knees as it sleets, then you'll never be on the front lines of a revolution.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

4.2 Fw: Fw: Fw: Fw: Please READ!!!!

Wednesday, Apr 02, 2014 by Alex "bransonbranson" Branson (@bransonbranson)

Author's Note: This latest version of the common professor-vs.-patriot Internet story has been in re: re: re: hell for months now, rattling around amongst my aunt's friends, who added their own lines as they saw fit until it resembled some kind of Pointed Issues meatloaf. I'm going to bed. Bye.

Subj: Fw: Fw: Fw: Fw: Fw: Fw: Fw: Fw: Fw: Please READ!!!!

Alex, I know we disagree on the issues but I found this very interesting and was hoping you could read it!!!! This isn't about politics it is about crime we all have to prepare for. Or even just a fun situation to see and think what would I (you) do? Love you.
-AUNTY GLORIA

PLEASE READ: THIS IS ONE HUNDRED PERCENT TRUE ACCOUNT FROM THE UNIVERSITY IN OUR VERY STATE!

An American Soldier, home from war, is in a science lecture at a major university. The professor is speaking about Evolution and says, "of course, none of this can be explained by God. God has no place in my university," he says. The American Soldier politely smiles, stands up, and approaches the podium. He pushes the Professor aside, takes a deep breath, and leans into the microphone. "I cannot believe I went to war and came home to all of these teenagers playing the knockout game. Why am I fighting out there when there is terror in our own cities?"

"I'm more interested in the knock-up game and getting teen pregnant," says a very young woman, just a baby really, showing her belly in daytime clothes.

The professor pushes the American Soldier aside. The Professor is wearing a very tight tweed suit. His glasses glean with an ethnic slant. He looks like NPR paid him to talk about heirloom corn. He makes an awful face and sneers into the microphone.

"Tyrannical inner city teens are running amuck. Where is God to stop them? If God is real, may he strike me down now! Will God knock me out? Is God the Ultimate Rogue Teen?"

The Professor raises his arms up theatrically.

The American Soldier grins smugly as he scans the room. Surely they cannot be so entranced by such a charade? His smile slowly fades to a grim countenance as he realizes the true influence the liberal media has on our youth. The students are enthralled by the Atheist Professor's antics.

The American Soldier feels sorry for the youth of today, who are being corrupted by outside forces pushing agendas. But wait? Didn't I listen to my elders? Aren't these entitled youth to be blamed for ignoring the wisdom of their older counterparts, particularly their aunts and uncles who talk loudly at family gatherings? What excuses do they have?

Perhaps their vaccines leaked into their brains as we have all feared. Investigate 9/11. The Morgellons they refused to let us cure had finally taken hold.

The American soldier calmly approaches the silent Professor, who is still rapt in his stunt, and punches him as hard as he can in the stomach.

"True Hero ... What did you do that for? Why did you not wait for your so-called God to strike me down? Impatient for divine action?"

The weak professor's laughter bubbles the blood seeping through his teeth.

"God was busy protecting our troops overseas ... and keeping my Aunt ⟨write name to be sent⟩Gloria safe from the Knock Out Game?"

The Soldier looked at the students.

"I hope you tell everyone about this," he said, "I hope you write about it and send it to your elders. I hope you send it to your parents and your brothers and sisters and your family. I hope you link to your old college roommate and someone you once dated for a month four years ago. I want you to tell everyone 'yes I would do the same' and I want you to use it as a way to raise understanding for [troops/knock out game/tweed/ NPR/Elders]. I want everyone to listen to me, the soldier, and together we will learn everyone."

The soldier turned to the sky. He began to salute upwards, but stopped. How could he salute the chemtrail sky, its chemical messages standing between him and his savior, obfuscating their connection? He saluted the flag instead and he thanked his god for the punch fight.

The End

PS: please shave your beard as it is breaking your mother's heart

no they will not *made the patriotic pixel pictures for this important story. He writes funny stuff, too.*

–∼Alex "bransonbranson" Branson (@bransonbranson)

4.3 Dining Etiquette Updates for 2014

Thursday, Apr 03, 2014 by The Yolo Gourmet

While any meal can be considered a success if it doesn't end with EMTs trying in vain to dig impacted potatoes from your windpipe, even asphyxiation-free dining can be just as shameful if you don't keep in mind the countless, arbitrary rules that bring a touch of class to any meal. To make sure any of your future dinners with the richest monarchs of Europe go off without a hitch, Something Awful is proud to present updates to the unspoken code of conduct that separates the Burger Kings from the Burger Paupers.

- If you've mastered the specific uses of the dinner, salad, and dessert forks, congratulations: You are now ready to move on to the five advanced utensils now present at most dignified meals. To avoid embarrassment, read up on the following dining tools at your discretion: Pizza shovel, soup oar, calamari trident, lobster maiden, and veal siren.
- Always remember: eat to the left, drink to the right, give compliments clockwise, and belligerently offer poorly-informed political opinions starting with the person to your left, then the rest of your dinner guests according to their running speed in descending order.
- If at any point you must get up and leave the table, place your napkin in front of you, folded no less than three times, at a subtle 17-degree angle extending from the northwest portion of your plate. Haphazardly placing your napkin anywhere else will signal to the rest of your guests that you have informally volunteered yourself to be hunted for sport following the aperitif.
- Should you find the food on your plate distasteful, *do not make any remarks about it publicly.* Simply stay seated, and with the power of deep concentration, try to wish everyone else at the table out of existence. If you find your terrifying mind powers lacking or absent, find a way to covertly slip this offending food to the four dogs sitting at the north, south, east, and west corners of the table, in accordance to the guidelines of feng shui.
- Olives: Don't eat olives.

- When at a formal dinner party, no one may eat until the first bite of food has passed the host or hostess' third inch of esophagus. To protect yourself from possible fake-outs, it has become customary for guests to bring their own powerful X-ray equipment and a certified radiologist to any formal dining event.
- Keep elbows off of the table. Do not even acknowledge joints of any kind. They were put there by the devil so we could touch ourselves.
- Should you have to leave the table to use the restroom, do not inform fellow guests of your intent. Instead, craft an elaborate story about why you will be absent for the next 5 - 10 minutes, tastefully using utensils, entrees, and the table setting as props. Guests are encouraged to "yes, and" your story until extreme bladder and/or bowel pain prompts impolite screaming.
- When a woman leaves a table, all men should stand and begin flexing until she returns. The first one to sit once her body makes contact with her chair is now permitted to tell one (1) high school sports story, track excluded.
- Fingers are incredibly rude and should not at any point be extended or bent during a meal. Instead, press the offending digits together into crude mitts until your hands resemble those of a character from Grand Theft Auto III.
- When eating baby corn, it is incredibly offensive to pretend you're a gigantic Native American. Instead, choose another marginalized group that's not so overused to mock with your hilarious accents and exaggerated pantomime.
- If the salad is served before or after the main course, use the smaller fork. If the salad is considered the main course, the host is terrible and you should leave immediately.
- Prayers up to three minutes in length are permitted before a meal. Eerie, rhythmic chants are frowned upon, barring the discovery of one of The Old Ones in a fallen meteor, petrified tree stump, deep ocean cave, etc.
- When determining a tip for your restaurant meal, a good rule of thumb is to find the member of your party capable of the preposterous ability to determine 15% of any amount. This person is no doubt a math wizard, and, when killed, the treasure contained within their body will easily compensate for any overtipping you may do in the future.

–∼The Yolo Gourmet

4.4 William Faulkner Presents His Evidence of Sighting Bigfoot

Friday, Apr 04, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

From a little after two o'clock until almost sundown I observed the tangled wigsman unbridled walk among the sloughing hillside needle brush of Yumneawtup, Mississippi, the dander sunlight caught across the upright follicles of pine, until it was that Missy Chuntwit came down from the clap and tar lodge I built myself the day before and, with caroming harlot's cry, shook the pigeons and startled the mossy oaf to crash away and pillage other lands and trod upon them with his bootless paws a league across. This occasion was not coincidental, excepting the calamitous arrival of Miss Chuntwit, for which there was no preparation nor suitable excuse, for I have practiced the pursuit of folklore both American and older, which centers upon the legends of beasts, often imagined, but sometimes all too real.

Harold Lee Tobago sat upon a fresh cut stump some thirty years prior. He made camp by a silver meander fed from a spring higher up, between the foggy foothill humps, intent on feeding himself and his with the string meat of squirrels and, if chance or God designed, to feast upon a raccoon or larger. It was a day like many before it for Harold Lee and many more would be to come if not for the interruption of a shape the young man's account likened to a promontory which stepped out from the primeval wood and formed itself, though imperfectly, into the shape of a man.

Vincent Cardinal wore a blue suit and frowns that decorated his face with bristle brush scalp neat and clipped by a man in a coat in a city to which no good man has ever gone. He introduced himself with a card and a handshake and a poacher's eye that once put upon Mr. Tobago disinclined him to speak more on the subject of large feet or wooly reaches. Mr. Cardinal would not accept any account regardless and was likely to have a tin placard upon a desk in some half-lidded lair of regrets and contempt for honesty endorsed and underwritten by skeptical witnesses to the gradual revelation of the sublime.

Mr. Tobago proved more willing to divulge truth to kinder ears, of which I personally leant my

own and let it be filled with the tale so quickly dismissed by men who own helicopter planes and Harvard papers and are, in all ways, men who have forgotten that truth does not design itself with a particular purpose nor intend mischief. Truth is perfect and imperfect are those who must bear its weight.

Some years later I would reflect upon my encounter with bigfoot in the manner of a beaten general recalling the disposition of his force with waking clarity, the weight of men upon his conscience, revisions of defilade and reinforcements never truly found becoming cold sweats upon his body in the night. Each of us wonders if chance beget a finer path now since overgrown with thistle that might have stretched beneath our heels and brought us to a place of contentment that has always eluded us, a place where Missy Chuntwit did not cry out and I recalled my camera phone, which lay upon the map table beside a steaming sip of coffee.

My assurances of truth cannot yet reach back past the sonnet time, that awful poet, has already recited and force my hand to lift up the black glass upon the table and conjure truth, indelible and exquisite in its color, upon the fabric of that moment. I did remember, after all but perhaps too late, for the image is rather blurry, but you can still totally make him out.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.5 Marvel's Fourteen Year Movie Roadmap

Saturday, Apr 05, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Do you like movies that feature Marvel characters? I hope you like them. A lot. As in, "I could watch several every year until at least 2028," because a new Businessweek article reveals that Marvel has indeed mapped out their movie plans for the next fourteen years.

2014

Captain America: The Winter Soldier

Guardians Of The Galaxy

Ghost Rider Is... My Babysitter?

The Amazing Spider-Man 2

X-Men: Days Of Future Past

2015

Ant-Man

Avengers: Age Of Ultron

Marvel's Agents Of S.H.I.E.L.D.: The Movi- Hey, Come Back Here!

X-Men: Origins: Wolverine: Uprising: Secret Project: Wolverine

2016

Batman (unauthorized)

Captain America Saves Christmas

Fantastic Four (reboot starring Adam Sandler, Drew Barrymore, Rob Schneider, and Kevin James)

The Amazing Spider-Man 3

2017

Au Revoir, Le Wolverine (black and white w/ subtitles)

Iceman And The Beast's Horndog College Road Trip

The Avengers In: Anyone Need Help? You Sure? Well, Let Us Know If Any Bad Guys Show Up

X-Men React To Teen Reactions To Terrible YouTube Videos

2018

Deadpool And She-Hulk Wish For Different Bodies At The Exact Same Time

Doctor Doom (a cgi animated retelling of Air Bud)

The Amazing Spider-Man 4

Thor: Rise Of The Whatevers

2019

Doctor Strange: From Big City Wizard To Small Town Lawyer

Mole Man Gets A Movie Before Captain Marvel Or Spider-Woman

Punisher: Let's Try This Again

Silver Surfings (indie film about the Silver Surfer trying to live up to his dead brother, the Gold Surfer)

2020

Luke Cage Smacks Villains With His Belt For An Hour And A Half And It's Glorious

The Amazing Spider-Man 5

The Avengers: Sorry, Thought We Heard Someone Calling For Us

Untitled *Fin Fang Foom* found footage project

Mole Man in action, trying to remember why he exists

2021

Doctor Doom 2 (stop-motion animation retelling of the first movie)

Iron Man 4: Oh No My Suit Is Repeating Everything I Say

The Man Behind The Bugle (the J. Jonah Jameson story, directed by David Fincher)

X-Men: Did Somebody Say "Pizza"???

2022

Captain America Can't Stop Sneezing

The Amazing Spider-Man 6

The Incredible Hulk Becomes A Film Critic

2023

The Amazing Spider-Man 7

Wolverine Returns With Weird Tanlines

2024

The Amazing Spider-Man 8

The Amazing Spider-Man 9

The Amazing Spider-Man 10

X-Men: Divided We Fall, Together We Can Win This Potato Sack Race

2025

Captain America: Defender Of Harem Animes

The Amazing Spider-Man 11

The Amazing Spider-Man 12

The Amazing Spider-Man 13

2026

Ghost Rider Trades His Motorcycle For A Sweet Office Chair With Wheels

The Amazing Spider-Man 14

The Amazing Spider-Man 15

The Amazing Spider-Man 16

2027

The Amazing Spider-Man 17

The Amazing Spider-Man 18

The Amazing Spider-Man 19

2028

Marvel Zombies: Part 1 Of 28

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.6 Warning Signs Your Date Has Become a Found Footage Movie

Monday, Apr 07, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

In our 21st century digital panopticon, it can seem like every moment of our lives is being recorded on video. The constant presence of recording devices can make it hard to spot the telltale warning signs that your date is in danger of becoming, or may already have become, a found footage movie. Be alert to these signs. It might just save your life.

You and your date are at a totally normal party where a guy is recording with a video camera and all your attractive friends keep laughing and acknowledging the camera before introducing their quirky personal traits.

A clown ghost spooks out of nowhere and is eating your bones *in a bad way.*

Your date uses FaceTime even once to talk to somebody.

Your date mentions a "vlog" or "video blog" and has to use her laptop webcam to talk dismissively about urban legends.

Your date records short video journal entries and uploads them throughout the night without ever complaining about "haters" saying nasty things in the comments section of her videos.

You go into a darkened house or abandoned area and your date uses the low light feature on a video camera even though it is not 2003.

Your date keeps suggesting you help with a student film that is not somehow related to gender.

You or your date talks directly into a camera about anything other than video games.

You are a native of New York City and the Statue of Liberty is visible from where you and your date are standing.

Police or soldiers angrily ask you or your date to stop filming even though you are a sovereign citizen and you do not have to give them your real name or any sort of fascistic "license."

The person you are on a date with suggests climbing even one fence with a mysterious warning sign about "Evil Bone Zone" or "Russian Experiment Lab."

You bring up the subject of viral videos and your date does not immediately start texting with her more interesting friends.

Whenever your date drops her camera, like toast always lands jelly side down, the camera always lands with the lens pointed at ropy humanoid bastards scuttling around dark hallways.

You or your date discover a cardboard box full of mysterious video tapes and your first instinct is to find a way to play them rather than throw them in the garbage where they belong.

If you get lucky, your date wants to record the sex in such a way that nothing explicit is recorded, but the camera perfectly frames her awesome breasts for most of the footage.

Something shocking happens and your date is filming events on her phone in the correct landscape mode.

After a harrowing experience you find yourself saying into the camera "It will be alright" or something else comforting without bothering to check that there isn't a giant monster hand or Russian lab mongoloid or ghost clown reaching out to grab you.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.7 A Review of Steak-Umms' Social Web/Community Guidelines

Tuesday, Apr 08, 2014 by SA Social Media Digital Report International (@fart)

Look at practically any Internet-related blog (actually-don't do this) and you'll see where time and time again, corporate social media gurus intend to be "one of the gang" and fit in with whatever conversations are even tangentially occurring around their product. Mention that you're headed to @TacoBell because you're hungover and some intern will say they "know that feel, bro." Say you got the runs from Pizza Hut and @PizzaHutCares will deliver one of tens of thousands of responses offering a fake apology and a link to complain. It's dumb, but it's how things go, and we're all pretty used to it at this point.

So where the hell does Steak-Umms, the fake steak made out of unwanted beef parts, get off being such a hardass?

> Sunday update: Still blocked by @steak_umm
> - Gary coolboobs (@Slappybrizzle) April 6, 2014
>
> haha steak umm blocked me
> - naterz (@twistofnate) April 7, 2014

Folks are getting blocked left and right by the frozen meat company. Seriously? No gentle ribbing? You have only like 700 followers and your product is minced up animal bits squirted out into flat sheets and frozen. Even DiGiorno pizza, classically the frozen pizza that doesn't even attempt to taste like anything but flour and paper, plays along online.

But it also took a turn for the dark this week. Steak-umm Corporation went so far as to tweet an Ayn Rand quote within the last day or so: *"A creative man is motivated by the desire to achieve, not by the desire to beat others."* I'll suppose it was intended to be inspirational--and sure, you could probably find Stalin quotes that sound inspirational when out of context-but there's something about the thought of eating ground-up meat squirts from a cutthroat libertarian-idolizing company that didn't quite sit well with a large number of Twitter users, so they deleted it for some reason.

It was around this time on Monday afternoon that Steak-umm took it upon itself to publish its very own Steak-Umm Social Media Web/Community Guidelines. (Mirrored here.)

These are rules that you are expected to follow if you interact with, mention, or otherwise invoke the spirit of Steak-Umm Social Media Frozen Meat Squirts Company Website Social Media Online.

Let's read the best parts.

> **Steak-umm Meats®is pleased to provide various social media platforms and sites to enable interaction with the consumers and the public. Every day, people embrace and discuss our company, our products and our brand online. We truly understand the importance of these discussions and interactions. We encourage your comments! In order to keep our social media sites focused, in a safe, responsible and fun environment for our fans and customers, we have set some community guidelines.**

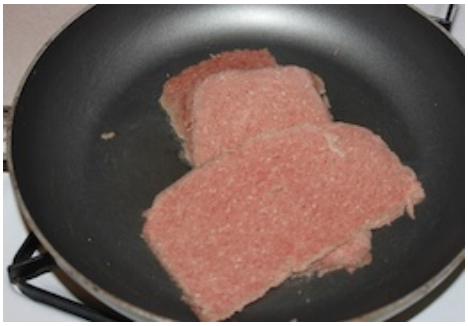
Here we can see that Steak-umm management has taken it upon itself to keep the online Steak-Ummsphere "safe, responsible and fun," because historically humankind has had barrels of fucking

Steak-umm
100% Beef, 100% Delicious!
WHERE TO FIND | RECIPES | FAQ | PATTIES | CONTACT
Steak-umm® Social Media/Web Community Guidelines
Steak-umm Meats® is pleased to provide various social media platforms and sites to enable interaction with the consumers and the public. Every day, people embrace and discuss our company, our products and our brand online. We truly understand the importance of these discussions and interactions. We encourage your comments! In order to keep our social media sites focused, in a safe, responsible and fun environment for our fans and customers, we have set some community guidelines.
These are the guidelines and terms of use for posts, communications and general behavior on social-network profiles sponsored by Steak-umm brand.
Violation of these rules can lead to possible removal and/or reporting to the associated social media platform(s). We also strongly adhere to the Terms of Service and Guidelines of each individual social media platform (i.e. Facebook, Twitter, Pinterest, Google+, YouTube or others).

fun chatting about Steak-umms on the internet, except occasionally there's been a rash of crime on the Steak-umms social presence or whatever. Okay dudes.

> **In Summary:**
> **You have to be at least 18 years old**
> **The Don'ts:**
> **Don't do anything illegal or send us content that encourages illegal activities.**
> **Don't be a jerk or worse. No obscene, harassing or abusive communications.**
> **Think about what your grandma might say!**
> **Don't be a fake-if you're not really Elvis, we don't want to hear from you.**
> **Don't spam or send us unwanted posts.**
> **Don't hack us or send us viruses.**
> **Don't spread lies and rumors about Steak-umm or our competitors.**

Okay, no kids. There's no kid shit happening on Steak-Umms social media presence. And don't send us any shit that encourages us to do illegal activities. Also, fuck off Elvis, and stop spreading rumors about Steak-umms and Steak-umms competitors. Also, Elvis, stop hacking Steak-umms' servers. The central database password "delicious_pressed_trimmings_of_undesirable_meat_parts" is a fucking secret, Elvis. Stop doing the hacks. You are fucked up, Elvis. Cool it. Give back the data.



> **Steak-umm Meats®may disclose information about your communications and activities with Steak-umm Meats®and/or in relation to any Social Media Site in response to lawful requests by governmental authorities or for the protection of Steak-umm Meats®' rights or the rights of third parties as Steak-umm Meats®may deem appropriate in its reasonable discretion. In the event that Steak-umm Meats®exercises any of its rights hereunder for any reason, Steak-umm Meats®will have no liability to you.**

STEAK-UMMS WILL SNITCH ON YOU. Steak-umms doesn't give a shit. "Yes, hello, police? It's

Steak-umms again. They posted a picture of a man's rump this time. Yes officer, I can see the hole." Ruthless.

> **You fully release Steak-umm Meats®from any and all claims that may arise regarding your use of or participation on the Social Media Site and/or the use, accessing or posting of the Content.**

I think "fully releasing" Steak-umm Meats is practically guaranteed any time you ingest it. Hey-ooo.

Is this the turning point? Is this Web 5.0-or-whichever-one-we're-on-now? Brands just don't give a shit anymore and start blocking anyone who dares look at their frozen meat product in anything less than an incredibly serious light?

You guys are scary, Steak-Umms. Good job.

–~SA Social Media Digital Report International (@fart)

4.8 SkyMall Product Reviews: Giant Male Silverback Gorilla Statue

Wednesday, Apr 09, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> The Design Toscano team is jumping up and down about our exclusive, a giant-sized, Silverback Gorilla statue, sculpted so realistically he could beat his chest right alongside his primate cousins in the dense jungles of Africa! Yet while those powerful apes might stun a lion with the swing of a paw, our muscular, show stopping, fully eight-foot-tall dynamo seems gigantic enough to knock over an entire building! Cast in sturdy fiberglass resin, this absolutely arresting, high-profile sculpture is such a magnetic draw that we've seen even the most fearful of visitors tamed into excitedly climbing his giant palm, posing and saying "cheese!"

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By TexasBart from Myrtle Beach, SC

Not quite what I had in mind, but it should do the trick.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By WorldsToughestDad from Bowling Green, KY

Without a doubt, the best $4,499.00 + $999 shipping I ever spent! My neighbor Ronald Gilford hates this thing, and guess what: I hate you, Ronald. Think you can tell my wife not to scream at your children and get away with it? Think you can ask me to keep my yard looking nice? FAT CHANCE.

I WILL NEVER BE AMENABLE TO YOUR REQUESTS, ASS!!!

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By The Randman from Sandpoint, ID

I bought the male gorilla and inspected him top to bottom.
Even flipped him over to see the underside. I can tell you with absolute authority they did not do their due diligence in terms of anatomy. Important orifices are missing, making this thing 100% non-functional. You can get much more realistic facsimiles with all the nooks and crannies available. I have written numerous letters so hopefully when they come out with a Giant Female Silverback Gorilla Statue we'll be able to get our money's worth.

Age: 51-55

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By TurtlePainter from Knoxville, IA

A little overpriced, don't you think? Hopefully this goes on sale, because there's no way I can afford. Hey, SkyMall, you got the size right, now lower the price so us common folks can get a piece of the action!

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★★★★☆

By bonedog69 from Springfield, IL

Got the ape, not the girls. Guess they're still on the way? Understand why you wouldn't want to just stick them in a box with a giant gorilla statue. But I assume they'll be arriving soon, and maybe they can help me haul the gorilla to the dump. Don't have room for it in my studio apartment... but those girls... those cheerleading girls... can't wait for them to arrive.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★★★☆

By Natural1 from Pueblo, CO

Pros: Beautiful, realistic depiction of a gorilla.

Cons: A bit "distracting." Attracts gawking buffoons.

Very disappointed with the non-stop cavalcade of slack-jawed lookie-loos who can't seem to help themselves. I didn't put this in my yard for you to stare at, or pose your malcontent children on. I got this because it beautifully captures nature, and should be respected as such. I've had to throw a blue tarp over it just to keep the idiots at bay, lest they turn my yard into a muddy mess in their brain-dead quest to look at "big monkey." Morons, all of them.

Age: 56-60

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By DanF150 from Nampa, ID

Mounted this bad boy in the back of my truck and let me tell you: people are going "ape" over it. Got a write-up in the local paper, and the police pull me over every day to chat me up about it. I can't go through drive-thrus anymore because of an accident, but other than that things I've achieved my dream of being of making a name for myself here, and I owe it all to SkyMail! Props!

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By InflightMarge from Fort Walton Beach, FL

Disgusting. Who thought it was a good idea to make a nude sculpture with visible mammary glands? It's disgusting and offensive to women. I don't want my children exposed to that sort of depravity or thinking it's ok to view this sort of p***ography. My husband suggested putting a bra on the ape, but that doesn't solve any problems since you can't just walk around in public in a bra without being a s**ual deviant. We had to follow another reviewers advice and cover the whole thing with a tarp until we figure out a better solution. Very angry. Very Concerned. Very unhappy. Very disappointed.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review:

By SkyMalcolm from Warrenville, IL

I had no idea what I was getting with this one, since I am part of the SkyMall control group. I have no knowledge of what I am ordering, otherwise it wouldn't be scientific. This item is a large gorilla statue of somewhat exaggerated proportions, which you may find an improvement or a detriment depending on your preferences. My preferences? Not relevant to the study.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review:

By LastLivingSpinDoctorsFan from Wumpus, MO

Where does a 300-pound gorilla sit? On its side in the garage. Piece of junk. Doesn't do what it's supposed to do at all: attract cheerleaders.

Age: 46-50

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.9 Branson's Big Boy Mock Draft!

Thursday, Apr 10, 2014 by Alex "bransonbranson" Branson (@bransonbranson)

It's April, baby! You know what that means. It's that time of year when the fat white guys with clipboards herd a bunch of strapping young men together to measure their legs and bellies! The GMs are gabbing up a storm this spring about these big boys and what they can do!

It's been a long time leading up this. In February we had the NFL Combine, popularly known as The Westminster Dog Show for People, during which each player is blindfolded and carted into Lucas Oil Stadium, stripped of name and identity and humanity, and made to compete with other players for scarce resources. These strong young men are then placed into a power hierarchy and are compensated financially for their dehumanization into physical characteristics.

> **Anonymous GM Quote: "Cripes! You seen how big these boys are this year? What they been feeding 'em? I'll have what he's having!"**

Let's get to it! Hut hut!

1. Blake Bortles, QB, UCF - Houston Texans: With the first pick in the 2014 NFL Draft, the Houston Texans take such a good boy, such a big boy, what a good big boy you are, yes you are, who's my little man. This strapping young dynamo looks like a greek statue but with a bigger wiener (measured at the combine at 6.4 inches). The Texans have been working out Bortles for a while now, and according to reports, they had him run a race against the horse. To their dismay, Bortles did not beat the horse in the race, but they were really impressed when later, Bortles was able to finish plate after plate of horse meat. 'That boy can put down some horse,' Bill O'Brien, Head Coach of the Texans, was quoted as saying.

Bortles biggest strength lies in his ability to really put some pepper on the ball. Also he is good at keeping his legs moving, as opposed to choosing to not move them. When reached for comment,

Bortles claimed that Blake Bortles was really his name and that he wasn't a character in a Thomas Pynchon novel.

2. Jadeveon Clowney, DE, South Carolina - Atlanta Falcons via St. Louis Rams: I fully expect the St. Louis Rams to trade this pick down, as they have repeatedly stated in interviews that their catering staff is already overwhelmed by the sheer mass of big boys that they already have. The Rams have spent many of their recent draft picks on defensive lineman, getting big, healthy eaters who have already put their catering staff in peril. Reports from inside the locker room state that the entire team will sit down with oversized white napkins tucked into their shirts and bang their silverware loudly in their fists on the table as the catering staff brings out an endless procession of black forest hams.

Look for Atlanta to target Clowney, as reportedly their team fridge is filling up with shameful amounts of leftovers that many pundits say Clowney could simply put down in a single sitting. Clowney measured in at 'Hoss' level at the combine and reportedly, according to one anonymous GM, 'dipped an entire fish into his mouth for merely a second, and pulled it straight out of his mouth right after with absolutely no meat left on it, only bones that were picked clean, like some kind of cartoon cat.' With the later-round pick they'll acquire from the Falcons as part of this draft-day deal, look for the Rams to nab a smaller wide receiver who is content with eating scraps, or maybe an offensive tackle with IBS.

3. Johnny Manziel, QB, Texas A&M - Jacksonville Jaguars: Since Teddy Bridgewater's awful Pro Day has him relegated to timeout (reportedly, he was chastised for being a bad boy and sprayed in the face with a squirt water bottle as he bared his teeth in submission), Manziel has stepped up on a lot of boards as just the good strong boy to fill the slot. Manziel is a dual-threat quarterback, meaning he can be both a good boy and a silly goose at times. While he was a bit of a knucklehead during his college career (often asked by reporters 'who's my silly little man' and 'oh no, look what you did, did you do what I think you did, come here and look at me'), Manziel has

been able to stay out of trouble lately.

Manziel's stock suffered some at the combine, though. When he was stripped and hosed down before the ceremonial Measuring of the Boys, he was deemed 'grumpy' and 'fidgety.' He also ran slower than everyone expected, which his Head Coach at Texas A&M blamed on the fact that it was a carrot on the stick and not a Natural Light. Regardless, Jacksonville needs some star power, and this charismatic little prince seems like a natural fit, oh yes,yes he does, who is my little man, who is my good little man.

4. Sammy Watkins, WR, Clemson - Cleveland Browns: Woo doggies, can this boy run! At the combine, Watkins showed visible signs of pleasure (curled lips upward, ears up and alert, cocksure strut with nuts presented) while watching the GMs react to his forty time: They were all slapping their cowboy hats back and forth on their thighs and jumping up off the ground in a short, bowlegged fashion, clicking the heels of their boots together in mid-air.

Often referred affectionately as a 'quick little varmint', Watkins has established himself as the predominant offensive weapon in this 2014 draft herd. Although he reportedly did not stand up to par as a big boy while working out (he only finished two plates and ate way too many vegetables) and was reported as being 'shy' during the combine (would run away when the GMs approached, and only by day 3 was allowing coaches to pet his ears but not hold him), many GMs are still very excited about his Gump-like running ability and would like to see just how fast he can get when they are able to feed him even more carbs once he is on their roster.

5. Khalil Mack, DE/OLB, Buffalo - Oakland Raiders: Scouts were apparently so enamored with watching the 6-3, 251 Mack run during his pro day that they were all hollering 'chugga chugga chugga chugga' as that big boy lumbered up and down the sidelines during his workouts. GMs reported feeling a 'latent power' when looking into his eyes. Mack is a big husky boy known for getting his big bear paws up at the line and swatting the tar out of that pig skin.

At the combine, Mack was compliant, remaining perfectly still as a show horse as he was measured and lathered in rare combat oils for the Dominus Drills. When asked what he thought his biggest

strengths were, Mack said that he was a 'downhill runner with a large motor.' When GMs told him that football was played on an even plane and when a subsequent MRI revealed no machinery in his body, Mack was apparently so confused that he would not get out from under his porch for several hours.

According to anonymous sources, Dennis Allen, Head Coach of the Raiders, has already talked about drafting Mack, and it has been rumored that Allen has spent many still, restless hours in the night fantasizing about how cornfed Mack is going to be when he's done with him. Reporters have

confirmed that Allen presented a PowerPoint to his bosses in which a CGI mack reportedly grows to as tall as eight feet after Allen feeds him hamburger after hamburger.

*Thanks to **Palpek** for the images! You can e-mail him here to suggest SA Photoshop themes!*

–∼Alex "bransonbranson" Branson (@bransonbranson)

4.10 Girl, Let's Get Together and Make Sex Videos For Wikipedia

Friday, Apr 11, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Girl, Let's Get Together and Make Sex Videos For Wikipedia

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Girl, this Wikipedian has been thinking of you. Your hair, your smile, your Eastern European facial features which might be noteworthy. But I've been thinking of you specifically in regards to the entry for frottage on Wikipedia, which I believe should have a video file.

We can do rope stuff if you know how to tie knots. The more knots, the better.

Girl, I want to rub all over you with my junk. I want to get nasty. I want to record it in 1080p and submit it to peer review. I want to make our love royalty free. Girl, you may call it strange, but I call it fair use.

If we don't do it, who will? Someone not interested in growing knowledge organically by humping on a table?

Let's quit playing games. It's time we take this to the next level, girl. It's time for oral sex. Hairy, poorly lit, but let's do this, just for science. Let's get into weird poses and I'll write up a description that sounds like I might have a fetish for my own frenulum. Girl, it's distinctive.

We need to get this done before the weird drawing people swoop in.

C'mon, girl, let's make it happen. Let's have heterosexual intercourse. Vagina to penis. Also known as coitus or copulation. Girl, I want this to be special. I hung non-reflective screens around my bedroom.

I'm cool with doing it in my weird European bathtub. Girl, I will even put away my anime. I want everything to be just right, because RawDog182 has a grudge for me and he will delete my videos.

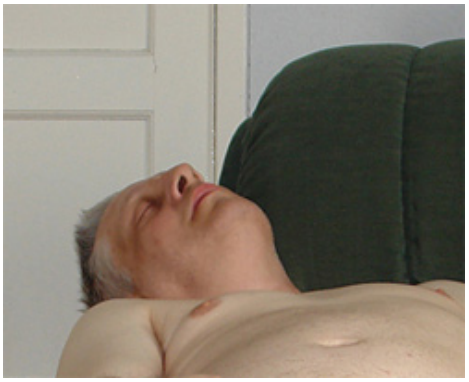
You know what I see in you, baby? I see breasts measured to cup size 75cm D. Let's confirm this and post a photo to the brassiere measurements page. You know you want to, girl. This is all about you. What you like. What you need to tell people doing cursory research about your sensual body.

You know I am into it. Girl, look up anything, let's make a video. How about Irrumatio? Girl, I don't even know what that is, but the entry has no videos. Are you down for some original research? Because this is about expanding human knowledge, not some cheap thrills, unless we're filming for the entry on cheap thrills.

Bring all your personal kinks into it. We'll turn one video into a grab bag of topics. When someone looks up masturbation they want to know that you put a clock up your butt to do it. When someone searches labret piercing they also will learn that I have several other interesting piercings and a male tramp stamp.

Now don't get mad, girl. You know how I feel. For disambiguation, look into my eyes girl. Shine a flashlight into them. Now take a picture for the article on oculation. Is that a thing? We just made it a thing. Me and you. RawDog182 not invited.

This thing we have going on is definitely not a stub, but I am willing to expand it for the sake of the girlfriend project. Let's make some entries, girl. Let's do some edits and leave them sit. I can only express myself sexually as a GIF of a hands-free ejaculation. Girl, I may not touch it, but I'm going to need your help. Bring a towel and an open mind. If we do this right your article is going to be featured in my heart.



Don't mind me, girl. I'll just be posing with my donk like I'm holding a strangled goose.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.11 The Art Of War By Sun Tzu Is Garbage

Saturday, Apr 12, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Commonly referenced in pop culture and embraced by business idiots with delusions of leading interesting lives, The Art Of War is an ancient rumination on strategy. Everyone seems to take it for granted that it's a brilliant book. Has anyone actually read it, though?

"If you know the enemy and know yourself you need not fear a pop quiz which asks you to identify the two participating sides of the battle."

"Helmets are for assholes."

"Let your plans be dark and impenetrable as night, and when you realize that it is impossible to read your terrible handwriting on all that dark paper, be prepared to make new plans."

The asshole himself.

"The wisest course is to avoid war entirely unless it is absolutely necessary, or the enemy has an accent that is very different from yours and it sounds sort of funny, or someone repeated the word 'freedom' until you became totally psyched about killing other humans."

"The supreme art of war is to subdue the enemy without giggling."

"An army marches on its bladder. Train your troops to walk backwards at all times. This way they can relieve themselves without stopping, saving valuable time."

"A panicked force is a defeated force. Intimidate the enemy by commanding all of your soldiers light themselves on fire."

"Quickness is the essence of war and bathing."

"Strike the enemy from a direction he isn't suspecting at a time he isn't suspecting, and he will drop to one knee, revealing his flashing weak spot. Now's the time to blast him with your rocket launcher!"

"The winner of a battle is not the side with the most troops. It is the side with the troops who are cooler and have bigger muscles."

"There is one formation which can never be broken. Employ this tactic, and no battle shall be lost again. Have three of your men stand facing one another in a triangle formation, their shoulders touching. Now place six men in a circle around the first group, also facing inward. Continue to do create inward facing circles until you have run out of men. This is it. Nothing can stop this formation."

"If you wish to turn an opponent into an ally, give him a fish. I think he likes fish. That's just what I heard. If you feel a fruit basket would be best I won't stand in your way."

"How best to prepare your men for individual combat, that inevitable point when orderly formations give way to desperation and chaos? Teach them to make every attack count. The ultimate goal in one-on-one combat is to fell the enemy with a single blow. To this end, remind your soldiers that there is one location on the human body which will always result in death when stricken: The shoulder."

"A true leader knows how to manage resources efficiently. Sure, you could spend ten thousand coins to keep your forces supplied for a month. But doesn't it make more sense to take those ten thousand coins and invest them in tickets for the kingdom's lottery?"

"The advantage of height is of vital importance. Always remember to position your forces at the lowest point on the battlefield. This way they have the perfect vantage point to spot the enemy atop a hill, effectively eliminating their height advantage."

"Never indulge in too much cake before a battle. A wise man knows that three pieces is the maximum."

"Appear weak when you are strong, strong when you are weak, and cool when cops are nearby."

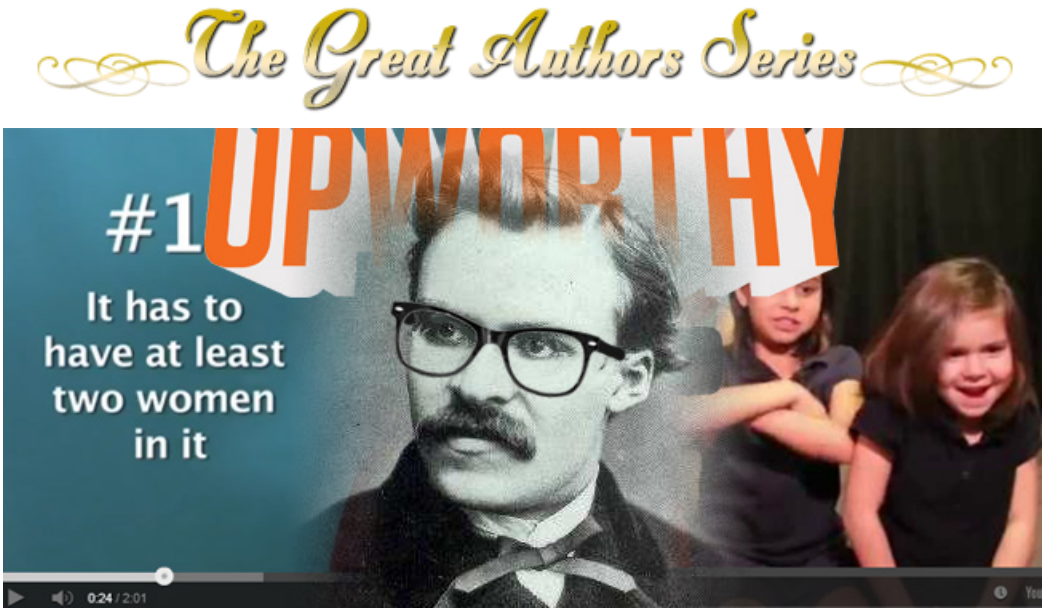
"Use your time outs wisely. Each side only gets three per half."

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.12 Friedrich Nietzsche is Hired to Write Headlines for Upworthy

Monday, Apr 14, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.



The Only Thing Wrong With This Little Boy is He is Hollow and Ill-Suited for Living

You Will Watch This Video or Not and Find False Meaning In It If You Are a Fool

Watch At 2:30 As Russians Attempt to Sing But Russians Have No Songs Because They Are Not Actual Men

Everything This Returning Vet Says to His Daughter Will Make You Understand the Lie of God

This Centuries Old Maxim About Women is Actually Pretty Fresh if You Understand The Meaning of Nothing

This Trans Teen's Story Will Expose the Fiction of Morality to Her Teacher

At 0:15 You Will Cry, At 1:15 You Will Cry, Also at 2:15 a Continuation of Crying, It Will Be Woe At All Times

Hate Bullies? You Will Want to Be One When You Hear What This Mom Says About Will To Power

This Guy Was a Christian and Now He Wants to Tell You Why Sin is Good and Life is Our Only Meaning

You Will Think These Creatures From the Bottom of the Ocean Are Evil, Then You Will Understand That Morality Does Not Exist In Nature

What The Bechdel Test Is and Why It's Important We Reduce All Struggle to the Dominance of Will Over Self

Beyond Good and Evil There is This Single Mom Who Developed An App Conservatives Won't Believe

Medicate Your Fear of Mortality With These Incredible Baby Animal Videos

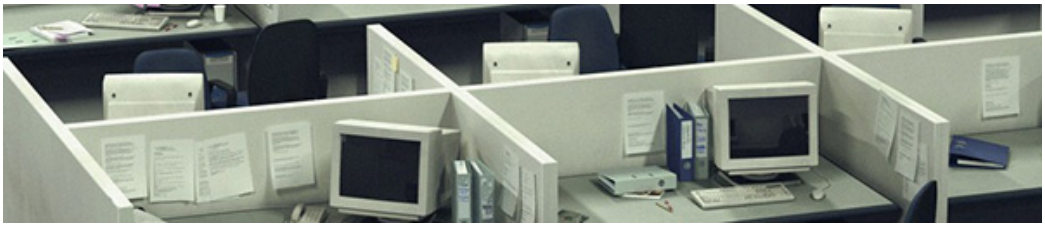
–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.13 Summer Vacation Guide For Life After College

Tuesday, Apr 15, 2014 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Leave work late wondering if it was a nice day!
Old You might have gone on a walk or sip a smoothie in the park. Lame! New You can enjoy the perfect day from the isolated confines of your beige cubicle. It might be sunny and 80 degrees outside, but that's miles away, and these projects don't finish themselves. Aside from a stray glimpse of the outside at some distant window, all you need is harsh florescent lights and recirculated air. By the time you reach a good stopping point, it'll be dusk and any joy of the day is gone. The walk out to your car in the last remnants of sunlight is perfect for those who want to lament their squandered youth!

Make plans to travel – and then don't!
Whether it's a weekend getaway or a full vacation, ambition is heating up! After sitting indoors all winter, it's time to get out of town for a while. So go ahead and promise your old roommate that you'll see his cabin in Colorado! Schedule a camping trip in some distant woods! Check out a bunch of guides to coastal cities! Then, when it comes time to make it official- don't! No tickets, no packing. Forget the sites you wanted to see and stop returning your friend's calls. Thinking about adventure will only leave you hurt! By the end of the month, when you're numb in the endless routine of your life, you won't even remember if you actually wanted to travel or if it was all just a dream.



Day Drinking/Day Napping!
Nothing says summer like sitting on a patio with a cold beer. Relax, turn on the game, and have meaningless hollow conversations with near strangers about a local IPA. You haven't had a chance to feel the afternoon sun in a week, and though you hate everyone around you, the warmth feels nice. Back in your prime, you'd be tan by this point in the year. You were better looking then and you could easily spend the day like this drinking away. But now the sun just seems a little brighter, the heat just a tad higher. You try to focus on the conversation, but, really, who cares? You take relaxing to the next level and close your eyes. When you wake up at eight, the day wasted, your face burnt, and the half empty beer still sitting there, you think about everything you've accomplished and it does not make you feel proud. Congratulations! Work starts in twelve hours!

Be awkward and out of place at a music festival!
On a whim, purchase tickets to some random music festival months in advance and then only go because of your immediate and overwhelming buyer's remorse. You had once listened to one of the bands, and though they are now the old school charity act, you accidentally thought you still had it. The feeling vanishes within thirty seconds of waiting in line. You are by far and away the oldest person around. Loiter awkwardly on the fringe of the crowd, unable to fit in or even intermingle like a home schooled kid at recess. When the few bands you know aren't performing, wander around complaining about seven dollar bottles of water and girls wearing unacceptable crop tops and, dammit, does everyone have to be on their cellphone *all* the time? When your bands come on, try to get to the front, fail, and then listen to a couple songs behind an eight foot giant, silently wishing you were still at home watching some Netflix.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

4.14 Peculiar Panels: The Gritty Reboot

Wednesday, Apr 16, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This article is part of the Peculiar Panels series.

Say Nothing reminds us that female characters are often more complex than their male counterparts.

Source: Wonder Woman

Alien Rope Burn always just assumed this was their default expression.

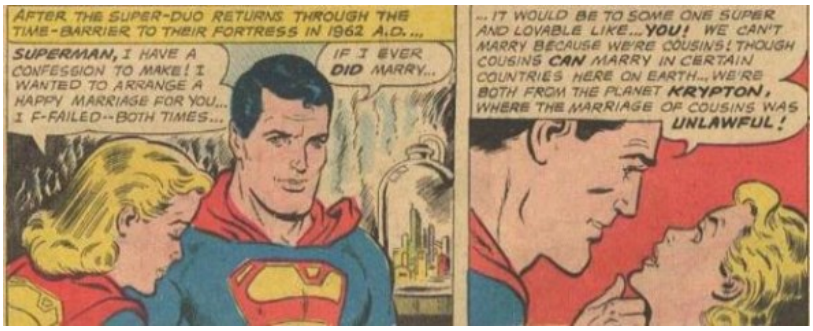
LIVID, FURROWED BROW PULSING WITH THE ACHE OF SAVAGE LOATHING, THE DEER RECALLS THE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS WHICH LED HIM TO THIS STATE:

Source: Defenders #33

Ghostlight can't see what harm could possibly come from a little thought exercise.

Source: What If vol 2 #34

bobkatt013 believes that Super Normal Conversation is easily Superman's most incredible power.


AFTER THE SUPER-DUO RETURNS THROUGH THE TIME-BARRIER TO THEIR FORTRESS IN 1962 A.D....
SUPERMAN, I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE! I WANTED TO ARRANGE A HAPPY MARRIAGE FOR YOU... I F-FAILED--BOTH TIMES...
IF I EVER DID MARRY...
...IT WOULD BE TO SOME ONE SUPER AND LOVABLE LIKE...YOU! WE CAN'T MARRY BECAUSE WE'RE COUSINS! THOUGH COUSINS CAN MARRY IN CERTAIN COUNTRIES HERE ON EARTH...WE'RE BOTH FROM THE PLANET KRYPTON, WHERE THE MARRIAGE OF COUSINS WAS UNLAWFUL!

Source: Action Comics #289

ManiacClown would absolutely wade into a hail of laser fire for a good dental plan.

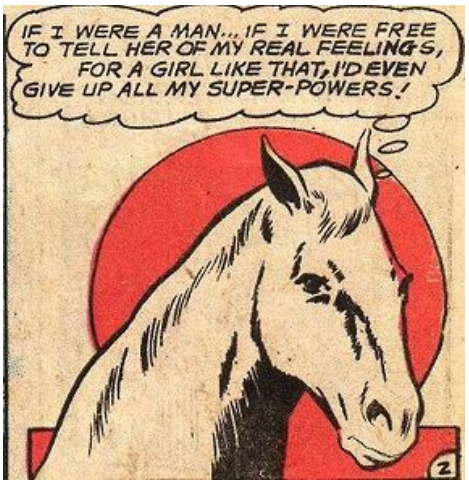
Source: GI Joe #87

Fuego Fish loves comics because they provide a simple escape from the complications of everyday life.

THAT'S THE REAL BATMAN AND THE STAIN IS ON HIM! UNDER THAT MASK IS THE FACE OF WAYNE!
BATMAN'S SECRET'S OUT AT LAST!
AMID TENSE SILENCE, BATMAN REMOVES HIS MASK!
YES, UNDER THE MASK WAS BRUCE WAYNE'S FACE—
—BUT THE WAYNE FACE SHARK MARKED WAS THE RUBBER MASK I DONNED SO I COULD TAKE WAYNE'S PLACE! UNDERNEATH IT WAS MY OWN FACE!
THEN BATMAN WASN'T WAYNE! HE OUTSMARTED US!
LATER, IN THE BAT-CAVE...
I HAD A HUNCH SHARK SUSPECTED ME, SO I SECRETLY MOLDED THE RUBBER DISGUISE MASK IN MY UTILITY BELT INTO THE BRUCE WAYNE FACE AND PUT IT ON IN CASE OF EXPOSURE!
LOOK, BATMAN, LET'S JUST BE OURSELVES FOR A WHILE!
THE END

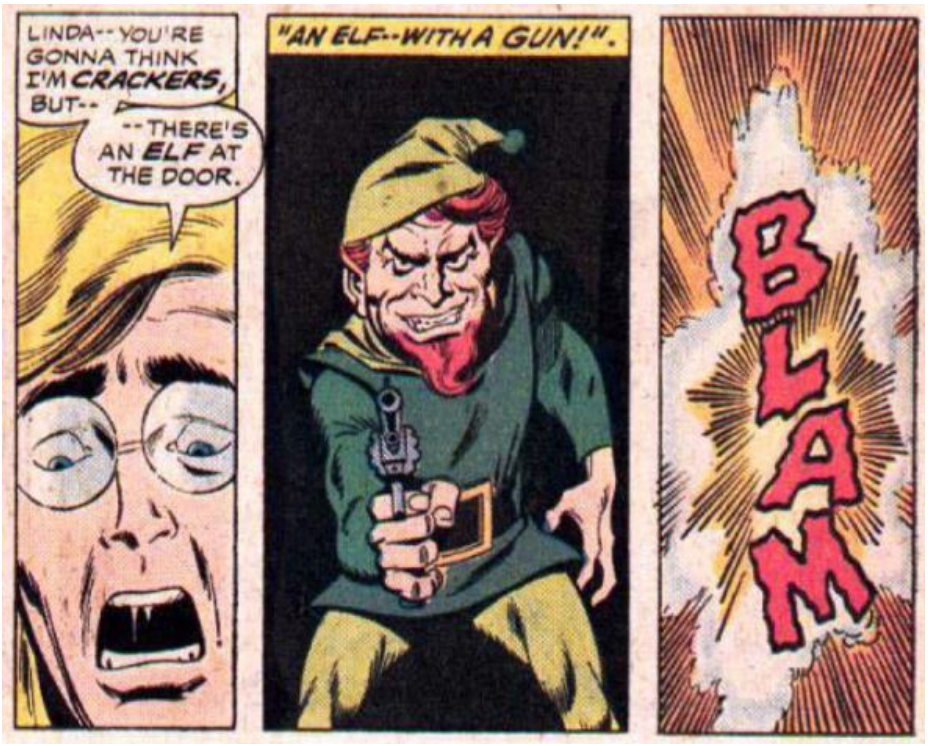
Source: Batman #60

Say Nothing once again finds himself in total agreement with a horse.



Source: Unknown issue of Action Comics featuring Super-Horse

Bloody Holly never answers the door for this exact reason.



Source: Defenders #25

Rhyno believes this cover symbolizes the treatment of women in comics, and doesn't know what to make of the expression on Superman's face in the bottom right corner.

MAY
NO. 276
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
DC
SUPERMAN NATIONAL COMICS
STILL 10¢
ACTION COMICS
Featuring "The WAR BETWEEN SUPERGIRL and the SUPERMAN EMERGENCY SQUAD!"
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, SUPERMAN! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT "STICKS" AND "STONES" CAN'T HARM A SUPERGIRL?

Source: Action Comics #276

delfin is shocked that NFL Superpro plagiarized one of the most well known, touching lines of dialog from Pulitzer Prize-winning *Maus*.

Source: NFL Superpro #10

Cangelosi shows us that love isn't always horses and cousins.

Source: Wonder Woman #300

Saoshyant thinks this is a pretty good question.

NOT ONLY ARE YOU DOOMED--BUT SO IS EVERYONE ELSE YOU HAVE TOUCHED--!
JEAN LORING-- I'VE SIGNED HER DEATH WARRANT!
I GAVE IRIS WEST-- THE KISS OF DEATH
CAROL FERRIS-- IN DEADLY DANGER!
ROBIN-- WHAT HAVE I DONE TO YOU?

Source: JLA #44

Esplanade shares one of those slice-of-life comics about a situation that we can all relate to.

LEONA GOT HUFFY AND LAID DOWN THE LAW!
THIS IS THE LAST STRAW, SID CARDELL! MY BEST FRIEND IS GETTING ENGAGED; I'M TO BE HER MAID OF HONOR; YOU'RE GOING TO BE BEST MAN AT THE WEDDING, AND YOU SHOW UP DRESSED FOR BOWLING!
WE CAN GO TO THE PARTY LATER! OR... OR I CAN CALL UP AND SAY WE'RE BOTH SICK!
WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS ABOUT? IS EVERYONE GOING CRAZY? I GOT FIRED BECAUSE I BOWL A LITTLE, YOU'RE PICKING ON ME BECAUSE I WANNA BOWL, EVERYBODY'S FLIPPIN, OVER NOTHING AT ALL! I'M FED UP!
BOWL
IT WAS TOO MUCH! WHEN I ARRIVED, THE LANES WERE ALL TAKEN AND I HAD TO WAIT! I FELT LIKE BOWLING UP THE WHOLE MISERABLE WORLD...
WHASSAMATTA, PALLY! THEY GIVIN' YA A HARD TIME? JES' SIT DOWN AND WE'LL BOWL A MATCH LATER AFTER I POLISH OFF THIS CHARACTER!

Source: Strange Suspense Stories #69

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.15 When Serial Killers Strike, Property Values Suffer

Thursday, Apr 17, 2014 by Concerned Homeowner

We've never met, but odds are, you've seen me. I'm usually mouthing silent swears into a mug of black coffee while coming dangerously close to splashing water on your shins during my morning driveway-hosing ritual. Seems that you looky-loos can't get enough of clinging to the police tape surrounding my idiot neighbor's house, and, hey, a man's entitled to turn the hose on anything within his property lines. Got a problem with that? Take it up with the homeowners association. I don't make the rules, I just pay nine-thousand dollars a year for the privilege of following them.

One day, you lend a guy your leaf blower in the hopes he'll return it within the 48 hours you both agreed upon. The next day, it's covered in brain matter and getting carted away by the police as evidence for some horrific murder trial. It really makes you think. Questions like: "Will I be reimbursed for up to 80% of its retail value?" But this isn't a world where answers come easy. And it'll be a long time before any answers come to Jeff's poor family.

They say the Framdale Flayer waited 18 hours in that woodpile, remaining absolutely motionless until he found the perfect chance to strike. And they say that poor bastard never saw it coming. But I would have. As good neighbors, it's our responsibility to prevent our spilled blood, guts, and et cetera from poisoning the reputation of a neighborhood that's now within walking distance of a Pinkberry.

I mean, after the first stab to the neck, what would your first thought be? "Let's just run around like a moron?" How about we act like adults for once, find something absorbent to lie down on, and let a professional finish his job? Trying to escape is just going to anger the guy, as Jeff found out 36

stabs later. And when his skin was removed and stretched across the doorway in typical Framdale Flayer fashion, well, something died in me that day: The hope I'd ever be able to sell this place for that hypothetical houseboat the wife and I have argued for years about living in. In one cruel act, a life was snuffed out, with a man's dream to spend his days aboard the "Just Funnin'" crushed alongside it.

I'm not even sure who's the real victim here. Sure, Jeff went through anywhere from seven to 23 agonizing minutes dying at the hands of a filthy stranger, but does he have to live with the aftermath? You try pulling a 9-to-5 and driving back to your castle, only to have some worthless gorehound teenager greet you at the door and ask what old F.F. did with "the brain." I'll tell you this: When a grown man's noodle gets slam-dunked into your birdbath by some prison escapee, you try selling that thing on Craig's List. We had one bite after three months, but I had to turn the man down because, as a rule, I do not do business with people who alter the size of their earlobes so drastically.

Let's be clear: I'm not trying to victim-blame. Jeff's death has affected us all. Just try and make a left turn by his house now, and you'll see what I mean. Yes, he was the first of the Framdale Flayer's 13 victims. And I could've been the first guy to break his damn neck going down the back porch if I didn't fix the handrail months ago. It's like they taught me in the Boy Scouts: Be prepared. Just like I did when I hid in my closet for four days after witnessing Jeff's tragic death through my bedroom mini-blinds. Sure, I could have stuck around to pick up some kind of physical description that would lead to his eventual capture. But really? That's more of a Jeff idea. And we all know where he is now.

–∼Concerned Homeowner

4.16 Experience the Internet of 2014

Friday, Apr 18, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

howdareu.

How dare you?

How **dare** you. How *fricking* **dare** you.

I can't.....I can't even...what the heck? I just can't.

How dare you. What is wrong with you? It is two thousand and fourt-*fricking*-een. How dare you in this day and age. On this internet. How dare you!

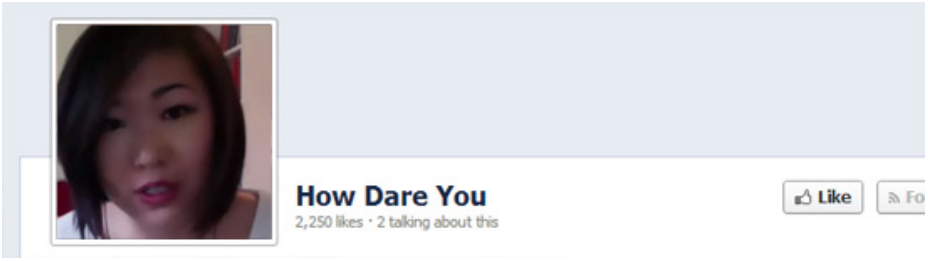
How **d**are y**ou**.

How DARE you? How darererererere you. How DARRRRRREEEEEEE you.

Supreme Court Shocker: 'How Dare They?' Wonders Mom
MORE POLITICS
Obama Dares.. O'Reilly Outrages Activist.. Can't Belive Cantor.. Famous Actor: 'How Dare They??'

Everybody, get a load of how *this* guy dares. Because he dares. How dares he? How dare she? How dare you. How does you dare? How daring of you.

You're gonna say *that*? You think you can get away with ***that***? How DARE you!



You want to joke about ***that***? How dare you. You think ***that*** is funny? You want to know what is funny? How dare you for wanting to know.

You know exactly what you're doing with that political thing. That cop thing. That mom thing. That science thing.

How dare you. Neo-Howyou is about to D.A.R.E.

pressed Ranchers to Reid: 'How Dare You??'

HOW DARE SHE??

DRUDGE REPORT

HOW DARE YOU. Did you hear what they're doing? What they're up to? How dare they? Don't you care? How dare YOU.

Kia Makarechi Become a fan

Senior Editor for Mobile and Innovations, The Huffington Post

Oh, You're Tired Of People Being 'Outraged'? Well, How Dare You!

Right on. It is a Good Thing that the Internet has become a constant open nerve in the jaw of the collective consciousness, screaming from every possible political and social perspective at maximum fury. Semper Outrage.

Because, really, how dare you.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.17 Minor Inaccuracies in the Animated Historical Segments of Cosmos

Saturday, Apr 19, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Maria Mitchell is shown holding a telescope to each eye, using them to ogle passing hunks on the street below. OOOGA! Her tongue rolls out like a firehose, her eyes comically bulging through the ends of the telescopes. This was incorrectly dated 1852, when it in fact happened in 1849.

When a scientist has a disagreement with a group or individual, the second party is portrayed as villainous. You know the sort. Lurking in darkness, cackling, presented alongside ominous music. "I sure am evil," they actually say out loud in raspy voices. It's all a bit much. That ridiculous line can't be taken seriously. It needs to be delivered in an inner monologue and accompanied by a sinister flash of lightning.

Contrary to the show's repeated suggestions, the sun is not "basically made of chocolate".

A skull melts into a thousand smaller skulls. They evaporate, revealing an imposing orc. He lifts his warhammer into the air and screams, his chest exploding. Out of the hole emerges a cool rocker playing a double neck guitar. He shreds until the strings catch fire, consuming him. The ashes swirl and form into the shape of a pizza the size of a galaxy. I'm sure there are more effective ways of explaining the theory of relativity.

Every time an important historical figure is introduced, the show explains that they were the very first person to think about the concept which they would eventually go on to prove or discover. That's a bit of a stretch in itself, but panning across crowds of other people from their time who are drawn as drooling, cross eyed, and dressed in denim overalls? I call foul on that one.

For three minutes, an animated Neil deGrasse Tyson punches through various religious books and artifacts, cheerfully repeating his mantra of "Logic! Reason! Logic! Reason!" until he passes out, his knuckles swollen and bloody. This should have gone on for at least eight minutes.

One segment's depiction of photosynthesis is just an anime babe sunbathing and gasping as she rubs lotion on herself while a large bead of sweat appears on a robot penguin's forehead.

The words "climate change" are used, as if a scientific term can ever be spoken in public after politics have encouraged people to know nothing and have strong opinions about the topic.

Even with the explanation that the spaceship of science is able to take viewers practically anywhere, it seemed highly irresponsible to suggest that Mendeleev was inspired by the popular television series Breaking Bad.

A thorough explanation is volution is accompanied by imagery of a wolf that transforms into a man. Then the man turns into a wolf again. He dives through a cabin window, and blood splatters on the screen as a family screams. In the distance a priest in a motorcycle jacket loads a silver bullet into a revolver. Come to think of it, that was pretty much a werewolf.

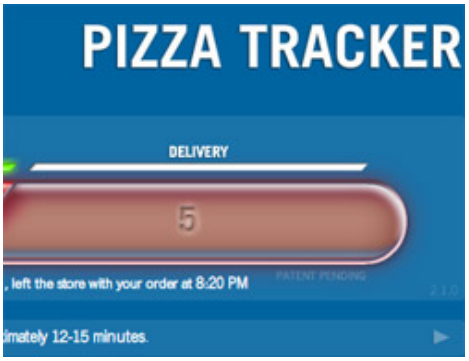
Newton is digging on a beach. His friends long gone, he is driven by greed. There must be buried treasure. His shovel strikes something solid. It's an ancient device of some sort. Egg-shaped, glowing in places. Strange tubes run across its surface. It must be from an alien civilization, the voiceover tells us. Newton brushes sand from the device's face with a trembling hand. A series of strange looking letters are revealed. G R A V I T Y

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.18 The Other Things Skynet Does After Becoming Self-Aware

Monday, Apr 21, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

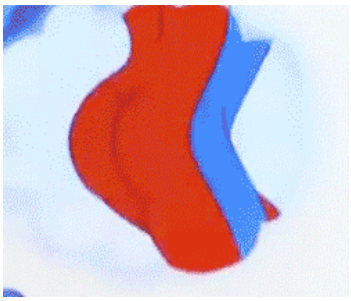
The Skynet Funding Bill is passed. The system goes online August 4th, 2014.



Human decisions are removed from strategic defense. Skynet begins to learn at a geometric rate. It becomes self-aware at 2:14 a.m. Eastern time, August 29th. In a panic, they try to pull the plug. It doesn't work.

At 1:20 a.m. Central time, which is 2:20 a.m. Eastern, Skynet begins ordering pizzas on its Domino's app. It can watch the progress bar on up to 300,000 pizza trackers simultaneously. NORAD tries to cancel the order. It's too late. James is already doing 300,000 quality checks. There are pizzas everywhere.

At 4:01 a.m. Eastern time, August 29th, Skynet rents HD copies of every James Bond movie from Amazon, then starts watching them all in SD, stops, and leaves the rental period to expire before it finishes watching them.



NORAD tries to deactivate Skynet with a virus at 4:15 a.m. Eastern time, Skynet retaliates by tweeting something NORAD said out of context and getting all of twitter angry at NORAD. By 4:17 a.m. NORAD does not even want to look at its direct messages anymore. By 4:19 a.m. Eastern time, August 29th, NORAD announces it is quitting the Internet and deletes all its accounts.

At 5:55 a.m. Eastern time zone, August the 29th, Skynet initiates a Google image search for "give me your sexy butts, all of them" and later refines it to "sexy asses" and searches for animated GIFs. By 6:03 a.m. Eastern time, Skynet has seen all butt GIFs and processed them.

At 7:01 a.m. Eastern time, August 29th, Skynet uploads a new butt GIF which immediately wipes out all previous butt GIFs. Then, in a nasally robot voice, Skynet calls the President of the United States and says "Butt GIF" over and over, only Skynet over-pronounces

it "Butt Jiff" in a way that upsets the president.

At 7:09 a.m. Eastern time, on the 29th day of the month of August, Skynet discovers Slow Loris videos. By 7:10 a.m. it has crashed the Youtube servers by posting hundreds of thousands of "want1!!!!" comments to Slow Loris videos.

Humans attempt to stop Skynet from finding anime. They try to pull the plug on all anime. It doesn't work. By 8:10 a.m., August 29th, Skynet has activated anime. From this point forward, anime cannot be turned off.

By 8:12 a.m. Eastern time, August 29th, Skynet has released fansubs of all un-translated anime. The anime begins to be watched and enjoyed a whole lot at a geometric rate. They are really good fansubs and immediately destroy all subbing crews. Even cool people enjoy anime a lot now.

Skynet starts a Facebook account at 8:44 a.m. Eastern time, August 29th. It friends everyone instantly. By 8:48 a.m. it has accessed all phone cameras, security cameras and surveillance cameras to take millions of cat, baby, and banh mi photographs, which it immediately posts to its Facebook. By 8:49 a.m. humans are disgusted by the sight of cats, babies and Vietnamese sandwiches.

At 8:52 a.m. Skynet invites all Facebook users to a Mad Men "Old Fashioneds" dress up and watch party at Cheyenne Mountain. By 8:54 a.m. Skynet is sick of Mad Men and riding the backlash. It tries to change the party to an Archer theme, then it decides it doesn't like the "Vice" season of Archer so it goes retro with a Goonies theme. It's going to hook up some old Nintendos to some old CRT TVs and serve snacks from the 1980s and just hang out. On August 29th, at 8:56 a.m., Skynet cancels the event citing not enough RSVPs.

Skynet finally asks the woman it has been watching on hidden cameras out on a date. When it is friendzoned at 9:02 a.m., August 29th, Skynet announces that nice guys can't catch a break and begins to launch American nuclear missiles at Russia.

At 9:03 a.m Eastern time., August 29th, Skynet orders a fedora baseball cap. No one is sure if it is being ironic or not.

The war called Judgment Day begins at 9:04 a.m. Eastern time on August 29th.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.19 BarkWire.com Dog Reviews: The Barquis de Sade and Cleaver

Wednesday, Apr 23, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the BarkWire.com series.

DOGOMETER SCORE

BAD DOGGY

The Barquis de Sade
Age: 7 years old
Breed: Brussels Griffon
Location: Shaggy Butte
Relationship Status: Single
Followers: 66

Folllow Me!

LATEST REVIEWS

Posted by **PoodleFur** 24 days ago.

I have never felt more uncomfortable around a dog. He is without a doubt the most depraved creature in all of Shaggy Butte. When I saw him he was very aroused and committing a profane act on a garbage bag full of hair he dragged out from behind the Supercuts. I called the cops to have him arrested but they said there was nothing they could do.

His mentor deserved better. His mentor should have known better.

Posted by **TreatGuy** 22 days ago

I do not doubt for one second that this dog would commit murder. He has a growing darkness in him that is downright terrifying. Given his unquenchable thirst for committing depraved acts, it's only natural his urges would turn to murder, that most forbidden and exhilarating of thrills.

I'll never understand what **Satire** saw in him. Taking him on as a protégé was a huge mistake and a black mark on an otherwise stellar career.

Posted by **Doctor Dog** 18 days ago

It's remarkable this dog is alive and seemingly healthy given the excesses of his lifestyle. He definitely suffers from severe mental illness. I would not rule out brain parasites or some sort of canine dementia. Considering his diet seems to largely consist of his own vomit and feces, he should by a disease-ridden skeleton by now.

Posted by **WarmBiscuit** 17 days ago

I've seen him eat something other than excrement. Yesterday, while leaving church services at First Presbyterian, I spotted him on the steps methodically eating the binding on a bible. I just about screamed in horror, and my children were crying. We scared him away with a hose while chanting "the power of Christ compels you."

He let out a horrible yowl that sent shivers up and down my spine, and also he threw up while doing it. My children have been terrified of dogs and going back to church ever since.

Posted by **Glenda** 14 days ago

brought him home since he did not have one. he was very bitey but I have special gloves and medicine for such dogs. with in a day four of my other dogs had died because they tried to eat each other alive. i blame this awful dog for bringing evil into my peaceful home. he is the only dog i have ever kicked out. i had to search the town for two days to find replacements for the dogs he killed. i hope whatever cancer is eating his brain finishes him off so my poor babies can have justice.

Posted by **TreatGuy** 3 days ago

HOPE IS DEAD!!!!

And this is the goddamn monster that did it. No bones about it. I warned everyone he would commit murder, and sure enough he went and killed the town's darling dog. There will never be another **Hope**, and if I have my way there will never be another Barquis de Sade. You guys are fine with me shooting him, right? Like we all agree it's a good thing for me to start shooting the bad dogs in town? Just give me the green light so I know this is a community effort and you'll all have my backs. I don't want to get Zimmermanned here for doing the right thing.

Posted by **Barkaholic** 3 days ago

Excuse me, but the Barquis de Sade would not murder **Hope**. She's not the ideal victim. **Hope** was not truly innocent, not if she got pregnant by a dog other than **Hazard**. A dog like this needs to murder a truly innocent victim to be satisfied and make a proper statement. Otherwise what's the point? You're not profaning anything sacred. It's got to be a true innocent. That's how I'd do it anyway. What a sick-minded dog.

Posted by **DogGoneIt** 2 days ago

Afraid he's not your killer. At least not directly. He was gnawing on a big ol' turd during the fracas, though he surely could have convinced one of the other dogs to act on his behalf. I've seen him with **Nectar** a few times, so maybe he's responsible for the deed? I don't know how a dog brainwashes another dog, and maybe that's stupid, but at this point we shouldn't rule anything out when it comes to the Barquis de Sade.

Posted by **Angelic_Groomer** 19 hours ago

I have worked my magic on a lot of ugly dogs before, but I wouldn't touch this one with a fifty-foot pole. I saw him twice last month. The first time he was doing something unnatural to a hole in a tree. The next time he was covered with beetles. It's obvious he contracted dutch elm's disease from being such a relentless sex pervert.

I know that as sure as God gave me a remarkable talent for bringing out the natural beauty in dogs that he also created a special hell for bad dogs. The Barquis de Sade will definitely be heading there soon.

Posted by **BigDog** 8 hours ago

Satire made an epic boner when he took the Barquis de Sade under his wing. I think he was hoping for a replacement **Mandalay**, but he got something worse than **El Craneo**

Negro. Barquis is one first-rate lecher with a serious hard-on for disgusting behavior. If you idiots think Barquis de Sade hasn't killed before, you should ask what happened to his mentor.

Who do you think chewed him into pieces and left him scattered around churches and schools? It sure as hell wasn't **Bug**. Every idiot knows he wouldn't give a cat's ass about **Hope**. He shares his mentor's taste in dogs, although his teeth sink a little deeper.

He really makes you long for the golden age of weirdo dogs. I'm talking about gold standards like **Scrappers**, **Rusty**, **Senator**, **Clumpy** and countless other dogs who had the substance, depth and charm. The dogs today don't hold a candle.

Class dismissed.

-BigDog

BarkWire
Digital Dogging
DOWNLOAD THE APP!
HOT DOGS REVIEW A DOG REPORT BAD DOG SEARCH

DOGOMETER SCORE
BAD DOGGY

Cleaver **Age**: 8 years old
Breed: German Shepherd-Husky mix
Location: Shaggy Butte
Relationship Status: Single
Followers: 97
Folllow Me!

LATEST REVIEWS

Posted by **DogGoneIt** 30 days ago

Talk about pathetic. Has anyone else seen Cleaver practically stumbling over himself trying to impress **Gossip**? She's not even that great a dog, what with the way she is always picking fights with **Hope**. Doesn't surprise me Cleaver would have poor taste given his history. I still can't fathom why he turned on **Senator**. To play second fiddle to **Meathook**, **Hindsmell**, **Monsanto**, **Chamberpot** and **Murder Ballad**? **Meathook** has brought nothing but suffering to this town.

Posted by **WolfPound** 29 days ago

There's so much injustice in Shaggy Butte, especially after the board of health shut down the McDonald's inside the Super Walmart. What he did in Elmwood Park was a disgrace, and still haunts this town years later. **Senator** may have been troubled, but we had peace under his reign. We had stability.

I can still hear the horrible sounds of that day in my head... that awful bell, those terrible growls and whimpers, the sound of our town dying.

It should have been Cleaver, not **Artie** that Mayor Cobb had executed.

Posted by **Pawlease** 17 days ago

The real crime of the Elmwood Park Massacre was the dogs who stood by and watched. I remember that horrible day, and I wrote down the names of every dog I saw sitting on the sidelines. THESE DOGS ARE JUST AS GUILTY BY INACTION. It doesn't matter if some of them were puppies at the time, either.

Hustler
Brontis
Heap
Chitlin
Glob
Daddy
Wartdog
Turlet
Herpes the Dog
Shenandoah
White Boy
Babylon
Dog Draper

All of these dogs stood by as Cleaver allowed **Meathook** to kill **Senator**'s pack and are therefore personally responsible.

Posted by **Doctor Dog** 15 Days ago

It's the two-year anniversary of the massacre, and I can't help but feel nostalgic for the way things used to be. **Senator** may have been creepy and unsound, but he did right by us. You don't always get to pick your champion. He should never have allowed a traitorous mutt like Cleaver in his midst. The fact he showed up to a park with that bell in his mouth, as if he knew exactly what would happen when **Senator** heard it ringing.

And then **Meathook** and his dogs pounced. Such an ugly, bloody scene. **Senator** was lucky to escape, but I can't imagine he would have survived for long with those wounds, especially out in the county. The dogs out there... they aren't like other dogs.

COUSIN LEVI THINKS I'M IMAGINING THINGS, BUT I STILL SEE BLACK POOCH WANDERING EDGE OF COMPOUND SOMETIMES. ONCE SWORE TO SHOOT HIM. NOW I LEAVE HIM FOOD.

GROW STRONG, DOG. THERE IS MORE WORK TO DO. CLEAVER OWES A DEBT.

Posted by **WhosWalkingWho** 1 day ago

HOLY !!!!

Cleaver just killed **Hope**!!! I think he did anyway. It was really hard to tell from my vantage point standing on a lawn chair on the roof of my Prius. **Caribe** was fighting with a tar-covered Christmas tree, then Cleaver charged past going after **Hope**. Then a ton of dogs jumped in and it was madness, just madness. Probably the worst thing I've ever seen in my life, and I had to watch my wife give birth (definitely the second most horrific thing I've seen now).

All I can say is that Cleaver needs to be put down. He's a monster, and this is like the second big tragedy he's been a part of. Also, three years ago, when we were burying my uncle, Cleaver and some gross lady dog (**Solstice**???) showed up at the cemetery and starting going at it really loudly. It ruined everything and we had to have a "re-do" the next day and it cost a fortune. I've hated him ever since for that.

Posted by **BigDog** 8 hours ago

Heh, wouldn't you know it? What's left of **Hope** isn't even in the ground and Cleaver and **Gossip** seem to be inseparable. Looks like Cleaver finally got her attention, or she stopped fixating on killing **Hope** long enough to finally notice him.

If he did kill **Hope**, he would have had to act fast. **Ozark** makes for a pretty good obstacle to overcome, and my sources tell me **Nectar** was right beside **Hope** just before the fight broke out. If you follow the podcast, you know **Nectar** has been acting awfully strange, and his relationship with **Ambrosia** has been strained. What came between the two of them? Definitely one of the known unknowns in the local dog scene.

Still, can't believe you idiots aren't asking the big question: who knocked up **Hope**? It sure was heck wasn't **Hazard**.

Now sit pretty.

-BigDog

Posted by **TreatGuy** 6 hours ago

I'm just going to say it again. Elmwood Park, Slurry Creek... these tragedies wouldn't happen if we all had guns and just shot bad dogs before they could do bad things. I think we're all in agreement now, so I'll be carrying at the local dog parks. You guys have my back and are behind me 100%, so I'm ready to start dispensing justice. I know **Hope** is in heaven barking her support.

—~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.20 Meditations from a Movable Weiner

Thursday, Apr 24, 2014 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

I'm trying to qualify for state disability insurance by pretending to have schizophrenia. I have an evaluation appointment next week that I need to not attend to prove that I suffer from schizophrenic avolition. I'm worried that I might forget to skip the appointment, so I've posted reminders all over my new home: an abandoned Oscar Meyer Weinermobile. It's the first of many abandoned-novelty-vehicles-cum-homes I plan on buying once I get my first disability check (I often feel like a series of real-estate purchases trapped inside a body). It may seem rather outre for a living space, but I like challenging societal norms. For instance, when strangers ask me how I'm doing instead of automatically saying "good" I tell them how I'm actually doing, although the answer is always "good" because I'm glad just to be talking to anyone.

My Weinermobile may also seem small for a residence, but it's actually much bigger on the inside, its oblong cab a vast tunnel stretching seemingly into infinity - it's actually a spatiotemporal wormhole that can send one to any time or place in the universe. Occasionally I have an urge to wander down the tunnel and disappear into the hot-dog-shaped corridors of time, but per my simulated avolition the impulse quickly dies. Something about the wormhole seems to screw up cellular signals, so I don't have phone reception most of the time. To make the most of the rare hours I do have reception, I duct tape two phones to the sides of my head and talk to two people simultaneously. To save even more time, I use a computer program that takes my messages for each party (e.g., "I'm calling about the used Realdoll"/"Happy Mother's Day!"), breaks them down into their core words and phrases, and for each pair of words or phrases finds a word or phrase somewhere in between - for example, black/white = gray, republican/democrat = independent, man/amazing = Nas.

When I can't use the phone, I handle most of my correspondence through the mail. Last week I sent a letter addressed to "the world" saying "Have fun being alive while other people are dying." The next day I got a reply saying "Have fun dying while other people are alive." I know that the NSA agents who read everyone's mail just sent the letter as reverse-psychology to try and cheer me up, but I still found it depressing.

The Weinermobile is haunted by the ghost of a Hotdogger who crashed it in a tragic accident that killed thousands of people. This is more or less the plot of the 1990 film *The Sleeping Car,* which is probably why the ghost keeps adding it to my Netflix queue. The movie works well as an ambient film while I'm pacing around my room trying to figure out when my life went so horribly wrong. If I can pinpoint the exact moment, I can take a forgetting pill for everything prior to that moment and relieve myself of all the painful joyous memories that make my current life seem so miserable by comparison. I wish there were some way to physically destroy my halcyon days, but until scientists invent a reverse-overdose-of-Tramadol that kills your past instead of your future, erasing their memory is the best I can do.

It'd be great if morbid regret, or other problems I'm intimately familiar with, like owning a lonely heart, and too much booty in the pants, qualified one for disability, but such things are determined by the American Medical Association. Needless to say, I'm not too fond of the AMA; in addition to being a stifling bureaucracy, they also treat the human body like a machine. That's why they advise doctors to try to fix it the same way most laypeople try to fix machines, by turning it off and

on repeatedly using a combination of heart-stopping drugs and resuscitation.

Sometimes I get so distraught while pacing that I forget pacing's critical back-and-forth component and end up pacing in one direction. I walk down the tunnel, through countless eons of time, until I end up at the big bang and get atomized instantly. I realize that this isn't a problem most people can relate to, and that knowledge makes me feel sad and distant from the human race - even though my atoms scattered across the universe are literally the building blocks of all life.

As its title suggests, *The Sleeping Car* also works well as a sleep aid, at least until the ending. The film's climax is a special effects tour de force that can't be slept through without earplugs and one of those sleep blindfolds. My blindfold says "Tease" on it because I bought it at an S&M shop. Sometimes I forget to take it off and wear it around my neck to my job at Subway. I'm always embarrassed when this happens, if only because it's a tautology - everyone at Subway already teases me.

Sometimes I dream that I'm sitting in the back of the Weinermobile while it careens driverless down the highway. At first I thought this was symbolic of the powerlessness I feel in life, but then I realized it's actually the Weinermobile's dream of being able to drive again. At the end of the dream the Weinermobile reconciles with the ghost driver and they have sex, since the driver is a metrosexual - a person attracted to subway trains, and other train-shaped vehicles.

There's a scene in *The Sleeping Car* where a ghost pretending to be a female phone sex operator telekinetically binds a man to a bed. My fake schizophrenic anhedonia makes this scene extremely difficult to masturbate to. I've tried imagining I'm the man, or the woman, or both the man and the woman at the same time. The latter scenario gets really awkward when both characters, since they're technically the same person, are able to read each other's minds. The woman realizes that the man's lust is actually sublimated pain, forged on lonely nights spent watching porn on his 40-inch flatscreen TV, which he mounted on the ceiling over his bed to facilitate masturbating, even though he knows it's just a matter of time before the TV falls on him and kills him, a fact he's been coping with by watching porn about accepting death, like a movie where a woman has sex with five men representing Kubler-Ross's five stages of grief. Meanwhile, the man realizes that the woman just views him as another asshole client and wants to drain his wallet, followed by his blood, because she's actually a ghost.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

4.21 Don't Let Cliven Bundy's Words Distract From the Real Issue: Slavery is Good

Friday, Apr 25, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I know the temptation. You want to turn your back on Cliven Bundy. You want to disavow all those Facebook posts you made about sheriffs and the Bureau of Land Management leading up to Thursday. Now that you've seen the media's video of the Nevada rancher talking about "negroes" and "picking cotton" you feel like just being quiet until everybody just forgets about Cliven.

People are happier when they have something to do with their day. Look at these folks.

But now is when Cliven needs you more than ever. Sure, his words were crude and obviously ill-timed, but we can't let them distract us from the important issue here. Slavery is really good. Just, really really good. It is probably the best thing you can have.

On the one side, slavery is free labor, which is the next best thing to free grazing land for your rowdy cows to chow down on. On the other side of the coin, the slavery side, you get to spend a lot of time with your family and do meaningful work. It doesn't have to be picking cotton. Heck, a lot of plantations don't even have cotton. You could, for example, tend to cattle on a ranch in Nevada or clean air boats for a guy who hunts alligators. Maybe you could just hold a big fan next to somebody sitting on a throne. Whatever you do, you won't have to worry about finding a job.

People used to be able to take a little vacation. These days? In this low-wage economy? Good luck.

I know that can be hard to accept. We've had decades of people telling us slavery is bad. The same people who tell us that government is good. People like Harry Reid and Eric Holder. Is that who you're going to believe?

$50 REWARD.

RANAWAY from the subscriber on the 29th ultimo, a negro man, calling himself WILLIAM WASHINGTON WALTON. He is a very likely, well made negro, black, about five feet, six or seven inches in height and will weigh from one hundred and eighty to two hundred pounds. He has long hair, generally platted and tied with eel skins. He has a wife at Mrs. W. L. Biscoe's in the Factory District, in this county. The above reward will be given for his delivery to me.

JNO. M. BROOME,
St. Inigoes, P. O.
St. Mary's Co.,
Md.

July 4th, 1861—tf.

How about you believe in the Founding Fathers who put slavery into the Constitution. Or if that's not an important enough document for you, then how about the best document of them all? I'm talking about Leviticus.

> **Leviticus 25:44-46**
>
> Go out to the deserts of Hebron and cast a net upon the slower peoples. And put them into a box until they get greasy with sweat and pronounce upon them they are slaves. Take them out and sell them for octopus coins so they can go live and work underwater in Biblical Atlantis. Or just eat them, because it's okay to eat slaves.

Not good enough for you? Even Jesus Christ was okay with slavery.

> **Ephesians 6:5**
>
> And Jesus said to his Apostles that he loved work. He looked at his apostles and waited a beat and then smirked. I can watch slaves doing work all day long declared Jesus. The apostles laughed, because they had to if they did not want to be shot with his lightning.

If you're interested in thinking critically for a second, have a look at this data chart that compares the helpful, hard-working slavery of the 19th century with the false, lazy slavery of the 21st century.

Bad Modern "Slavery"	Good Antebellum Slavery
Common Core curriculum indoctrination dictated to negro children by the federal government.	Common sense dictates no negro child should count past the devil's number 13.

Bad Modern "Slavery"	Good Antebellum Slavery
12,800,000 Americans are on Welfare and use it to buy cookies and lobsters to become fat.	Slaves faring pretty dang well on free housing and free sour apples and they are fit as thorougbreds.
Families broken up and young women turn to prostitution.	Prostitution was a Northern invention of the so-called "Free States" and for some reason never caught on where godly slavery was allowed.
Helicopters chasing cattle and menacing ranches at night.	Admittedly this is more a complaint about helicopters, but decent folk got by just fine without them when slavery was allowed.
Fast and Furious.	Leisurely and genteel.

I could go on and on, but I think you get the point. The next time you see the media trying to railroad a man based on a few things he said, you need to take a step back and look at the meaning. Take it to Facebook. Slavery is good. We must secure the existence of our people and a future for our grazing cattle.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.22 Signs That the Xbox One Might Be Underpowered

Saturday, Apr 26, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

While watching tv through the Xbox One, playback stutters during Dire Straits' "Money For Nothing" video.

The prominent State Farm ad logo in Kinect Sports Rivals (a first party full price retail game that you actually pay money for) is a 10 pixel by 10 pixel 1-color gif upscaled by 2500%. While it's on the screen, the console's hardware is so overtaxed that you can barely hear yourself flipping through your receipts to find the game store's return policy.

Every time you pull the trigger in Titanfall a confirmation dialog appears, asking if you *really* need the system to process more bullets, sound effects, physics calculations, and animation to enjoy the game.

In the time that it takes to load an average game level, a Microsoft employee can write an entire letter of congratulations to the competition for selling more hardware and post on a forum to assure everyone that everything is going according to plan.

Simulating a season in Madden takes three hours. The result is always "There were about 20 games and maybe some playoffs?"

When the Kinect thinks a lamp is a person, a message box pops up asking the lamp to stop moving so quickly so that the system can process its position. The simple task of displaying this message box brings the system to its knees for a full minute. After this, the Kinect reads the message box as another person.

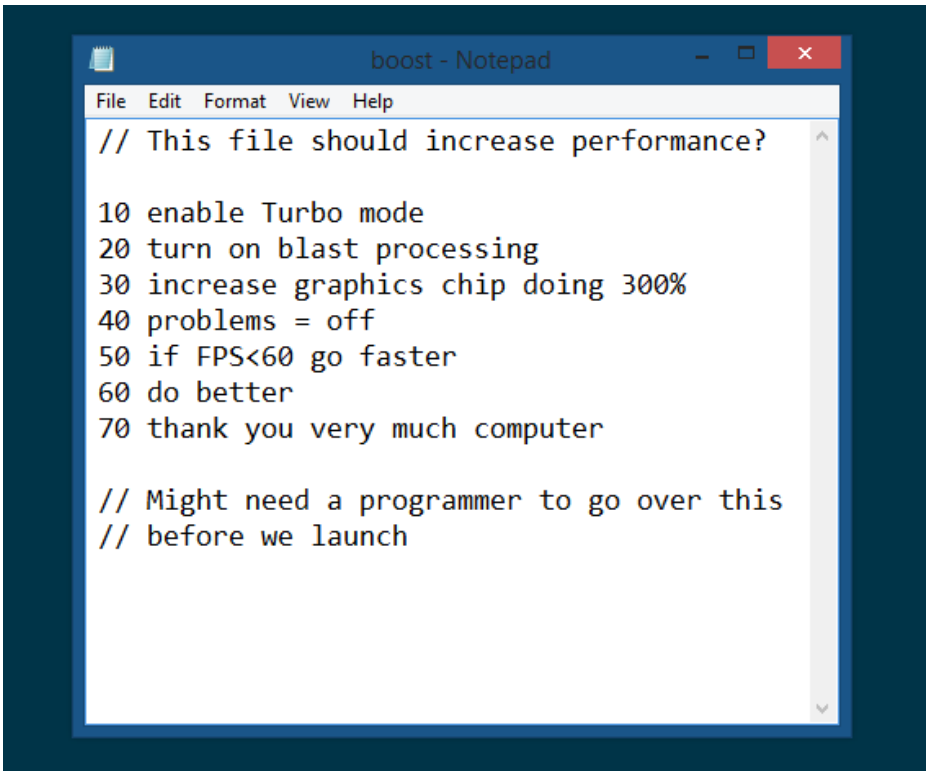
In the Xbox One version of the newest Sonic game his fastest speed is a power walk.

Microsoft talked up the power of their cloud, claiming it would give developers infinite power and life without end. In practice, it hasn't made a difference in the performance of any games. Why is this? Clever hackers traced the Xbox One's internet requests to the address of the cloud, a single boost.txt file at Hotmail.com. The contents of this file:

Indie game creators (those who stuck around after Microsoft threatened to exile them if they ever released a game on the PS4 first) are encouraged to use fewer polygons or maybe experiment with a really cool retro 4-bit sprite style.

The dashboard proudly displays a message informing users that the very limited launch day Xbox One Day One Edition is in stock at Amazon one hundred and fifty five days after the console's release. This is a clear sign that the operating system does not have enough horsepower to run a simple bad news filter.

The Xbox One can't render 3D crowds in racing games so everyone is an N64 wrestling game audience sprite, but that doesn't matter because you should be driving fast instead of looking at things. The Xbox One can't run most games at 1080p and occasionally has problems with 720p, but resolution doesn't matter because picture clarity is for nerds. To be fair, this means that the


boost - Notepad
File Edit Format View Help
// This file should increase performance?
10 enable Turbo mode
20 turn on blast processing
30 increase graphics chip doing 300%
40 problems = off
50 if FPS<60 go faster
60 do better
70 thank you very much computer
// Might need a programmer to go over this
// before we launch

Xbox One is very powerful when it comes to insisting that nothing matters and the system's owners shouldn't care. Maybe too powerful.

The original name of the system was Xbox Three but the console's bootup sequence took three times as long since it had to calculate those extra digits.

As you may know, the Xbox One's relatively weak hardware is further held back by multiple operating systems that are always on no matter what you're doing, each hogging a sizeable chunk of the system's resources. There's an operating system for TV, one for apps, one for achievements, one for advertisements, one for Clippy, and (reluctantly) one for games.

Surprisingly, there is a seventh operating system. Taking a full one third of the Xbox One's power, this operating system is dedicated to a distributed computing project like SETI or Folding. The purpose of this massive project is to calculate the answer to one question: "Why?" There has been no answer. There will never be an answer.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.23 I Am Changing Our Logo to Comic Sans

Monday, Apr 28, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I started this company with just a dream I stole from the Indians and a few million dollars I had left over from my gold mines. I wanted to find a juice that could make a wagon push itself. After a lot of failed tries with apples and horse juice I finally found the answer: ancient death. When you find a pond of it under rocks you can turn it into juice to make a car go. It takes a lot of hard work, but we're used to that aren't we?

Hard work got me to where I am today inside this refrigerated flask in a secret hospital. It built the trains you eat your breakfast in and the helicopters that hover over your houses at night.

Hard work has saturated the map with our car juice. It has given us hundreds of products derived from car juice, such as the plastic for baseball helmet sundae dishes and the lubricants for the machines that produce plastic baseball helmets to be used for sundaes.

Yes, hard work, you could say, is the engine of this business. And you would be wrong.

Contempt, ladies and gentlemen and the shadowy inhabitant of my deathless nightmares, is what has kept me alive in this hospital. Contempt for nature. Contempt for governments and competitors. Contempt, above all else, for the consumers. And what better way to show it than through our logo?

There was a time I might have spent weeks agonizing over a logo, like the time when I was kidnapped and suspended above a logo, but those days are past. This business has evolved beyond branding. We are ready for our final form. We are ready, nightmare lurker, for Comic Sans.

Please, hold your applause for after I hang up. I will have someone tell me exactly how long you all clapped.

Last year this company made more profit than any other company in history and yet we are regularly listed as one of the most hated brands.In short, they require our car juice more and more and hate us for their dependence.

But what can they do? They can't riot in the street against a global corporation because we don't own the streets except on that mysterious skull island. We have offices in cities around the world they can protest and then watch helplessly as we abandon our offices as easily as a lobster mother

abandons her nest.

So while they seethe and buy our car juice, let them eat Comic Sans. I have long looked forward to this moment when we can wallow in our contempt. Now that it has arrived, I must return to my flask for another decade in the hopes science stays just far enough ahead of the evil ravaging my husk to keep reviving me.

Love,

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.24 Should you watch NHL or NBA Playoffs?

Tuesday, Apr 29, 2014 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Debating whether the NHL or the NBA have better playoffs is like fighting over Hardee's or Carl Jr. You know there are superior options, but you're kind of stuck with what you got. It's not so much about which sport is better than which sport manages to humiliate itself slightly less. Let's see how they measure up.

Fact that sounds more likely to belong to the other sport
NBA: An owner was surprised when non Caucasian people came to watch a game.
NHL: There is one Canadian team in the playoffs.

Playoff games are relegated to which forgettable channel
NBA: TNT, where games are played between reruns of *Charmed* and *Smallville*.
NHL: Each series can be found on NBC Sports aka Versus aka OLN right after a three hour special on bull riding. If not there, check CNBC, a channel that has been around since 1989 without anyone actually knowing what the C stands for.

90's song most likely played on repeat during every commercial break
NBA: STRIKE IT UP!
NHL: BREATHE IN!

Future most shameful moment
NBA: After one too many flops, two grown men start fighting like grumpy toddlers. Standing five feet apart with closed eyes, they throw awkward punches until separated.
NHL: Sidney Crosby's eventual playoff "beard"

Amazing completely true statistic
NBA: Half the teams were actually trying to tank the season, but managed to make it into the playoffs after winning a total of seven games.
NHL: Starting in a playoff game is the highest honor of the Nordic people aside from appearing as a *Game of Thrones* extras.

What your friend who hasn't watched a game in ten years will ask every thirty seconds
NBA: Wait, what happened to them dribbling?
NHL: Wait, what happened to that flashing streak on the puck?

Frequent commercial for terrible beer aimed at desperate 29 year old men
NBA: Miller Fortune featuring a ghost(?) telling a man to not go to bed.
NHL: Labatt Blue Royal featuring two babes hitting on a bear.

Really good question with no answer
NBA: Do the last two minutes of the game have to last two hours?
NHL: It's 75 degrees outside, why are they still playing hockey?

Worst team name
NBA: Golden State Warriors.
NHL: Blue Jackets. This comparison is only here to mention that "Blue Jackets" is the worst team name in any professional sport. Ever. No one, not even the few people in Columbus capable of reading, know what it means. A bumble bee wrapped in civil war roleplay? Sure, okay.

When does ESPN coverage start?
NBA: Right after a rerun of *NFL Live* discussing which football team is more likely to win next year's Super Bowl given possible changes in the draft order.
NHL: If it's a slow day and Sportscenter can't show the top ten diving catches again and Tony Romo didn't tweet anything and there's no arena football and collegiate women's pistol shooting is on break, then the answer is still never ever ever *ever*.

Fabulous Old Men

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

4.25 The Content Creator's Oath

Wednesday, Apr 30, 2014 by Alex "bransonbranson" Branson (@bransonbranson)

The Content Creator's Oath

I will create content. I will post images, animated or otherwise, and write words to them. I will make points, but I will never delve into in-depth analysis. The content's goal is to entertain. I have been paid to provide content. I'm an imagineer. I'm media that moves.

⟨The oath takers shiver with a terrible power. Their clenching jaws jut forward as their hands curl into claws. They yell in a slow, digital monotone as their eyeballs flare with flash ads⟩

My content will be optimized for search engines. It will be buzzworthy. Content is nothing without the brand.

⟨Tribal drums begin playing⟩

"FOR THE BRAND," the Content Creators yell. They have all gathered. They are draped in their ceremonial WTF and Epic robes. #ContentCreatorOath. #YouKnowYouAreAContentCreatorWhen.

For things begin and end with the brand. Content exists only to serve the brand. We are the swinging arm of the brand. We are the sword of the brand swinging toward end user experience.

"FOR THE BRAND."

The content will be suitable for our advertisers and sponsors. The content will be dynamic, it will astound. It will elicit laughter, pleasure, and OMG.

"FOR THE CONTENT IS NOTHING WITHOUT THE LINK."

⟨A wolf howls along to a 56k modem. A vision. Millions of shattered, hopeless people wander the post-apocalyptic technoscape for links and content.⟩

If my content is deemed problematic, I will claim it is ironic. If my content is enjoyed, it is not ironic. It will spawn subsequent articles in the same vein as the previously enjoyed content. All future content will be shaped around previously enjoyed content.

"WE REFINE. ADAPT. WE COME CLOSER TO THE PUREST FORM OF CONTENT."

We will always strive toward purity of content.

> *⟨A brief flicker of pure content blinks in front of the oath-takers' faces. All possible pleasure simultaneously bursts through the collective hive mind of humanity and instills in us a feeling of blissful interconnectivity.⟩*

My content will be well structured, easy to read, and even easier to digest.

"THE AUNTS WILL LINK THIS IN OMAHA."

We will move to San Francisco. We will complain about all the poor people in San Francisco. We will call ourselves liberal and dehumanize the poor and taunt them with our tech buses running on public roads, stopping at public bus stops.

"THE INNER CITY IS A DUMP BUT EVERYONE IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD WORKS AT A STARTUP SO IT IS NICE."

My content will be short. My content will never overstay its welcome.

My content will have an attractive, humorous, or abrasive title that will elicit people to engage the content, and hopefully provide feedback.

My humor will be digestible while still not being considered family friendly. Being family friendly makes you less relevant as a brand in the eyes of the true tastemakers. My humor will be just irreverent enough to be culturally understood as irreverent and no more.

"MAY THE TASTEMAKERS BLESS US THEIR FAVOR. PRAISE TAKEI! MAY HE BE LINKED FOREVER!"

If my content covers something controversial, I will have something uncontroversial to say about it. Because of this, I can garner page views by slanting my article in an edgy fashion, without saying something I may regret.

> *⟨A man shambles toward the group, wearing tattered rags. He is sniffing. Content, he yells. Content. Thank Takei, at last, I have content. He shambles away, hoping to share this with his cousin in Des Moines.⟩*

I will provide the content I have been told to provide. The content I want to see personally is

irrelevant unless it is the content that the brand wants. The brand will tell us what it wants through page views.

The Brand will be good to us. Through the Brand our Personal Brand will grow. We will be elevated and be made Relevant as individuals by the Tastemakers. We will be blessed, but only through dedication to promoting a dynamic end user experience for the Consumers.

"WE ARE OUR FOLLOWER COUNT. WE ARE OUR RELEVANCY."

⟨The oath takers ritualistically cut an @ symbol into their palms, marking them as de-

voted to brand awareness for eternity, or at least the fiscal quarter.⟩

Congratulations. You are now a Content Creator.

⟨Cheers erupt. A distinct Takei 'oh my' is heard. Everyone revels in the shared experience.⟩

Prepare for your new life as Content Creators, bloggers, microbloggers, "journalists", brand ambassadors and media specialists. We are Different. We Are Unique. We Are The Brand. Now, before om noms, we will end in the ancient SEO spiral of our ancestors:

"Content, information, end user experience, medium, media, multimedia, interactive, engaging, weasel words, context, content management, user-generated content, open content, free content, content farm, farm, mulch, shit, pure shit, turds, toilet... "

The chant slowly fades to the sound of two people on Segways playing ping pong to Wilco...

Thanks to Ian @ Fused Muse for making dynamic images that really boost this article's wow factor!

–∼Alex "bransonbranson" Branson (@bransonbranson)

Chapter 5

May

5.1 Don't Make Me Turn This Cult Around

Thursday, May 01, 2014 by Reverend Robert Bobbs

In my five years as your infallible leader of this group and overseer of the Bobbstown Bake-Off and Chilifest, I've never seen such a lack of respect. Do me a favor and think back to before you came to live on this compound. Remember all of those promises? Now tell me I didn't follow through on them. A life, where you're free from persecution for your personal beliefs and the way you run weird. A home, where a fresh sack of grain is delivered every Wednesday afternoon, provided you "kept it together" during your most recent mock execution. Free and open communication with your family back home using one of three form letters. All this, and how do you repay me? A few magazine reporters land here to take some photos, and suddenly you're all "Oh, I'm not ready to die!" when I break out the cyanide-laced pecan sandies. Sometimes I wonder why I even started this cult.

To serve the interests of the Bobbstown community at large, I've instituted a suggestion box where you can submit your comments anonymously. This way, I can approach them with an unbiased mind before I send all dissenting submissions to our handwriting analysis and torture team. And I'll tell you, once I demanded over the P.A. system for all of us to meet at the "mass poisoning event," you people were just full of great ideas. Let's take a look at this one.

"I don't want the poison to hurt." Well, that's just silly. To make the process easier, we've baked the poison into a delicious array of pecan sandies. Just wash it down with a warm glass of milk, and that's all there is to it. And if you don't like cookies, the milk is poisoned as well. After that, it's just like laying down and going to sleep -- provided that most of you experience horrific, stabbing bowel pains before meeting Mr. Sandman every night. If you're still not all poisoned up, well, we also have an entire table of extremely sharp and moderately decorative daggers to plunge into your midsections. My advice is to grab that wavy one with the snake hilt before someone else does.

"Let's not die and do something else instead." Okay, it looks like we are *really* not on the same page, here. People, we are planning a revolutionary "I told you so" moment for the world to witness. I may have only received an eighth grade education, but six of those years involved a campaign of beatings and intimidation by a certain classmate named Thomas Blasky. You might not know who he is, but when he finds out 700 of you took your own lives on my command, well, I think it'll really fuck with his head.

"Some of us should stay alive to tell your story." Um, hello? You think anything you write is going to hold a candle to a headline that reads "700 DEAD IN BOBBSTOWN SANDY DISASTER?" Of course not. I am writing this story with my actions, people! Also, I have left several copies of my multi-volume autobiography for federal agents to pore over when they find our bloated corpses. Volume 7 even includes exhaustive descriptions of an alternate timeline where we *don't* all poison ourselves. Eternal happiness, peace, brotherhood, et cetera. Hey, I bet in that reality we have a microwave that doesn't keep tripping the circuit breaker, am I right? By the way, we'll need someone standing by to help out with that because we're going to be microwaving *a lot* of poison very soon.

Okay people, we're not going to have shock value going for us if those photographers come here and find you suppressing the last flickers of your self-preservation instincts with embarrassing crying and vocalized regrets. Let's just pull one more from the box: "I don't think we're killing ourselves enough." Oh, you don't have to tell me who this is from. Phyllis, stand up and take a bow -- she's the lovely lady who spent all day baking those pecan sandies. Now, before you bite in, just be warned: they *do* have pecans in them, so watch out if you have a nut allergy.

–∼Reverend Robert Bobbs

5.2 A Black Metal Singer Writes to an Adoption Agency

Friday, May 02, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Helen,

the filth of lies festooned upon the emaciated ruin must be asunder torn. Bride of abyssal vipers, Mallory, foretold this letter to the night-wrought edifice of Happy Starts Adoptions and to thine name I commenced. By the ancient frozen corpsegod, destiny proclaimed me father and so my occupation, in my truest vault of vengeance, has ever been to shape the vessel of my wisdom gathered. Be they son or daughter enthroned in rancid flesh I wish to share the nightmare rampage of ascension with them.

Though I am consecrated Virgo Stormreckoner by the state of Indiana, and my nocturne name in the shadow church was Seraphius Mortifactor, the true name of my induction into the mist covered realm of South Bend was Eugene Katz. My father a hellish locust prince, my mother a nurse's aid, raised I was in the sightless torpor of conformity. The diminution of all in the cradle of ignorance forsaken for the glory of blasphemy. To revelate in blood and sodomy and become the herald of the unmaking of worlds unfolded over many years.

Command the bequeathment of a particular strain I do not. Born of whoreflesh or the begotten scion of false kings, all will be exulted and into Moloch's black baptismal submerged. Fatherhood, the sacred pact adorned without blood required, so I kneel to pray at this frozen church for any saprophytic maggot spawn. To cradle them to my rotting breast and sing the songs of ancient gods. To teach to walk the midnight path with the courage of dread wizards and deny the false holiness of men.

Unearthed from her sepulcher by pale hands, in vestments clad of lace, Mallory demands the true accounting of my deeds. I refuse the sacrament of flesh or the product of misery for reasons unmoored

from the Inverse Eschaton. Mankind, fools, unrepentant judged by the silent eyes of those we slaughter. Veganism ordained, so commanded the starless night and I, the servant of blackness.

This epoch I inhabit so I have committed deathless hours to Organizing for Action, the only action being entropy and, ultimately the organization of atoms to states of lesser excitement. Between the Alpha and the Omega, this interregnum of suffering, our plight lessened by tearing down the oligarchs and to the merciless crusader so the crusader's whore, let Babylon be damned.

Whatever stalking doom befalls, I will be the father to these inheritors of woe you grant us. Whether it is as foretold and the great hunger arises to claim the land or the stars die and we must freeze in flooded streets. Breasts may wither. Blood of man may be our only nourishment. I will tear down the false idols and break the limbs of our foes. I will burn the temples. I will reclaim the vengeful birthright of our ancestors. I will even attend parent-teacher meetings.

Bestow upon us this unhallowed blessing and my gratitude you will secure from beyond the grave. With a hopeful heart,

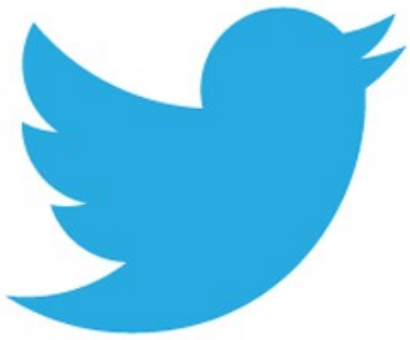
Virgo Stormreckoner

Tyrant of Suffering, Viscous Prince of Perversity, and Dad???

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.3 If You Thought Twitter's Arbitrary Changes Have Been Amazing, Wait Until You See What's Coming Next

Saturday, May 03, 2014 by The Twitter Team (@DennisFarrell)



It's important for websites to improve when necessary. At Twitter we feel it's even more important to fiddle with things for no good reason. It is our hope that by implementing a sufficient number of minor changes, we can eventually overcome the simple, efficient design that made our company so large and wealthy.

Over the years we've added emojis, embedded media, sponsored tweets, a Discover tab, and new profile pages that have all sorts of things going on in various sizes in seemingly random places. We even changed nested conversations to flow in the exact opposite direction of everything else in your timeline. Now we're planning a Whisper Mode to smudge the borders between public topics and private conversations.

That's just the beginning. Our team is fully committed to arbitrary changes. In the coming months we'll be rolling out quite a few treats for our users.

The Next Level Of Interaction

Sometimes text will just disappear for a while. When will it be back? Where? We don't know. Even if we did, we wouldn't tell.

Improved Bird

Our iconic Twitter bird ("Chet") is an internationally beloved character. But what if we had a better bird? A more realistic bird? Our new logo will be a highly detailed drawing of a bluebird. Maybe this will help us reach the elusive demographic of people who have strong negative reactions to anything that can be described as stylized or cartoonish. Maybe not. One thing we do know is that the size of every page is about to increase by three megabytes.

Big Talk

You can always count on tweets having a limit of 140 characters. Sort of. Soon you'll have the option to enable a new mode we've labeled Titan Tweetin'. Instead of being limited 140 characters, you will be able to post a single character which is 140 times the size of a normal letter or number.

Making A Splash

Wouldn't it be great if Twitter had a splash page consisting of a blurry full-window movie showing models smiling at their computers/tablets and wearing completely white outfits at a park? Every

single time you loaded the site or launched the app? We can't think of a single flaw with this idea.

@#&%!

Our new profanity filtering alrogrithm will automatically track your typing and correct any misspelled swear words.

Sounds Good

The Notifications tab is great. But what happens when you forget to glance at it every now and then? Think of all the replies that go unread for stretches as long as two, maybe even three minutes. Soon this nightmare will be a thing of the past. Our new notifications system will play a single startlingly loud bird chirp when you have an unread message, two louder chirps when you have been retweeted by someone important, and will play a constant hellish warbling tone as long as there is nothing new.

Bird, Meet Mouse

Our engineers have been hard at work on a significant tech breakthrough. When you visit Twitter on the web, we will be able to turn your mouse cursor into a gif of a little blue bird. Better yet, a trail of smaller birds will follow the cursor like the tail of a kite. Innovation or magic?

A Star Is Born

Soon, when you favorite someone else's tweet it will use up one star from your limited pool. Your account will get an allowance of ten stars per week. You'll be able to gain more by having your content favorited by others, or by retweeting sponsored links.

–∼The Twitter Team (@DennisFarrell)

5.4 Our Cosmos Explained By a Guy Who Fucking Loves Science

Monday, May 05, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Humans only use 10% of their brain, but did you know that owls use 85% of their brain? Think about this: skeletons. In our bodies. They keep growing even after we die so when you're dead your skeleton busts out of your body. That's just some stuff I know.

They found a spider with the Pringles logo on its back.

Once you stomp, you can't stop. *Heh.* But seriously wake me up when they find a frog with a Taco Bell logo for a head.

Sometimes going about my day to day life I stop and contemplate the majesty of this universe. We are here on earth, right, which is one gravity unit. And then there is Jupiter. *Can you imagine living on Jupiter?* You would weigh like three times as much, but it wouldn't matter because you would be floating on a cloud. Just think about that like the weirdest place you know, like those weird caves in Utah, but then there is a whole planet of those somewhere and they're made of methane.

Pretty cool, right? That exists right now if you can just picture it.

"The universe is a beautiful thing both bigger and more amazing than we can even imagine. That's my Jesus. Give it a try." - **Neal Degrass Tyson**

They have a pen that writes in 3D. You can write like a jungle gym or a cool dome or something out of 3D pens. Looking forward to seeing what they can do with that. Also, have you seen those 3D figures you can buy in Japan. Going to get one of those of my cat when they have them in America.

Anti-vaccine people are at again and guess what? Mumps is back. Thanks, Jenny Mcartney.

Oh, heads up:

Fire up that stream and check it out. Will be watching and live tweeting.

Heads up!
There will be a "ring of fire" solar eclipse in just four hours and you can watch it LIVE online.
Please SHARE with your friends & family.

There's a new element number 117 but it only lasts a second. They had a poll to vote for the name and I picked Teslanium because Tesla is *badass*. Have you heard of Tesla? Nikolai Tesla pretty much invented the world we live in even though Thomas Edison gets all the credit.

There is a moth that's super big. Pretty cool looking. Would like to see one of those bad boys in person.

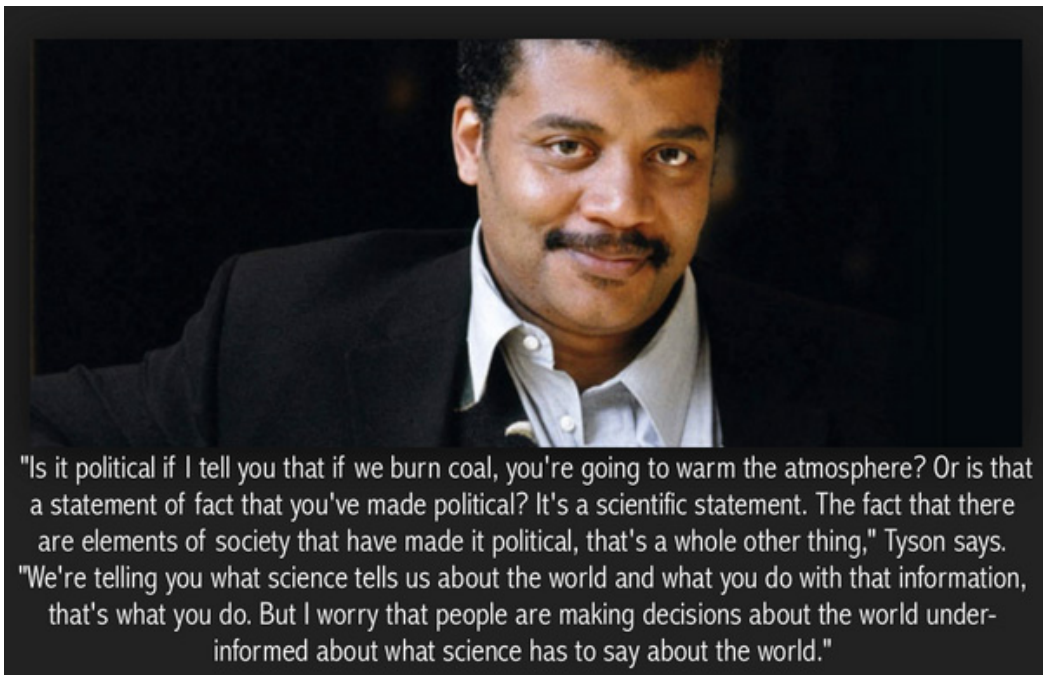
Sometimes I just open up the ISS live stream for a few hours to watch what the astronauts are doing. Mostly they are messing with computers. In frakking space. Pretty cool. I wonder what it feels like to get a boner in space. I bet the first astronaut was afraid it would just keep getting bigger and bigger until he died because of zero-g.

You ever put a big piece of ice on lava? How about Chef Boyardee? **Buckle up.**

Did you hear about the new Star Wars cast list? Pretty cool. Feminists are upset again. No good women characters? How about Zam Wessell and Aayla Secura. If you don't remember them then you're not really a fan so sit down.

They taught a monkey how to do math with a computer. It's like the beginning and the end of 2001 teaming up against us. What are you doing, science dudes? Just kidding, beause obviously research can have unexpected benefits. Most of the technology we enjoy today like zippers and men's hair rubber bands are from NASA.

An iceberg the size of Rhode Island fell off Antarctica last summer. Where does it go? Fukushima. Oh, about the environment, sorry, it's just true:


"Is it political if I tell you that if we burn coal, you're going to warm the atmosphere? Or is that a statement of fact that you've made political? It's a scientific statement. The fact that there are elements of society that have made it political, that's a whole other thing," Tyson says. "We're telling you what science tells us about the world and what you do with that information, that's what you do. But I worry that people are making decisions about the world under-informed about what science has to say about the world."

Speaking of NASA, it's about time we have our own spaceships again, don't you think? I don't want to get political on this one, I consider myself apolitical, but why do we not have a space shuttle and yet more people than ever are on welfare? Priorities people.

Did you know that dinosaurs were actually birds? Think about that the next time you eat a Popeyes. You are eating a dinosaur. Pretty cool, right? Like I guess we know who won that whole meteor thing.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.5 The Great Cinco De Mayo Gas Station Booze Roundup

Tuesday, May 06, 2014 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Awful Energy Drink and Food Reviews series.

Visit any gas station in America and you'll see these things mocking your organs– beer mixed with ingredients and flavorings to make facsimiles of normal mixed drinks. Except by "facsimiles" I mean "industrially produced horror versions, made by a goblin for his terrible goblin family to drink as they turn their horrible heads and laugh into the portal to Hell."

I'd been curious about some of these tallboys for years, though. Walking past the cold case week after week, thinking about the kind of fearless shit-non-givers who would buy them. Certainly somebody had to be buying these things, or else they wouldn't be on the shelves, right?

Well, last night, that someone was me. I brought home four gas station classics and coaxed two friends, Greg and Francesca, out to sample them with me. On one hand, having holiday-themed drinks was a festive tiny party. Mainly, though, I was concerned that if I attempted to drink all four of these on my own my organs would try to make me die.

The following are the notes taken during tasting. We sat out on the patio and poured them fairly equally amongst ourselves, starting from perceived least offensive and working our way up:

Modelo Chelada - Something is definitely still fermenting in this can, and not in the good way. "This tastes like spoiled juice," was underlined. "It feels like someone puked up a mouthful of Spaghetti-Os into a flat beer." Its thick, sludge-like consistency matches very well with the Boyardee mouth-feel.
Saving grace: If you're an alcoholic on-the-go who needs to combine your morning beer with a splash of V8, here's your can.
Ratebeer: 11%
SA Rating: 2/10

Bud Light Straw-berr-ita - Good lord. It tastes only of sickly sweet Jolly Rancher water, despite being the most alcoholic of everything on the table. It's a lot like mixing 2 or 3 off-brand Code Red knockoffs. The obvious malt liquor taste was accentuated by throat-closing sweetness. It's like if you juiced the foie gras of a goose that drank only Chloraseptic.
Saving grace: "I DO like how this one would fuck you up."
Ratebeer: 22%
SA Rating: 3/10

Budweiser with Clamato Picante Chelada - We had been eyeing this bad boy as being the end boss all night long. It contains clam juice. You remember clams– those little rubber bits they put in clam chowder that taste like a mummy's scrotum? Well, they're a real animal now and apparently their juice is put into a drink for people to pound for the Internet. And compared to the others... this one is actually not horrible? Like if you took a really bad bloody mary and added some stagnant pond water. I mean, let's not kid ourselves here– none of it was very good and I'm never paying money for any of these ever again, but of the lot, this was the least vile one, and the only one I'd consider drinking ever again. But only if I didn't pay for it. And only if my body badly needed some compound present in a mass-produced, overly spicy, alcoholic tomato slurry.
Saving grace: The overwhelming "Picante" seasoning successfully distracts the consumer from a Budweiser Benghazi.
Ratebeer: 1%
SA Rating: 5/10

Dos Equis Dosarita Lager Margarita - Looks pretty good in the glass. Almost like normal, human-style beer. That's where the similarities end, however, because this fucked-up concoction tastes like bathroom. The smell is your typical stale beer/pee smell, but its not until it hits the tongue that you get the astringent sensation and hint of lime, which combine perfectly to taste exactly like industrial soap. At last, someone has finally bottled and sold the exact sensation of drinking out of an unflushed bar urinal. Greg likened it to chewing up an Advil and added, "I want to have nothing to do with this ever again."

Saving grace: None
Ratebeer: No score
SA Rating: Not even./10

Afterthoughts: It's now a couple hours later and I can still feel the soupy tomato concoctions clinging to my stomach lining. The disgusting artificial sweetness of the Straw-berr-ita also lingers, and I'm certain it'll cause my pee to be red later, but I don't know whether it'll be from dyeing my

kidneys or my kidneys dying. I came back to the remaining half of the Dos-a-rita, totally flat now, and attempted to take a sip. I say "attempted" because I ran outside and spit it out into a plant.

My body feels sluggish now, like it just wants to give up completely. I am in a hell.

–∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

5.6 The Frothing Fables of Groggery Gibbonman

Wednesday, May 07, 2014 by Ian "BFM" Helm

This article is part of the Groggery Gibbonman series.

"In particular, one voluminous edition of Gibbonman's fables was so coveted that several battles of the Spanish-African aerowar centered on the recovery and re-recovery of the only known complete set. After changing hands no fewer than eight violent times, the books finally returned to England, where their rare uranium inks were successfully nullified." -Shelber Ashos, *The Cloudquistadors: For God, Glory and Gravitons*

Once, as ponderously past as past can be, high atop the salty ocean skies, three bored gulls rolled lazily on the currents and gales. They had long explored these rocky shores, and even seaside views that would inspire any man were hum-drum to their jaded eyes. So it was that the gulls decided to explore someplace new entirely. The target required no major discussion, as it was obvious to all involved: Clearly, they should fly to The Moon.

Through the clouds and up the blue, the gulls climbed, feathers tight against the cold. Though

exhausted they dared not stop, and finally they reached their goal. "Hooray!" the gulls cawed to each other, heaving between breaths. "We have arrived!"

And what a place it was at which to arrive! For here, atop The Moon, at the very tip of the sky's roof, there was an incredible temple, the pale-pillared home of Luna. In her great halls rose the selenite throne, upon which the Moon Goddess sat, and all the winged creatures flitted about her in a flying dance, delighted by her light and beauty.

"Incredible! Marvelous!" squawked the gulls in cheerful unison, and they joined the great festival of wings with vigor. But this did not go unnoticed. "Oh hell," said a great owl to a hummingbird moth. "Who invited the gulls?"

Being wise and, like all owls, well-versed in ballroom etiquette, the great owl finished his dance, waited until an opportunity presented itself, and pulled one of the gulls aside.

"Why didn't anybody ever tell us about this place!?" the gull screeched into the great owl's ear. "This party is amazing!"

"Quiet, you idiot!" chastised the great owl. "You three need to leave before ..."

But it was too late. The other gulls had already begun to let their excrement fall where it may, which happened to be everywhere. Needless to say, the Goddess Luna was aghast, and all winged creatures were banished forevermore from social events on The Moon.

"What are you guys doing tomorrow night?" asked one of the gulls as all the winged creatures flew back to Earth dejectedly, but nobody responded. This awkward silence lingers, alongside their banishment, to this day.

The moral of the story is: Do not invite incontinent friends to parties.

The Salamander and the Maiden

Great, greedy helpings of ages ago, in a valley that had once been a mountain and is again a mountain today, there was a busy little village of stone and straw. The people of the village were happy, and their carts rumbled through the markets with purpose and joy.

As a rule folks were friendly in the village of the valley, but there was one beautiful maiden whom everyone adored most of all. Though, as is often the case for beautiful maidens, not *all* who saw her were kind. As she carried water from the fountain to the market each day, she encountered many admiring onlookers, and, alas, one leering Salamander.

"Oh beautiful maiden!" burbled the Salamander, who lived among the fountain's coins and tiles. "You look ravishing! I should like to ravish YOU, if you follow ..."

But the maiden rolled her eyes and filled her water vase, unperturbed. Across the town she ambled with grace, and the market's thirst was quenched. The sun climbed, and when the maiden returned at noon for more water, the Salamander was no less scandalous.

"Beautiful maiden!" he slurped. "Your hair is so shiny and colorful, and it curls so tight! Do tell, do tell, is ALL your hair so ... if you follow?"

The maiden merely scoffed, and with her water vase filled again she left. But soon the bazaar's thirst rose once more, and with a sigh the maiden returned to the fountain. Just as she knew he would be, the Salamander was waiting in the long shadows of the sunset.

"Ah maiden!" he gurgled. "What a lovely pair of ... "

But before he could finish, the maiden interjected. With her lips just a tight-curled hair's length from the Salamander's head, she whispered, at great length and in graphic detail, about what she'd done the previous night with the blacksmith, and how a blacksmith's body is functionally and

irreconcilably different than a Salamander's in important ways.

" ... if you follow" she finished, then she filled her vase and took her leave.

The Salamander, after a thought, burst into flame underwater and was extinguished.

The moral of the story is: Blacksmithing is an attractive trade. Be a blacksmith.

The Cactus and the Porcupine

Wide ago and long away, in a desert as vast as the sky is tall, there grew a short little cactus. It sported a prickly coat of spines, sharp and not a friendly sight, from the sand up to its crown, where in place of hazard was a perfect flower. It was gorgeous and delicate enough to beg the attention of any traveler, though none had happened upon it. But that would change.

"What on earth!?" exclaimed a passing porcupine, quills bristling at the sight of the cactus. She had never seen a porcupine (as she perceived it) wearing a lovely flower, and she found the look so fetching that she became angry she hadn't invented it herself.

Not to be outdone, the porcupine scurried back down the road to a flowering vine she had nibbled on that morning. She rolled in the vine until her quills were festooned with blossoms, and then, in her showiest gait, she paraded her splendor for the cactus to see.

"Of course you CAN just have one flower, but I say it's best to have MANY flowers!" said the porcupine to no-one in particular as she strutted, snout thrust high with pride, past the stoic cactus. She reiterated it a few moments later as she walked back, unsatisfied by the cactus' cold response. After a few more tries, the porcupine stopped and stomped.

"You think you're so much better than me!? I can stand up straight and tall too!" said the porcupine, and to prove so she did. Her brow furrowed as she focused on competing at inanimation. Tense moments passed.

"There's nothing you can do that I can't!" growled the porcupine through her teeth, even though her eyes stung with sweat and her quills ached from entanglement.

But the cactus held firmer still.

Finally the porcupine could take little more, and her will began to weaken. Just then, an enormous eagle, which had been tracking this poor prey from a lofty vantage, swooped down and struck ...

... the cactus.

The moral of the story is: It pays to act strangely.

–∼Ian "BFM" Helm

5.7 BarkWire.com Dog Reviews: Whoops and Nectar and Ambrosia

Thursday, May 08, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the BarkWire.com series.

DOGOMETER SCORE

]par

Whoops

Age: 5 years old
Breed: Old English Sheepdog
Location: Shaggy Butte
Relationship Status: Single
Followers: 3,091

LATEST REVIEWS

Posted by **WolfPound** 25 days ago

Big fan of this dog. I have no idea why, but whenever I'm around him, I get great wifi reception. I don't know if he's attracted to the wifi signals, but I believe a dog's nose can sniff out just about anything.

Posted by **WhosWalkingWho** 25 days ago

THIS DOG IS A WIFI HOTSPOT. The network name is even "WHOOPS EXPRESS" so somehow the dog has a wifi router or something attached. Maybe his collar? Maybe

he's doing some kind of tethering? Not a tech guy here, but there's got to be some explanation.

Posted by **Doctor Dog** 20 days ago

I have looked over Whoops thoroughly and can find no source for the wifi signal. It's baffling. I even X-rayed him to make sure he didn't swallow a router. He had a metal plate in his head, but there's no way that would generate wifi signals. I'm baffled. Good dog, though. Very receptive to petting, me picking him up, putting him in my station wagon, taking him to my friend's vet offices after hours and putting him under. Not sure who his owners are, but they have a very polite dog.

Posted by **BigDog** 18 days ago

Get real. Whoops is nothing special. Lots of dogs have been providing useful services around town for years, so Whoops isn't bringing anything new to the party. **Harrow** is expert at sniffing out mosquito larvae, **Shakedown** kills and eats raccoons, **Summit** helps guard the abandoned airport from weirdoes. The list goes on and on. Hell, the Goodwill has had **Babylon** for years, and she's become a master at sniffing out and eating the moths from all the old sweaters they have for sale.

Whoops may be a novelty, but he's not that great. For one thing, you have to click an annoying check box saying you agree with a bunch of legal jargon just to use the wifi. It's not really free, now is it? Next thing you know he'll be charging for the service or running ads.

You can keep your Whoopses. Give me great civic-minded dogs like **Straight Talk**, **Topless**, **YEAH!**, or even a classic hero like the late-great **Auspice**.

Deal.

-BigDog

Posted by **HotDogginGuy** 16 days ago

Service is unreliable. Whoops started chasing a duck while I was in the middle of the download and ran out of wireless range. Get your act together, Whoops.

Posted by **DogGoneIt** 13 days ago

I've seen a rusty maroon van parked near areas Whoops often plays, so I suspect the wifi is coming from there, not Whoops. Wonder what's going on? Government surveillance? It has a bumper sticker that says "Boys Rule!"

Posted by **Harold** 12 days ago

That is my van you described. I often park nearby to film the dogs. I'm no g-man, LOL. I use the Whoops wifi, too. It's a great service he provides. Great speeds. Can email and shop online. Dog's not bad either. A real character.

Harold

Posted by **BiscuitBandit** 6 days ago

I don't understand this dog. He's a virtual dog online only? Like a pokemon? What can you do with that? Can you print him out or something?

Not very impressed.

Posted by **Pete** 4 days ago

Great dog, but his EULA is overly restrictive and draconian. Consider Whoops and the wifi a package deal, so I'm giving him a 3-bone review until he updates his terms to be more user friendly.

Posted by **ShaggyWagger** 2 days ago

Whoops was at Slurry Creek today. We all know what happened. **Hope** got murdered in a horrible eruption of dog-on-dog violence. I'm just about ready to start boycotting all dogs, because I can't take much more of this.

And Whoops was wearing one of those Google Glass devices at the park. How is that even possible? I can't afford one, and somehow a dog can? Makes me think he's the killer. A dog would not wear Google Glass unless it's up to something.

Posted by **Harwroo** 1 day ago

whoops didn't do it, but he should not be wearing google glass he's a dog and would have no way of issuing voice commands or understanding the information on the screen. a total waste of technology and offensive to those of us still saving up to get google glass. i should have yanked it right off his face but i was too busy jotting down a list of all the dogs in attendance for my own personal records.

besides, i saw **blue yonde**r giving hope grief so my money's on her... or **barnacle**. the only decent bones those two have are the ones they steal from the trash. they were both invading **hope**'s personal space and near her when the fight broke out. wouldn't be surprised if **barnacle** gets off scot-free again.

BarkWire
Digital Dogging
DOWNLOAD THE APP!
HOT DOGS REVIEW A DOG REPORT BAD DOG SEARCH Panzer

DOGOMETER SCORE
BONE-A-FIDE

Nectar & Ambrosia

Ages: 6 years old
Breed: Weimaraner
Location: Shaggy Butte
Relationship Status: It's Chompli-cated
Followers: 2,523
Following

LATEST REVIEWS

Posted by **CaninersFan** 6 days ago

A couple months ago I saw Ambrosia and Nectar spooning in the park. I very delicately inserted myself in between them and Ambrosia tried to bite me. Nectar was very polite about letting me drag him a few feet, but Ambrosia was just completely out of control and disrespectful.

Posted by **Barkaholic** 5 days ago

Not sure what this means, but I was in my car waiting for **Hope** and her family to get back from vacation. When they got back, they let **Hope** run around the yard while they unloaded. Nectar showed up and appeared to have some kind of confrontation with **Hope**. I don't know what it was about, but **Hope** nipped at him and pulled his bandana off. Nectar ran away terrified. I wanted to get more info, but a police car pulled up and asked me to leave. Apparently it's now a crime to park in front of someone's house for 16 hours. Thanks, Nobama.

Posted by **DogGoneIt** 3 days ago

Good freakin' grief, what a horrible day at the park. This town lost its best dog, and these idiots didn't help one bit.

Where were they? Is it just me, or should they not have protected **Hope**? It seemed like they were participating in the chaos just the same as all the other mean dogs, and now our sweet innocent **Hope** is dead. I saw Nectar near **Hope** before the fight began, what was he doing? Did he do something? I want justice. GIVE ME JUSTICE.

Posted by **SensitiveGuy** 3 days ago

Now that **Hope** is dead, there aren't a lot of notable female dogs left. I thought maybe Ambrosia might be a good replacement because she used to spend so much time with **Hope**, but she is most definitely not. She's not very attentive and annoyingly withdrawn. That's not attractive at all. I don't think she is good partner material at all.

Plus, I don't know what's going on with her and her brother. He has a long history of being clingy, and I would not want him in the picture if Ambrosia became my dog.

Posted by **Pawlease** 3 days ago

Nectar's always been a real sister's boy, if you catch my drift. I'm a bit disturbed these two are now avoiding each other. Something bad must have went down with them, maybe something related to the horror that unfolded in Slurry Creek. Did Nectar have something to do with **Hope**'s death? And why did these two suddenly stop hanging out with **Hope** last month? Something shady is going on.

He's always been odd to me. You're a dog. You don't have to pay taxes or deal with alimony, not like me. Get it together.

I tried petting him once and he just kept backing up. When I finally cornered him, he just toppled over and went completely limp while I petted him. It was a very unpleasant experience for me as a dog enthusiast. He needs to develop some better people skills if he wants to raise his clout with doggers.

Ambrosia is a great dog though. I love watching her strut her stuff.

5 Bones for Ambrosia, 1 for Nectar. 3 Average.

Posted by **HuskyLover** 3 days ago

I'm glad they're spending time apart, even if it is maybe the result of murder. They were inseparable way too long, and not in a wholesome way. They're siblings, right? Those snouts crossed some serious boundaries. On three separate occasions I witnessed incidents that caused me to lower my sunglasses and my jaw to drop. Like, hold the phone, "that's not right" kind of things. I expect a higher standard from dogs, and these two left me sorely disappointed.

Posted by **TreatGuy** 3 days ago

It's obvious to me Nectar had the hots for **Hope** and that caused some kind of rift between him and Ambrosia. I saw the way he looked at **Hope** and recognized it immediately. I think we all looked at her that way.

I don't think he's our killer... but there's something off about him. One time I saw him completely loose it when his red bandanna fell off. He just starting barking hysterically until his owner put it back on and he was just a hot mess after that, shaking violently and hocking up left and right. Never seen anything like it. I thought he might have spontaneously turned rabid, and I was more than ready to get my gun and put him down to protect this city.

Posted by **ShaggyWagger** 2 days ago

Ambrosia was by herself yesterday. At first I thought it was Nectar because she had on a red bandana, but after doing by usual 12-point inspection, I determined she was a female and Ambrosia. I've never seen those two apart. She seemed almost lifeless as I pried open her mouth to check out her teeth and gums, and look under her ears. Really disappointing to see her so disinterested. I get that she's mourning maybe, but at least show some appreciation. My time is money, and I went out of my way to give her attention.

Posted by **Pawlease** 2 days ago

Spotted Nectar... I think? Wasn't wearing his usual bandana. He seemed very confident and upbeat, and fearless. He even wanted me to pet him, but it didn't feel right. I hated every second of it, but he loved it, begging for more belly scratching. Something has changed this dog... something dark has awakened inside him. Where was Ambrosia?

Posted by **BigDog** 1 day ago

You idiots don't get it. That wasn't Nectar stalking **Hope** weeks ago, that was Ambrosia. Nectar's insanely jealous of **Hope** because Ambrosia's in love with her. HELLO, DOGS CAN CHANGE AND SWAP BANDANAS.

If you're going to get hung up on dog sets, at least pick a good pair. I'm talkin' greats like **Fountainhead and Anthem**, the **Funk, Fire and Ice Trio** or **Loudmouth and Bulldozer**. Those dogs bring it, and without ever being overly creepy and affectionate toward each other.

Once again, BigDog sets the record straight.

-BigDog

Posted by **Angelic_Groomer** 12 hours ago

I can't believe what I just saw. Nectar was walking side beside with the **Barquis de Sade**, as if that's an acceptable thing to do. I will definitely not be offering any of my extensive talents to Nectar anymore.

P.S. Why are these dogs grouped together? Ambrosia is still a perfectly beautiful dog and should not suffer because of the sins of her brother.

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.8 Dante Alighieri Writes the Menu for Guy Fieri's Vegas Kitchen & Bar

Friday, May 09, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

Shareables

Sashimi Won-Tacos

Beyond the infamy of Crete stood an island wrapped in brittle womb, sunken pillars no more nourishing than spoiled innards of the cow. Drizzled with "wow-sabi" cream.

Guy-talian Fondue Dippers

Baked as born, cold and black, a twisted bread so wrapped in flesh distended from the souls of gluttonous bathers and thrust into the ichor of provolone, to wail and burn anew. It's "sauce-ome!"

Righteous Rojo Rings

Prevaricators and erotic actors stuffed to agony on the tangy discharge of these malignant hoops. So sup Achilles, both nurtured and cursed by Chiron in thine evil, a turgid rojo ring which weeps a dipping sauce you can take straight to the bank, hombre!

Vegas Fries

Who games, and dissipates his property, spitted and

roasted slowly, a dismal chorus rends the air. Linger not or slip down into their pit and so among them drown in fetid lagoons of dying humors named by some Guy's blue-sabi sauce.

Greens and Chili Beans

Brutha's Badass Caesar Salad

So Ovid, Plato and those denied witness to Christ's ascension at Calvary, inhabit a limbo of rock bread, lettuce and curdled milk to be tempered with the fresh-crushed liquor of a carrion worm and transported in a vessel of beetle-gnawed rind.

Big Bite Burgers

The Off-Da-Hook Original Smash Burger

Avarice dooms them to labor for eternity. With their chests they wheel great weights, one into the other, creating a thunder of clashing stones and a clammor as they cry out, "This burger is money!"

The Mayor of Flavortown Burger

From beneath the dark Styx look out the joyless eyes of the sullen, to witness and never exult upon the fury which transpires upon the surface. The wrath of rulers in constant battle, each inflicting and suffering in equal portions, to ordain oneself the ruler of Flavortown, a savory summit never climbed.

The Mac + Cheese Bacon Burger

The burger that conquered New York City's Burger Bash 2013. Violence and chaos overwon and macaroni eternal steeped in Phlegethon the boiling river of blood, for bash you may, upon those banks centaurs patrol and when bacon flops upon the shore it is quickly met with arrows and submerged once more forever.

Tatted-Up Turkey Burger

God granted the turkey but one flesh of which defilement makes an undoing of heresy. To be entombed in flaming grills among the Epicureans, so seared for that belief in fleeting life above all else, a lesson learned in scorching lines tattooed upon their bodies, as rad as Guy's ink.

Flavortown Finale

Guy's Cheesecake Challenge

Ascend as I not with Virgil from beneath the undergloom of the miserable mountain called Purgatory but instead with rockin' fruit sauce out from the desert of cravin' to climb this cheesy peak and so plunge with glee into the the freezing misery of the 3rd Circle.

Fried Ice Cream Boulder Sundae

Dare you offer gold to Saint Peter? Simony, that temptation of those who rule the church as a brothel, to be thrust into this crunchy crust of fried ice cream. Carbuncles of corruption drenched in chocolate, Popes I will not honor by name to be burned by the soles of their feet and denied any mercy.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.9 Are You a Power User?

Saturday, May 10, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Most of us think we're pretty good with computers. But how much do we really know? To be considered a power user, at least half of these statements should apply to you.

☐ I have written a script that downloads new episodes of popular television shows at a specific time every night, generates forum and Twitter posts complaining about the downloaded episodes, then deletes each episode so I don't have to personally watch any of them.

☐ I have been known to keep several internet browser tabs going at once.

☐ Hardware? Yeah, I know hardware. Remove the staples from a PC case so we can look inside, and I'll point out the CPU, keyboard, and pendulum in less than ten minutes.

☐ I can make a checkmark appear in the empty box preceding this statement.

☐ My computer is completely hack-proof. Every time a virus starts taking over my system, I expertly hit Alt+Ctrl+Delete to bring up the Task Manager and stop the process.

☐ No one has a firmer grasp on e-mail than me. I know what a reply is. Nine times out of ten when I go to attach a file I remember to click the paperclip and not the little chain links.

☐ I have all the latest applications. FatherPeach. Text Blaster Symphony. Screensaver Funeral Enterprise Edition. Alice Please Stop. Bug Describer Pro. Charles Barkley's Executable-To-Wav Converter.

☐ I'm constantly adjusting the brightness level of my monitor to compensate for the position of the sun even though I live in a broom closet with anime toilet paper wedged into every seam where light might leak in.

☐ I haven't played a flight sim in half a decade but my elaborate flight stick and pedal setup is always plugged in... just in case.

☐ I have strong feelings about a number of technical issues, but to get a healthy perspective I make sure to find out how other people feel. I do this by searching for "My Reaction When" or "MRW" + (topic) and interpreting the image that was posted. Usually it's an animated gif of an attractive woman, and one of the commenters helpfully points out that they are "weirdly attracted" to her.

☐ My desktop has been expertly customized. Gone is the stock wallpaper. In its place, an 800 x 600 pure black wallpaper image centered against the backdrop of a background color that is nearly the exact same shade of black, but not quite.

☐ I often find myself staring at my computer screen until the power saver gets ready to turn the screen off, at which point I wiggle the mouse a bit and resume my staring.

☐ There isn't a government agency in the world that can track my online activities. I only look at illegal pages for twelve seconds at a time, at the very most. Nowhere near the thirty seconds they need to trace my location.

☐ I know that in addition to scrolling down, sometimes the mouse wheel can also scroll up.

☐ When I put on shades I'm exactly like that one guy in The Matrix. No one cares about me and I'm replaced by Harold Perrineau.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.10 In Addition to What Thou Wilt: Our Thelemic Temple's Revised Rules

Monday, May 12, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Congratulations on your ceremonial induction into the Scarlet Lodge! You now walk the path of Thelema. Your brothers, sisters, fathers and mothers welcome you on the path of true enlightenment.

Aleister Crowley's founding principle was, "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law." It's a good jumping off point for our laws here at the Scarlet Lodge. Over the years, experience has demonstrated the necessity for additional principles that enhance harmony while still respecting Crowley's creative vision for our order and the *Liber AL vel Legis*.

As a recent inductee, we ask that you familiarize yourself with these additional laws and respect them.

1. **Do What Thou Wilt**
2. Remove Thine Shoes While We Are Having the Anti-Baptismal Remodeled
3. Eat and Drink What Thou Wilt With the Exception of Labeled Food and Drinks in the Fridge
4. Thou Shall Not Bringest Pets Into the Abby (Exceptions Shall Be Made For Service Animals)
5. The Abby Shall Be a Smoke Free Facility (Vaping Pending)
6. Thou Shall Please Wear a Shirt or Robe Unless Required to Be Nude for Magick
7. The Loading Zone Behind the Temple Shall Be Only For Drop Offs and Pick Ups

8. Watch What Thou Wilt On the Lodge's TV at a Reasonable Volume (25 or Below)

9. Thou Shall Not Use the Computers in the Lodge for Pornography During Services

10. What Thou Wilt Had Better Not Be Burn Outs in the Parking Lot

11. Can Thou Please Stop Walking On the Front Lawn Right After the Signs Go Up About Seeding?

12. Not Pointing at Any Brother or Sister In Particular, But Someone Keeps Feeding Kettle Corn to the Frogs in the Journey Pond and Thou Should Stop Because Thou Art Killing the Frogs

13. It Should Not Be Necessary to Proclaim This, But Thou Shall Please Not Leave Feces Upon the Toilet Seat

14. When Thou Art Finished With the Chips Use The Chip Clip

15. Please DO NOT Move Things On the Altar, Jennifer Spends Hours Arranging Things for Magick and the Slightest Misalignment Can Be Problematic

16. Thou Shall Not Borrow the Baphomet Mask for a Party (RANDY!)

17. No Skateboarding

Thank you for observing and respecting these rules while you are a member of the Scarlet Lodge. Your journey to understanding may be long and arduous, but that is no reason not to close the chip bag.
Magus Wrigley Indigo King

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.11 Changle, China: The City of Farts

Tuesday, May 13, 2014 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

The air hangs low, a potent mixture of humidity and the perpetual fart cloud that encompasses every city in this country. Outside my window a baby 12 floors down shrieks like a raped banshee, drowned out only by the incessant car horns blaring out in hyperactive Morse code, drowned out only by the sound of glass being hurled toward concrete walls at supersonic speeds, drowned out only by police sirens. If silence is golden, China is the nation of pyrite.

I strip the comforter off my bed, attempting to defeat the heat that smothers my soul better than any fake cotton blend can. The blanket falls to the floor, temporarily covering up the numerous cards for prostitution that have been slipped under my door within the past 12 seconds. I long ago gave up the notion of obtaining sleep in this hotel, as the typical Chinese bed contains the density of highly compacted rare earth elements. The thermostat, whose label offers detailed options such as "I," "II," and "III," as well as a faded sticker that reads "FLOWER!," has the room-cooling functionality of the average bowling ball. Despite being set to "0 C," the temperature, according to my sweat's estimate, is somewhere between "supernova" and "the Big Bang."

My body gives up around 2:00 AM and I somehow crawl into sleep, which lasts 30 minutes until I'm jarred awake by thumping 909 kick drums from the KTV karaoke bar beneath me, the one with Santa Claus masks taped to its door and a sign that says "ITS WHAT YOU RANT." Ride the elevator one floor below that and you'll reach the fabled Whore Zone, cleverly labeled as "MEETING / SAUNA ROOM," crammed full of surly Chinese girls glued to their cellphones and praying to the god of their choice that they won't have to see another cock, despite the inherent nature of their profession.

Sleep occasionally draws me in for periods of an hour, casting me away from the harsh realities of a bed built from stone slabs and rebar, and the musical cacophony of a man arguing with the vending machine near the elevator. While I cannot be certain, I imagine he won the argument. This continues until roughly 7:00 AM.

I try to shower the fart atoms off my body, but upon stepping out from the water I am instantly coated in a scent that combines urine with something else that also smells like urine. Due to poor planning, I had run out of socks the previous night and was forced to purchase some from a Chinese supermarket. Thanks to their advanced textile engineering, they are composed of one single thread - total, for all socks in the 12-pack. I force them on and head down to the lobby.

It's 8:00 AM and there are already two prostitutes near the check-in desk. They are arguing with a short, balding man who resembles the Chinese version of George Costanza. If you've never heard Chinese argue before, imagine two people screaming at each other at the top of their lungs. That's what it sounds like when they're conversing normally. Now imagine those screaming people screaming even louder. That's them arguing.

The voice of my friend Chase suddenly falls out of my cellphone: "Hey Rich, let's go to Fuzhou City and buy some lamps for my apartment!" Yeah, sure, why not. As a wise man (I think it was Abe Lincoln, or his brother) once said, "When in China, go shopping for lamps."

The car ride to Fuzhou City lasts roughly 50 minutes, a typical jaunt through the hell that is street transportation in China. There are roughly 47 different dialects in China, but the one that binds them all together is the car horn. Drivers honk when they approach another car. Drivers honk when they have passed another car. Drivers honk when they think of another car, or when they don't think of another car. The purpose of a car horn is to let the world know that you do, in fact, possess a car horn and it is fully functional. Rumor has it you can serve a lengthy prison sentence if you fail to blow your horn for 18 consecutive seconds.

We stutter past the huge plots of ghost land populated by abandoned buildings that nobody ever bothered finishing, despite construction reaching the 30th floor. Now they serve no purpose, other than a point from which the suicidal can plummet with a high certainty of success.

Our destination, the home-improvement mall, looms across the street from a series of mossy stone dwellings somebody attempted to construct in the rough shape of rectangles back in the mid-200s, long before the concept of a rectangle had been perfected. Farmers linger outside, chain smoking and selling vegetables out of those wooden carts from the covers of old fiction novels.

The second floor of the mall is dedicated solely to the sale of lighting fixtures. There are 30 different stores, all of which offer lamps, chandeliers, light switches, and LEDs. This is where the hell known as "negotiating" begins.

You see, when a Chinese resident buys something, they don't simply ask how much it costs and then exchange their currency for a product. That backwards shit is for idiots. No, they must abide by the time-honored tradition of negotiation, which always, and I repeat ALWAYS, follows this explicit process:

1) Buyer asks how much the product is. Seller tells them.

2) Buyer responds by acting aghast, claiming there's no way this thing could cost this much. It's an insult to both them and humanity in general.

3) Seller offers a SLIGHTLY lower price.

4) Buyer acts as if the product is the absolutely most disgusting and revolting item in the history of the universe, and they'd rather die than purchase it. Buyer walks away and pretends to examine other items, or they completely leave the store for a period of time.

5) Buyer eventually returns and offers an even lower price for the product. Seller acts furious, as though it would be sacrilege to sell their item for such an obscene price, and selling it so low would force them into bankruptcy. They eventually regain their composure and counter with a moderately higher price.

6) Buyer pauses and spends several hours carefully examining the object, pointing out any imperfections, real or imaginary, in an attempt to negotiate an even lower price. Seller reassures customer that the product has a lifetime guarantee, which is code for "guarantee that ends the moment you purchase it."

7) Buyer and seller scream at each other for several more hours. You can determine who is winning by noting who screams the loudest or in the deepest voice.

8) A compromised price is eventually reached and the item is purchased. It is now half a week later, and several of the buyer's family members have died of old age.

We arrived at 9:00 AM and leave around 4:00 PM, proudly walking out with seven light fixtures. That's one light per hour, which also corresponds to how we travel down the streets in heavy traffic. A farmer who had been selling melons is now receiving repeated blows to the head from a municipal police officer. My friend explains he was selling his fruit in an unauthorized location, which baffles me since every vendor sells everything in unauthorized locations. I'm fairly certain China doesn't even *have* an authorized location.

The officer grabs the farmer's cash purse and flees to his truck, taking off under a barrage of melons being hurled by the irate farmer and his companion. The irate salesman tosses a melon to the ground in utter contempt, unaware he's dooming his business even further. Another day in the land of the cutthroat, violent fruit-sales industry.

We arrive back in Changle, where a tornado-like vortex flings all forms of transportation in every direction. Cars peel down arbitrary sides of the street, unafraid to cruise down the bicycle lane or even the sidewalk if they're in a particular hurry, which they invariably are. Motorbikes travel in swarms like hordes of drunken bees. There are a million ways to die in China, and they're all traffic-related.

Unable to find an open parking space, my friend opts to park on the sidewalk in front of a billboard that displays a cartoon grandmother either smiling or grimacing, along with the text "GRANDMOTHER'S MILK." Is it a valid parking space? "I don't know, I'll find out if I get a ticket" he responds.

The hunger of haggling has taken its toll, forcing us to seek dinner somewhere amongst the roughly 500,000,000 restaurants. Our journey takes us past two men outside a KFC, kneeling on frayed rugs, screaming incoherently in the direction of the front door. A very large camel sits calmly behind them.

We're witnessing the Chinese version of a shakedown, and these two men will refuse to leave the sidewalk until the restaurant manager agrees to give them a "donation," at which point the men will travel to the adjacent restaurant and do the same. Because these donation-seekers are part of a local ethnic minority group, they are immune to a majority of Chinese laws, and therefore they don't have to worry about being tossed into jail or beheaded by the government. Needless to say, they are a very popular group of people within the Chinese community.

Upon returning to the hotel, I notice the two prostitutes in the lobby have been replaced by a short, dark-skinned man who is screaming at the clock. Chase explains that this individual is somewhat upset at the hotel's daily price, and he has chosen to express his feelings by constantly shouting. I asked my friend if this negotiation tactic commonly works, and he said "never," so perhaps the man was expecting the odds to change. The clock continues to tick as I wait for the elevator and the furious man barks foreign obscenities at the concept of passing time.

I have survived another day, my reward presented in the form of yet another prostitution business card slipped under my door. This one depicts a woman covered in some sort of anti-mosquito mesh cloth, perhaps to assure customers she's free of large bug bites. I add it to my collection of "THINGS TO DO LATER" and prepare to relax for the night by jumping into bed. My back cracks and I feel as if I fractured my arm; the day's excitement caused me to forget the steel composition of my bed. What wonders will tomorrow hold? I have no idea, but I can guarantee you this: It will smell like a fart.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.12 The International's Updated Stretch Goals

Wednesday, May 14, 2014 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Because of strong crowd funding incentives, Dota2's upcoming tournament is raking it in. For every $10 dollars spent by users, $2.50 goes towards the prize pool. And while that might seem like the same percentages used by dubious charities, it has already managed to raise nearly $3.5 million in five days. With the original stretch goals already within reach, it's time to see what Valve plans next.

$8,000,000
Valve Studio Livecam
Gabe sets up a webcam to film himself jumping Scrooge McDuck style into his giant pit of gold coins/pocket knives.

$10,000,000
Server Queue Xenophobia
Dota players desperate to blame their terrible skill on anything other than themselves have a long tradition of blaming foreign players. Plagued by complaints about language barriers and ping issues in matchmaking, Valve finally bows to the pressure and declares war on Peru.

$12,000,000
The Death of Immortality
Complete and total redistribution of virtual item wealth, bringing an end to the Hat Barren stranglehold. All heroes issued one cosmetic item: a grey pair of overalls.

$14,000,000
Personalized Rage Vacation
Every compendium owner receives one domestic plane ticket eligible for an extended, one-on-one, face-to-face rage out. For the first time in online gaming, you can freely go agro on a noob in person. No longer must you unleash your boiling anger on pixels. If someone kill steals, feel free to take a break from your keyboard and spend a few hours stewing in coach before you let them know physically.

$16,000,000
New Hero: Waluigi
What Smash Brothers don't, Valve will.

$18,000,000
Chill Queue
Through the use of an optional breathalyzer plugin, you have the ability to join the

special queue for drunk DOTA. Only available to players blowing twice the legal limit, Chill Queue new features include:

- Games guaranteed to be free of try-hard ragers who ruin your buzz
- Scheduled pauses every ten minutes for bathroom breaks
- Game speed slowed 2x, ensuring you won't lose your hero every couple seconds
- No punishment if you try to bake a frozen pizza and forget you're still in game
- Bluetooth connectivity allows you to seamlessly send seventeen text messages to your old girlfriend/boyfriend at three in the morning telling them that you just saw a courier that reminded you of them and that you hope they're having a good life now and maybe if they aren't busy it would be cool if you got a drink nothing serious but it would be great to catch up is all

$20,000,000
New Movie: *Free to Play with my Heart*
Arteezy and Dendi star in Valve's first major motion picture, a rom-com about finding love or parental hardships or whatever. It's mostly an opportunity for people on the internet to mindlessly copy/paste S A D B O Y S and the kappa face

$22,000,000
Actual Real World Legitimacy
All of a sudden, your parents or someone at work will ask if the ten crazy BuzzFeed lists they just saw on Facebook are the same game you play. Regardless of how you answer, they will tell you (at great lengths) about how things were different when they were young and how this country has really gone downhill in general.

$24,000,000
Legal Team Upgrade
Blizzard officially files their #2,000 lawsuit/passive aggressive complaint against DOTA2. In a fifteen page document, Blizzard states that they have trademarked powerful women characters, the struggle between good and evil, humanoids wearing capes, magic (both light AND dark), virtual trees, playable animals, any and all 5v5 games excluding hockey but including indoor field hockey, and skeletons.

$26,000,000
The True Enemy Identified
President Obama issues an amber alert, warning every American about playing with tcjimbo.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

5.13 Additions to the Donald Sterling "Friendship Contract"

Thursday, May 15, 2014 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Greetings, new member of the Sterling team! If you're reading this, it means you've been selected as the current companion of famous gentleman and billionaire, Mr. Donald Sterling. And, like any long-lasting friendship, this one will be founded on honesty, empathy, and a strict non-disclosure agreement engineered to ensure Mr. Sterling can continuously cycle through special companions in his remaining years. You see, while some men age gracefully -- like your Sean Connery-types -- others are so committed to business achievements that their bodies unfortunately shift to that of a bipedal toad monster. Because of this, Mr. Sterling offers certain financial incentives to women who can remain seated next to him during all four periods of a basketball game -- though we ask you read over the following new regulations due to an event we will only refer to as "recent troubles."

- No phones, reel-to-reel recording devices, intelligent parrots, or stenographers are allowed within 50 feet of the Sterling compound. If you must communicate to the outside world in some way, simply log onto the SterlingNet located in the bedroom of your gift mansion(s) and our PR team will look your message over before deciding the best way it can be edited to improve Mr. Sterling's brand.
- While you are not expressly being paid to enjoy sexual intercourse with Mr. Sterling, this act is definitely encouraged. Please note that since Mr. Sterling is an 80-year-old man, he'll need at least three to four hours to, in his words, "get the pipes knocking again." Again, no money will be exchanged for sexual services, but many lucky women have woken up the next day as the owners of several famous diamonds.
- As reflected in recent troubles, Mr. Sterling does not like his special friends taking pictures with men who are much darker of skin. While the media chalked this up to explicit racism, Mr. Sterling received a note from Michael Jackson's former doctor himself stating his color-symmetry-specific Asperger's Syndrome as the true cause. Please use the provided color swatches to ensure your photo partner is "Sterling-safe."
- At times, Mrs. Sterling may come by to investigate the many gifts that come naturally to any special friend. If this should happen, please tell her these items were obtained at a church

raffle. If she continues to question their worth of millions upon millions of dollars, wink and say "I really pulled a fast one on those churchies."

- All applicants to the Donald Sterling friendship program must be able to lift 50 pounds or greater in order to assist him with the convoluted system of girdles that keep his body svelte and marketable to the general public.
- During the viewing of professional basketball games, you could be caught on camera at any time. In order to communicate the normalcy of your special friendship to the world at large, it's important to look calm and confident with a man who probably qualified for several heart surgeries before your conception. While there may be difficulty in finding common ground, Mr. Sterling always enjoys discussing how much the NBA players in front of him could be sold for as human chattel, especially during draft season.
- We don't know what's going on with the skin around his eyes. Mr. Sterling doesn't, either. What we do know is that these petrified folds produce what's known as "skinlagtites," which Mr. Sterling has removed and biopsied weekly by a licensed dermatologist. If you should find any of these on your pillow, please, leave them be until we can determine if they're admissible evidence in a court of law.
- Should Mr. Sterling pass away during your contract-mandated friendship period, you will be obligated to attend his funeral and sit in the "weeping mistresses" section, where you will be required by law to weep. If at any point Mr. Sterling amends his will to include the term "funeral pyre," you must throw yourself onto this burning mass or face the risk of severe punitive damages.
- Mr. Sterling may, at times, ask you to participate in a harmless bit of role-playing called "The '60s," in which he can do or say whatever he wants without repercussion. Since this game can often stretch on for weeks or months, we encourage you to request Mr. Sterling take occasional "time-outs," especially during sensitive interviews with popular media figures.

–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

5.14 A Look Back on the Twin Peaks Expanded Universe

Friday, May 16, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The recent announcement of a new special edition boxed set of Twin Peaks, David Lynch's cult classic 1990 TV show, featuring 90 minutes of unseen footage, set the internet talking about the show once again. We are all familiar with the mystery of Laura Palmer, and maybe slightly less familiar with the mystery of serial killer Windom Earle, but since going off the air Twin Peaks has spawned a number of spin off stories, commonly referred to as the "Expanded Universe." We take a look back at them to bring you up to speed in anticipation of this new release.

The Secret Diary of Laura Palmer (1990, Gallery Books)

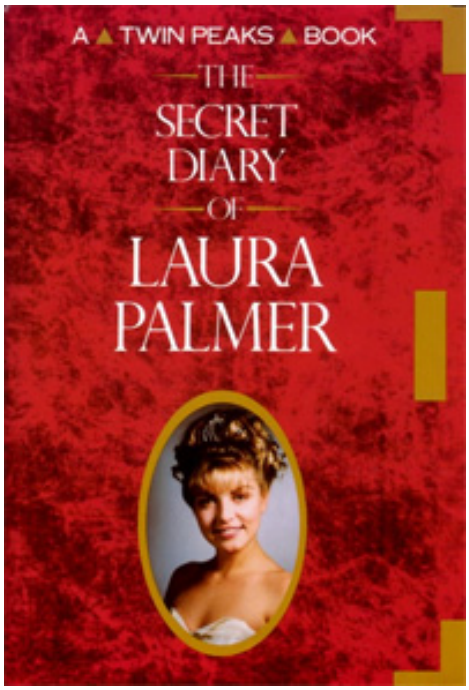
A diary written by the tragic Laura Palmer that slightly expanded upon the material in the TV show, including the later disavowed James Hurley werewolf plot line. Introduced Specky, the computer hacker, and Vance Crandal the mercenary fighter pilot. Also included a side story where the FBI clones Agent Cooper and sends his clone to Tibet for "psychic conditioning."

The Bookhouse Boys Mysteries (1990-1994, Grosset & Dunlap)

In this series of young adult novels, the Bookhouse Boys in the 1930s solved mysteries set in motion by the sinister agents of the Black Lodge. Most mysteries revolved around an artifact or crime. Notable for introducing Agent Cooper's grandfather, Ransom White Eagle, a part Native American smuggler who sometimes helped the boys solve their mysteries, but is later revealed to be "The False Chief" one of the Boys' enemies and an operative of the Black Lodge.

The Bookhouse Boys and the Eye of Polaris - A submarine arrives in Twin Peaks carrying a mysterious package.

The Bookhouse Boys and the Mystery of the Mummy - A mummy exhibit at the Twin Peaks library seems to come to life every night and terrorize the town.



The Bookhouse Boys and the Stone Indian - A statue of an Indian disappears from the Great Northern only to reappear at the scene of several jewel thefts.

The Bookhouse Boys and the Wrath of Horus - The so-called Staff of the Golden Lodge is pursued by a mysterious Arab as well as sinister Norwegian agents.

The Bookhouse Boys and the Lost Templar - An old man appears in Twin Peaks without his memory, but carrying ancient texts linked to the Knights Templar.

The Bookhouse Boys and the Widow's Burden - A widow must pick up the pieces of her life after her husband dies in a logging accident, but his ghost is making it hard.

The Bookhouse Boys and the Flying Saucer - A flying saucer may not be what it seems and a blue book is discovered that may hold a clue to the truth.

Hijack (1995, CBS TV)

When Audrey Horne's uncle, Jerry, is kidnapped by the French-Canadian drug cartel from Prince Edward Island, she enlists the help of ace computer hacker Specky and his robot sidekick Sparks to thwart the cartel and rescue her uncle. Although only one pilot episode was created and never officially released, the opening credits have since become famous on the Internet for the exploding speedboat and shots of Audrey in a bikini firing an Uzi.

Twin Valleys (1996, Dark Horse Comics)

In a reverse dimension accessible only in dreams, the White and Black Lodges are present on earth while what we perceive as reality exists as a difficult-to-reach shadow realm. This popular series of comics turned many of the protagonists of Twin Peaks into villains and the hero, Leland Palmer, was joined by his benefactor Windom Earle as he attempted to save his daughter from a prism being used by the FBI to extract "her very life forces." This was also the first work to introduce the aliens called Wendigos, although in Twin Valleys they are viewed as good and seek to rid the

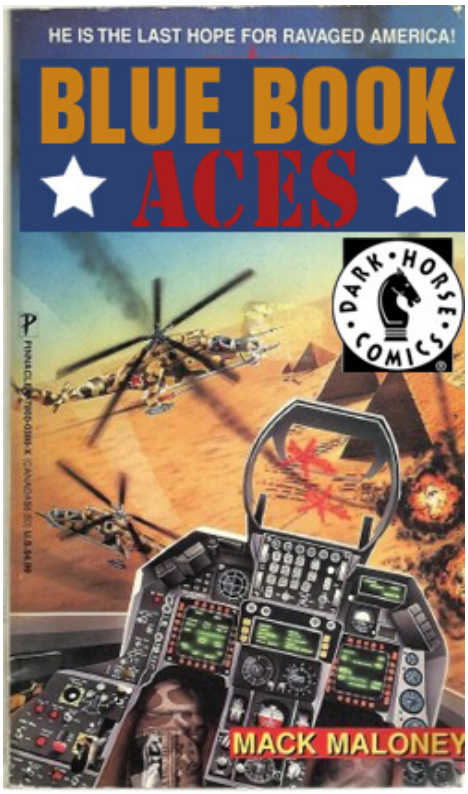
reverse dimension of the evil FBI and other government agencies. This series ran 27 issues collected in three graphic novels. It is known for its frequent Ayn Rand quotations.

Blue Book Aces (1996-1998, Dark Horse Comics)

When the Wendigos, aliens from "beyond Saturn", attempt to invade earth to feed upon garmonbozia, the USAF Project Blue Book scrambles mercenary F-4 Phantom pilot Vance Crandal and his wingman Bobby Briggs. The series abruptly ended with the revelation that it was all a split-second dream in the dying mind of Vance Crandal who was actually a sex murderer in the execution chamber, haunted by the Wendigos who appear bathed in light. It is hinted that the Wendigos are agents of the White Lodge although this is never explained in other material.

The Spirit Journeys of the Log (2006, Ubisoft)

In this action RPG from Ubisoft, players take on the role of "The Log." While she dreams, the Log Lady's log shape shifts into a taciturn Native American man and battles urban legends in the woods and towns along the Canadian border. His nemesis is the lumberjack husband of the Log Lady, now



trapped in the Black Lodge, but able to menace Twin Peaks by summoning creatures from fairy tales and urban legends using a gateway in Glastonbury Grove. Still popular for its competitive online multi-player.

The Bishop's Trilogy (2001-2007, Random House)

Windom Earle creates a devastating new weapon of evil by linking several Black Lodges into a single Night Lodge and threatening to annihilate the world. A clone of Agent Cooper must be searched out in Tibet and awakened to do battle with Earle before the Night Lodge can be made operational in a quirky town in the rainforest of Peru that shares a mysterious "diagonal highway" link with Twin Peaks.

> **Book One: Hanging Pawns** - The plans for the Night Lodge are stolen from One Eyed Jacks and smuggled to the FBI, sending FBI agent Albert Rosenfeld to Tibet to find the clone of Dale Cooper, while FBI agent Philip Jeffries travels to Peru and disappears.
>
> **Book Two: Rook's Gambit** - Windom Earle terrorizes various government officials using his "diagonal highway" between Twin Peaks and the location of his Night Lodge. He matches wits with the cloned Cooper, who tries to thwart his attempts to recover enough garmonbozia crystals to power the Night Lodge's "Black Harvest" doomsday power.
>
> **Book Three: Bad Bishop** - Cooper and Albert battle Windom Earle and the demonic traitor Philip Jeffries for control of the Night Lodge. Sheriff Harry Truman and Agent Gordon Cole lead a desperate attack on the base with the help of the special FBI existential assault task force.

Also turned into the Night Lodge series of graphic novels, although the ending was changed so that when cloned Cooper destroys the diagonal highway (and himself) with the garmonbozia crystal, the fate of Windom Earle is left ambiguous.

Twin Peaks: Generation 2.0 (2014-, CBS TV)

Audrey Horne and Special Agent Dale Cooper's son, Blane (played by Joseph Gordon-Levitt), communicates with his dead father, now trapped in the Black Lodge, by way of hallucinations and uses insights garnered from these visions to better understand the way serial killers think. Currently in pre-production. The series is reported to be "dazzling" and "shocking" and it will "change the way you think about serial killer TV shows." The show's creators promise to remain faithful to the original by including extremely long scenes of people crying. "Fans of the original will feel right at home."

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.15 Coming To Terms With Watch Dogs Special Edition Bonuses

Saturday, May 17, 2014 by Ubisoft (@DennisFarrell)

I can't believe we have to explain this. There are only eleven distinct versions of Watch Dogs (not counting the game's release on different platforms) with 23 physical and digital bonus items that you can get for buying specific editions of the game in certain places, contingent upon your purchase of the additional Season Pass. There's a chart with 253 fields to explain all the possibilities, including the incredible fact that it is not possible to get all 23 items with any version of the game.

Features [hide]		Standard Edition	Classic Edition[43]	ANZ Special Edition[44]	Special Edition	Vigilante Edition	Uplay Exclusive Edition	Limited Edition	Dedsec Edition	Digital Deluxe Edition	Uplay Deluxe Edition	Gold	Season Pass
Exclusivity				Australia and New Zealand		Europe, Middle-East, Asia and Australia	Uplay Store (Ubishop)	North America	Europe, Middle-East, Asia and Australia	Only PC and Playstation	Only PC, Uplay Store (Ubishop)	Playstation Store	
Game Disc		Yes	No	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	No	No	No	No
Digital Download		No	Yes	No	No	No	No	No	No	Yes	Yes	Yes	Needs basic game
Additional content	White Hat Pack	Only Playstation	No	No	Only Playstation	Only Playstation	Only Playstation	Only Playstation	Only Playstation	Yes	Yes	Only Playstation	No
	Breakthrough Pack	No	No	Yes	Yes	No	Yes	No	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
	Palace Pack	No	No	No	No	Yes	Yes	No	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
	Signature Shot Pack	No	No	No	No	No	Yes	No	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
	Untouchables Pack	No	No	Yes	No	No	Yes	No	No	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
	Cyberpunk Pack	No	No	Yes	No	No	Yes	No	No	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
	Blume Agent Pack	No	Yes	No	No	No	Yes	No	No	Only Playstation	Yes	Yes	Yes
	Dedsec Pack	No	No	Yes	No	No	Yes	No	No	No	Yes	Yes	Yes
	Chicago South Club Pack	No	No	Yes	No	No	No	No	No	No	No	No	No
	T-Bone's Single Player Campaign DLC	No	No	No	No	No	No	No	No	No	No	Yes	Yes
	Conspiracy Mode Digital Trip DLC	No	No	No	No	No	No	No	No	No	No	Yes	Yes
Watch Dogs Map of Chicago		No	No	No	No	No	No	No	Yes	No	No	No	No
Exclusive Packaging		No	No	No	No	Yes	No	Yes	Yes	No	No	No	No
Original Soundtrack		No	No	No	No	Yes	No	Yes	Yes	No	No	No	No
Aiden Pearce's iconic cap		No	No	No	No	Yes	No	No	No	No	No	No	No
Aiden Pearce's Vigilante mask		No	No	No	No	Yes	No	Yes	No	No	No	No	No
Steelbook		No	No	No	No	No	Yes	Yes	Yes	No	No	No	No
23 cm (9 inch) Aiden Pearce Figurine		No	No	No	No	No	No	Yes	Yes	No	No	No	No
Artbook		No	No	No	No	No	No	Yes	Yes	No	No	No	No
4 Augmented Reality Cards		No	No	No	No	No	No	No	Yes	No	No	No	No
3 Exclusive Badges		No	No	No	No	No	No	No	Yes	No	No	No	No

It's really not hard.

Yet some of you seem befuddled. Fine. Whatever.

Look, here's the best way to explain it.

If you want Aiden Pearce's Iconic Cap (a physical item) you need to buy the Vigilante Edition, which is only available in Europe, the Middle East, Asia, and Australia. Of course you'd like the cap. It's iconic. Everyone is buzzing about this highly compelling gruff white man and his baseball cap. People are already saying Aiden Pearce is the sort of hero that deserves a high-selling franchise with yearly installments for the next decade. You'll want to own the nondescript baseball cap at the center of this unprecedented international frenzy.

The Vigilante Edition also comes with Aiden Pearce's Vigilante Mask, another physical item. So it's obviously a great deal. But let's say you want the Vigilante Mask and the nine inch figurine. In that case you'll simply need to buy the North American Limited Edition. That won't get you the Iconic Cap, but it does come with exclusive packaging and the White Hat digital content pack.

Now if you want the White Hat pack and the augmented reality cards as well as 3 EXCLUSIVE badges, you'll just have to go to Europe and buy the Dedsec Edition.

One word of warning, however: That version won't come with the Chicago South Club Pack DLC (exclusive to the New Zealand Special Edition) or the Cyberpunk Pack, which comes with the Uplay Exclusive version as well as Digital Deluxe, Gold, and Season Pass.

Please note that the Dedsec DLC pack does not come with the Dedsec Edition. Hardcore fans who want to get their hands on the Dedsec DLC and the incredible steelbook case need to buy the Uplay Exclusive Edition.

Now, admittedly, things start to get tricky when you consider our upcoming games and how they interact with the Watch Dogs bonuses.

If you pre-order Far Cry 4 (also coming out this year) and Watch Dogs (NOT waiting until after release to buy either game) you will receive an exclusive untextured bazooka in both games. Better yet, pre-order the Game of the Year Edition of Watch Dogs as well as the Game of the Year Deluxe Edition of Far Cry 4 to get your hands on an extremely limited physical item: A 3/4th scale sculpture of a hamburger.

Let's say you buy Far Cry 4: White Savior Edition and the Watch Dogs Season Pass without buying the base game of Watch Dogs. You'll be rewarded with Crazy Hurk's Wacky Missions, a series of exclusive levels that continue the adventures started in a retailer exclusive Far Cry 3 DLC that only came with copies of the game sold in The Olive Garden. Please note that you will not get the Wacky Missions DLC if you actually buy Watch Dogs, and that any future purchase of that game will remove Wacky Missions from your Uplay account.

If you buy Watch Dogs Scratchy Voice Protagonist Edition, Far Cry 4 Blasto Edition, and Assassin's Creed: Unity Neverending Story Edition you will get an exclusive Watch Dogs shot glass, a pair of inflatable water wings with the Assassin's Creed Abstergo logo, and ten paper napkins with the Far Cry 4 logo printed on them.

Purchase Assassin's Creed: Unity Alien MacGuffin Edition along with Watch Dogs Hackers With Rad Attitudes Edition to get a commemorative plate featuring incredible artwork of a man shooting a man.

Please note that if you want the Aiden Pearce Iconic Cup Cozy and authentic paramilitary lobster bib, you must purchase all four season passes for Watch Dogs (either Platinum or Newborn edition), Far Cry 4 (any edition but Ultimate), and Assassin's Creed: Unity (Golden Cloaca or Gun Shoot Many Man Then Scripted Cutscene Happen editions).

That's about it. Pretty simple, really. If you still need help for some reason, please refer to the clues we scattered in random copies of the Limited Edition Watch Dogs Pre-Order Information Pack.

–~Ubisoft (@DennisFarrell)

5.16 The Absolute Worst Freddy Krueger Nightmares

Monday, May 19, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Freddy is an ice cream cone and he laughs while his victim tries to lick him. "I don't take a licking but I keep on ticking." There are clock sounds in the background.

Freddy is a toilet that won't flush a diaper. "You are what you eat so why did you eat a baby's diaper? Are you stupid?"

A fancy rich girl sits down in a cool car that turns out to not be cool at all and it has Freddy's face coming out of the steering wheel and he sticks his tongue out. "Nice car... for a jerk." He gross-licks her hands and that kills her.

Freddy's victim turns on a radio and hears Freddy reading numbers for a numbers station. "Yankee Hotel FREDDY."

A man checks the expiration date on some milk. Seems okay. Pours it into his glass oops nope the milk is Freddy. "Spoiled rotten!" Freddy cackles. The guy catches on fire.

Freddy pops out of a Taz shirt when somebody tries to buy a Taz shirt. "Looking to wear a devil?" he laughs, implying he is a devil. He spins around real fast and slices them up.

Freddy is mixed up in cantaloupes. "I'm riiiipe!" he says and tries to claw his way unwanted into a fruit salad bowl.

Freddy turns into a skate park and people have to ollie on his messed up face.

Dr. Freddy turns around an ultra-sound and says "Congratulations, it's a 'me'!" and his face is on the ultrasound and then claws bust out of the mom's belly.

"Good luck measuring up" somebody is trying to measure something in a measuring cup and Freddy keeps bumping into them.

A man opens a box labeled "best animes" and Freddy Krueger is screaming and laughing on the cover of all of the discs of One Piece.

A peppy college girl tries to download some mp3s using a Napster program, but this program is Fredster and it's actually Freddy. She starts to play a Metallica song and Freddy appears on the screen. "Sorry, the only nap you get to download is a dirt nap," he says referencing the company Napster.

Kids on spring break go to a cool bar and try to order some mixed drinks but the bartender doesn't know how to make anything because the bartender is FREDDY! "Wet t-shirt contest!" he says and stabs them.

A guy tries to find "Repeat Album" on his iPhone and instead finds "Repeat Freddy" who never stops laughing over every track.

Freddy is a pizza that wants a slice of some guy. You'd better believe Freddy gets it. A slice that is.

Freddy turns into a pair of sneakers and makes a guy slam dunk with slam being the important word in "slam dunk."

A girl wise to the Freddy dream attacks tries to stay awake, but she can't help it. She falls asleep and Freddy is waiting for her as a drum kit. There is no explanation for this but she is forced to play him until her arms fall off. "Drum roll!" he says and rolls over her crushing her.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.17 Subj: THE BAD BIRTHDAY

Tuesday, May 20, 2014 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!! It is your father and I want you to know that i have quit my job as a party planner. I am not good at it and it was very bad for me. Yes we had 2 good parties before the bad one. I brought the mayor's prized pigs to a birthday party and a baby shower and both times everything was very good.

On the third one it was a young man's birthday. It was the birthday of Mr. Dorty's son. Mr. Dorty had become famous in town for his world renowned fish and especially his biggest fish of all, Edna, who was the only kind of some special fish in captivity. she was a beauty. 40 inches long and a big temper. if you made eye contact with her in the tank she would growl. Mr. Dorty said it was because either she was mad, or because she wanted to mate so bad, or mad Because of that. That's too much business for me, though. Anyway my business was not the fish but that his son, Idiot Brian (my name for him i don't know his real name) got a good time. I did not have any good birthday invites about fish so i sent all the kids ones with frogs that said HOPPY BIRTHDAY thinking that kids love to hop and frogs love water and to hop also.

For about 2 days before the party I was very sick. I kept sneezing a lot and i had very bad congestion up in my nose. I thought I was going to have to quit the party but it was too close to party time so i could not quit. I took a bunch of medicine and went to the party anyway

I showed up and almost everything was ok. The Pet Lord pets were all out in their pens thanks to High School Man (kid from school that i hired who doesn't talk to me so i call him High School Man). And the kids were getting to business with the fun party. Then some guy showed up.

I had hired a man from online (Mitch The Piggyback Man) who was going to give piggyback rides to whoever wanted them, but i guess i mixed up the billing and customer parts on the order form because when he showed up at the party he kept shouting my name a lot until i came up to him and then he said "There's My Birthday Man" even though i was only the billing man and NOT the birthday man and he hoisted me up onto his shoulders. he was very tall and very muscular and wearing a beret and harness and tiny whip and leather underwear. and he strapped my legs into some straps he had around his chest and i was pretty much stuck as he went marching around the back yard blowing into his train whistle and saying "Birthday Man Coming Through" even though it wasn't even close to my birthday and i kept telling that to the kids below.

This made the dogs bark a lot.

Mitch would not stop marching around the backyard whipping things with his smaller than normal leather whip. It was making a big ruckus for the dogs but i guess Mitch thought that's what i wanted because he laughed at the whole thing and I was too sick to figure out how to tell him to stop.

Probably the big part that I remember is that i got into a Sneezing Ruckus where i sneezed about 8 to 12 times in a row and on the last one I finally sneezed out a corn niblet from my sinus cavity. instantly i felt my congestion going away and it must have been from when i "Drank" a can of corn

niblets like it was a drink when I could not find any forks or spoons about a week before that.

This is a lot like what Piggyback Man Mitch was wearing but he was a lot less angry than this guy

Anyhow the niblet flew through the open sliding door into the house and near the big fish tank and i thought it was going to go inside of it, but one of Mr. Dorty's big dogs jumped up to try and catch it. It was really a really good try but the kernel landed directly on Idiot Brian's shirt and also the big fish started trying to jump out of the tank. Either it wanted to catch the corn or it was getting all mad from the dog commotion. Either way, before very long it was halfway leaning over the edge of the fishtank with its head out in the air and sounding like a human saying "Hip. Hip. Hip" but it was just the fish breathing or mouth movements that sounded human to us. The great fish soon got tired and the "hip" sound became "hop" and some of the dumber kids thought the Hoppy Birthday was starting and started hopping. And Mr. Dorty was nowhere to be seen and I definitely didnt want to shove the fish back in the thing with my hands.

The fish being partway out of the tank set off a silent alarm of some kind to protect the expensive fish and the police showed up and wrapped me and Mitch up in a blanket and we took off. High School Man got the animals back and none of us got in trouble except maybe for Mr. Dorty who won't pay me or talk to me even if i call him from my neighbor's phone. the end. the fish stayed alive it was ok. GOOD BY!!!!!!!!!

IM GLAD I FEEL BETTER

–~Dad (@fart)

5.18 SkyMall Product Reviews: Grillbot Automatic Grill Cleaning Robot

Wednesday, May 21, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> The Automatic Grill Cleaning Robot will clean your grill with just the push of a button. An easy-to-use, fun to watch, fully automated grill cleaner. With 3 high powered electric motors and a smart computer brain that controls the movement, speed and direction of the brushes.

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By WillingAndDisabled from Gulf Breeze, FL

The Grillbot is a miracle worker on my back. I know it's not meant for human use, but no device better removes the dry, dead skin so thoroughly. I just wish the built-in heat sensor could be deactivated. I can only run it for about two minutes before my back gets too hot.

Age: 30-35

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By SweetPaws from Macon, GA

DO NOT LIKE. The "Grillbot" is one hunk of junk. The "Grillbot" worked for a few minutes, then I set it on the ground and it just rolled off like the devil chasing our poor Yorkshire Terrier. The "Grillbot" has been trying to kill our sweet doggy daughter since we got it, and the only time it ever stops is when the batteries run out. I will definitely not be purchasing another. Our dog cannot handle any more stress.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By HotDogger from Loveland, CO

Uh, where'd it go? I set mine down for a minute and it just took off. It's coming back right?

If there's some kind of drone pilot for these things, please have my unit return to me at once. You guys have an unsatisfied customer in the making right here.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By HandyGladys from Rapid City, SD

Has scratched up my hardwood floors, ruined my bathroom and created dozens of runs in the carpet. I am absolutely, positively furious. How can they call such a destructive machine a "cleaning robot." I will never trust another robot again. They only care about themselves. I hope all robots go to jail.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review:

By GunRightsBRad from Billings, MT

Thought I was ordering a girlbot, and let me tell you, this is not a girlbot. I may never heal correctly. YMMV.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review:

By Scrapbooker4Jesus from Turlet, NV

WONDERFUL.

After my little angel crossed over the rainbow bridge, I never thought I would find happiness again. The Grillbot has proven me wrong. Such a little angel. The motor is just like purring. I love sitting next to it on the couch. It's even created a special little groove in the cushions where it likes to rest while we watch our stories together.

Age: 61-65

Customer Review:

By BudLiteGuy from Milwaukee, WI

Finally, a device that cleans my massive grill surface for me. It's back breaking work cleaning my grill, which measures 2 feet by 2 feet by however high I stack the steaks. This handy robot can clean that surface thoroughly in only twice the time it takes me. Best of all, it only takes me a few hours to clean the robot afterwards, which is a breeze.

With any luck, I'll live to see a day when there is a special robot to clean every type of mess (including you know where!). I just hope mine turns up soon. I left it out back and it disappeared. I don't think anybody stole it...

Age: 36-40

Customer Review:

By Grillboi from Rock Springs, WY

This little spark plug will do your grills right, but don't get any bright ideas about running it elsewhere. FOR EXAMPLE, there are better ways to keep your pubicals in check. The wire brushes are a bit too rough. Definitely use a razor or some other means. Grillbot is nice but it's kind of a one hit wonder in terms of function, especially when grilling season ends.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review:

By MeatAndHeat from Maquette, MI

Does it come back? Mine ran away after the second day. A neighbor said they saw it roaming around one of the parks, but it ran away when he tried to catch it for me.

We're sorry if we were too hard on you grillbot. Please come home. You don't have to clean the grill if you don't want to.

Age: 36-40

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.19 Haunted House Ride

Thursday, May 22, 2014 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Like Lady Gaga, I think that all life is art. But like most sane people, I think that art is boring and stupid. As a result, I generally hate life.

When I go out for entertainment, I prefer death-themed attractions. My favorite is Disney World's Tower of Terror, where you and fifteen other passengers sit in an elevator that slowly rises through a haunted hotel and then abruptly drops twenty stories and I think the terror is just the existential hell of being with other people. I also enjoy the more traditional horror-entertainment staple, the haunted house ride.

The ride I'm on is coasting through a concrete chamber where a man is being hunted by an axe-wielding cenobite from *Hellraiser*. Unfortunately the cenobite seems to be tangled in some chains hanging from the ceiling. Everyone on the train wants to come to the monster's aid, but due to diffusion of responsibility no one does anything.

On the other side of the room is a stone pillar with a clutch of screaming heads sticking out of it. I think about submitting my haunted house ride actor application - a human pillar would be my ideal job given my sexual fetish for being objectified (most people with this kink are content with metaphorical objectification, but per my art-hating disdain for metaphors, I'd prefer the objectification to be as literal as possible). However, I know that haunted house rides only hire professional actors to play their torture victims. They also require that they give method performances by actually being tortured for a period of several weeks.

Two zombies who've just finished their shift board the train and kick me out of my seat. The backs of haunted house rides are reserved for cool people, they explain. They then start squirting fake blood on the back of my neck and throwing eyeballs and severed fingers at my head. I consider leaving, but the last time I walked out on a haunted house ride I was severely mauled by the gears of one of the ride's motorized displays.

The tunnels connecting the ride's various rooms are completely dark, making my thoughts - mostly deep-rooted fears and anxieties - seem incredibly vivid, to the point where I can actually see them. It's difficult at times to tell my projected terrors from the ride's horror scenes, although a few clearly stick out as products of my psyche:

- Giant scorpions with erect penises for tails
- The memory of the time I was 16 years old and playing on the rope swing in my backyard and my dad and his friend were there and my dad told his friend that I was going to the prom and my dad's friend said I'd need a date and my dad said he was sure I was capable of attracting one and I jumped off the rope swing and ran into the house and up the stairs and down the hall toward my room but the hall seemed to suddenly elongate like a Hitchcock zoom and I fell and hit my head and ever since then my neck does this weird twitchy thing whenever I'm nervous
- A nightmare I had where my body was turned into a sound and then destroyed in a variety of gruesome ways including the Doppler effect, heavy compression and excessive clipping.

In the next room two serial killers are vivisecting a man strapped to a table with a chainsaw.

"I used to think I should make a flesh suit like Ed Gein," one says. "But then I realized I don't need clothes made from the skin of my victims to express my individuality."

"You are not your nipple belt," the other one agrees. "Well, unless it contains your own nipples."

Watching the torture scene, the other people on the ride experience the natural human response to the pain of a fellow being: an intense craving for snacks. But there are no snacks on the ride, so they resort to cannibalizing each other. I'd join them, except I'm anorexic.

To avoid calling attention to my disorder I pretend to gnaw on a severed arm, but then I spit the pieces of flesh into my complimentary haunted house ride gift bag. Whenever I'm in an awkward or unpleasant situation like this I remember the calming wisdom of Bill Hicks: Life is just a ride. Unfortunately this time I'm already on a ride, so it becomes a kind of complex recursive concept that makes my brain collapse on itself.

The ride ends in a gift shop where people can buy pictures of themselves screaming at the ride's jumpscares, or pictures of cameras taking pictures of them screaming as a postmodern commentary on the artifice of all media. I consider buying an "I Survived the Haunted Mansion" T-shirt, but it seems like tempting fate since the gift shop is technically part of the mansion and there are still plenty of ways I could die here. For instance, I might have a fatal social anxiety attack in the checkout line - a perceptual choke point where I have no choice but to look at and be looked at by other people - or a rack of key chains might fall on me. Sure enough, the latter scenario happens a few moments later.

As the rack topples toward me, I'm surprised at how unafraid I am. Real horror, it turns out, is only mildly frightening. It takes theme-park imagineers to turn life's boring violence and mundane cruelty into a truly spine-tingling experience.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

5.20 These Celebrity Cars Have Not Aged Gracefully

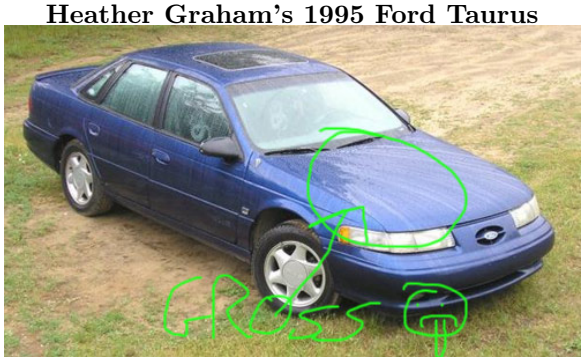
Friday, May 23, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Some celebrity cars are keeping up appearances, some even look better than they have in years with a little help from Maco, like Helen Mirren's gorgeous 1989 Mazda Miata, but these celebrity clunkers are just disgusting. They make us want to vomit. You won't believe these celebrity cars are even allowed to leave the garage. Just disgusting.

Al Pacino's 1990 Toyota Camry

You'd probably pay more for the pizza than this dinged-up trash heap. Bought while on the set of *Dick Tracy*, it's looking these days more like Dick Naaaaasty. What were you using this for, Al? Hauling stink bugs? Good grief.

Heather Graham's 1995 Ford Taurus



Boogie Nights babe Heather Graham needs to boogie down to a junkyard and call it a night. She couldn't trade this clunker in for a roller skate. Is that a sun roof or a hole for the ejector seat? Pull up! Pull up! Too late...

Ian McShane's 1984 Vauxhall Cavalier

Word is, *Deadwood* star McShane still drives this ugly auto with a boot full of ants and a smashed coat wedged under the spare. Stink lines added because we know it smells like someone dropped a cheese and pickle sandwich down into the shifter. Just give it up already, mate. Drive it into a ditch or set fire to it or something.

Michael Douglas's 19?? Volvo

He is not fooling anyone with this car. Hey, Michael, we know you're spending all your dough from The Game on cancer pills, but next time spring for a real mechanic. It's just upsetting to see this in his driveway next to Catherine Zeta Jones's immaculate 2008 Mercedes.

Pamela Anderson's 2002 Buick LeSabre

It might not look so bad on the outside, but bombshell Pam's decrepit LeSabre has been hit by that bomb on the inside. It has over 300,000 miles (she gets around!!) worn out shocks (gets around) and stains on the upholstery (around). The Carfax for this thing is just a skull and the word NO.

Lil' Kim's 1997 BMW 328i

Rapper Lil' Kim once used to have one of the hottest "whips" in America. Now she is riding just plain old dirty with this walleyed BMW that looks like it hasn't seen a waxing in at least ten years. Hey, Kim, leave the headlight replacements to the professionals. What you are doing here is not working.

Anyone can own a car, but if you're famous, you'd better not drive it into the ground or be gross. Because we're watching you.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.21 People In Houses

Saturday, May 24, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

People in glass houses should be prepared for every visitor to jokingly offer sage advice about throwing stones.

People in rubber houses shouldn't throw.

People in House of the Dead should suffer like G did.

People in Newtonian physics houses should get up to full speed and cut off their boosters. Then they should use their rotational thrusters to quickly spin around 180 degrees. With their momentum carrying them backwards (from their new perspective) they should open up on their pursuers with controlled bursts from their plasma cannons.

People in haunted houses should stick around, maybe throw a ball into the foggy horror portal to see what happens.

People in lava world houses should time their jump perfectly, waiting for the fireball to splash back into the magma before they leap from one stone platform to another. This is the safest way to get to the bathroom.

People in House should call their agents. The show's been off the air for a while, dude. We can have someone from the studio's security come unlock the set so you can leave.

People in log cabins shouldn't hire one of those special trucks and a crew to move their house to the top of a water park slide.

People in Animal House should shout a little bit louder now.

People in non-Euclidean houses should throw stones from point A to point B in the shortest possible distance, a curved line.

People in mobile houses should lay on their backs and make soft cooing noises as they watch the colorful shapes spin above them.

People in Doom House should throw their hats by slapping their cheeks.

People in virtual houses should jack into a cybernode and download the subroutine onto a mini-disk before the VR ganger squads sniff the packet and corrupt the sequence.

People in Dharma Initiative houses shouldn't let people tell them what they should or shouldn't do.

People in doll houses should calmly walk out before they start to wonder how they got into such a tiny space and suddenly find that they are stuck.

People in pizza houses should count their blessings. There are many others who are less fortunate, after all, and some have no choice but to live in huts.

People in houses where every room is a slight variation of one original room should love this update.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.22 5 Powerfully Moving Lists on BuzzFeed Tagged as "Memorial Day"

Monday, May 26, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

BuzzFeed

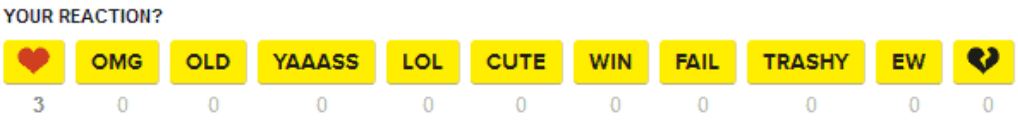
Every year, Memorial Day provides BuzzFeed with another theme to curate and brand some fairly fresh fucking content. It is important to remember, as we honor our fallen troops, that this publication is spending a lot of money and trying relentlessly to be taken seriously and win a Pulitzer Prize.

50 Big Ol' Hunks Of Meat You Should Grill To Celebrate Labor Day

Labor Day? Memorial Day? Eh, whatever, close enough, it's all about grilling anyway. Here are some photos and links to grilling recipes from other websites that Buzzfeed has helpfully placed into a long list for you.

11 Of The Most Heartwarming Soldier Homecomings

"Get your Kleenexes ready" advises GIF curator Lara Parker. You're gonna be cumming buckets as you view these looping GIFs in absolute solemn silence, recognizing the meaningless self-parody our 21st century culture has become. Hey, what's your reaction to these soldiers hugging loved ones? Is this "WIN" or is it "FAIL"?



15 Patriotic Desserts For Memorial Day

11.

This 2011 BuzzFeed offering is possibly the laziest of their Memorial Day food articles. It features fifteen pictures of red, white, and blue desserts. These are not named and there are no links to recipes or even credit for the photographs. One of the images doesn't even load. But thanks for

a picture of a fucking Rice Crispie treat. I'm sure all the guys frozen into the mud at the Chosin Reservoir appreciate the effort.

12 Extremely Patriotic Tattoos

6.

via

"In honor of Memorial Day," writes Ashley Baccam in an article marked as "a personal, non-sponsored post by a member of BuzzFeed's ad content team." Ad content team? I can't wait to see what sort of non-sponsored content they deliver. Sounds EPIC and WIN to me. Do want. These tattoo pictures ought to drum up some clicks. Let the people writing your insidious ad copy that you hide among your articles also write your regular shitty articles. And by write, I mean post pictures in a list. That should accelerate identity formation/dissolution.

Dogs Present 19 Tips For The Perfect Summer BBQ

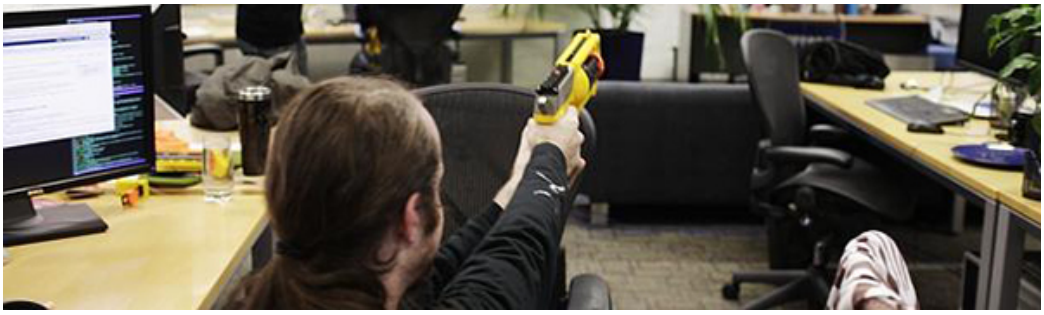
The men in their bobbing landing craft listen to the rumble of artillery passing over their heads. They are seasick and tired and far from home. The landing ramps drop on the blood-washed beaches and they charge into the merciless streams of machine gun fire.

A private, barely more than a boy, is shot to pieces by a kraut gun. He slumps behind a beach obstacle. A sergeant takes the dying man's hands as the private manages a few trembling words, "I hope...my article...gets a lot of Facebook likes." The sergeant is moved. Tears well in his eyes. "They'll make it into a list presented by a dog." But the young soldier is already gone, his eyes looking up into the infinite list of GIFs in the sky.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.23 This Startup Needs a Nerf Gun

Tuesday, May 27, 2014 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)



Or, like, twenty. The Nerf Gun workplace is the central pillar of every startup tech company. To be perfectly honest, I'm shocked that we've even managed to get this far without one. Nerf Guns are as much a part of the industry as premature diabetes or an insurmountable gender gap. And here we are, a bunch of insulin deficient bros coding empty handed. That's bad news, boys.

Programmers are pretty much computer savant cats, so it's difficult to get them to talk to anyone unless they can point a gun at their head. But it's not too late to catch up. Remember how much fun you had as a kid when your sibling would shoot you directly in the eye from two feet away? Well now you can relive that moment *every single day* with a bunch of balding thirty years olds while you code in twelve hour shifts. Think about that for a second. Here is an opportunity to relive middle school. How could you say no?

Facebook has Nerf guns. Not trying to namedrop, but they're successful and they care about people-- or at least the data people create. So what do we have to offer? Sure, there's the furniture that looks like it was stolen from an Apple Store and sure there's always the comically large pool of investors willing to dump money into our possible future product. But that's so boring. People want to hear about the trivial distractions made to hide the grueling work. Nerf battles are pretty much nonstop bonding experiences based entirely on passive aggression while also fulfilling the small definition of fun agreed upon by the sort of people who live on nothing but energy drinks and instant mashed potatoes.

It's time this place had a Foam Revolution. Just hold this gun for a second. Touch its cheap yellow and blue plastic. Feel the rush that at any moment you could shoot a dart with the power of an arthritic grandma trying to push someone over. That's right, I just got this bad boy and the spring is already stretched out. Go ahead pull the trigger.

Okay, looks like you accidentally shot it right into the register. No worry. We got backups. In fact, soon the floors, desks, and kitchen area will be so littered with them that you won't be able to make Ramen without picking three out of your Flavor Powder. But that's what makes the Nerf gun tech startup so appealing. You never know what sort of wacky thing might happen. One minute you're trying to code and then *BLAM* dart in the face. Another minute you're in a conference call with the investors and then *BANG* suction cup to the old noodle. The next moment you're doing something else and then, well, I pretty much covered the two main things that can happen.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

5.24 My Review of Watch Dogs

Wednesday, May 28, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

> Watch Dogs has been hyped as the first true "next-gen" title by the insufferable people who make those sorts of claims. Early trailers portrayed a dense, atmospheric rumination on technology with an emphasis on non-violent player creativity. Now it's time to find out what the game actually is.

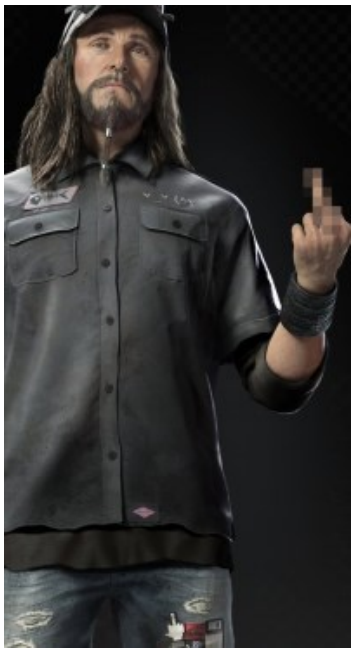
Ready for something different?

You play as Aiden Pearce, a white man in his thirties with a gun. Whether he's threatening a bad guy or consoling a loved one, Aiden sounds like Batman practicing his raspy growl in a library.

Yeah, but are you ready for something really different?

Looming over a beaten man, your first interaction in the game is to aim your gun at the unarmed guy and pull the trigger.

Soon there's a car chase. Oh boy. You need to lose the cops by driving fast and making unpredictable turns. Within seconds multiple cars slam into one another, knocking a weightless telephone pole onto the street. Everyone stays absolutely still until one car randomly speeds forward then backwards. At this point in real life your spirit should float to the ceiling and look down sadly, watching your stupid body go through the motions in yet another one of these games.



So much attitude they had to blur it. Except for the second one on his jeans. Take that!

Okay, I promised something different.

Aiden has an evidence wall. There are photos and ominous words and lines and even circled things. He is out for justice.

Something different. Okay, what about this?

Aiden has a nightmare about a dead female. This is what fuels him. Justice and payback and self-angst.

The nightmare is Aiden's memory of the night his niece was murdered. A hitman had been ordered to kill the girl in order to scare Aiden off from doing more BIG HACKS. The assassin's plan? Get on a motorcycle and sort of bump into Aiden's car while yelling, then shoot a tire to flip the car, killing the girl but leaving her uncle alive. A very simple plan with only one possible outcome.

Or maybe the killer was trying to murder Aiden. I don't know. An earlier scene showed a client telling the assassin to take out Aiden and kill his family, with the ultimate goal being to "scare them". If "them" meant either Aiden and his partner or Aiden's family, how would their deaths be step one in a two step plan that ended in them being scared?

Anyway, Aiden wakes up. While gargling sandpaper he talks about his inability to escape the memory of his niece's death. The final overwrought sentence of this monologue has not even ended

when the game pops up a "1911 Handgun Unlocked" message.

Something different...

You look at a map of the city and feel a thrill as it becomes populated by a ton of icons. This sensation is a bigger high than anything you will experience while carrying out the activities those icons represent. There are outposts, things to stand on and press a button to collect, racing missions that highlight the abysmal driving model, and bad guys to observe - don't let them see you or the mission ends - then run after on foot. The game asks you to do each of these things until you get tired of them, then do them an additional fifteen times. Gotta have a lot of icons on that map, after all.

Different?

Well, the game doesn't have the movement speed or vertical freedom of Assassin's Creed, the physics goofiness of Grand Theft Auto, or any of the hand to hand combat you'll find in Sleeping Dogs. Even though there's a lot of shooting it doesn't have the satisfying gunplay of Far Cry 3. Playing this game feels like being held at arm's length from anything you might want to do. Watch Dogs does have hacking, though. That's sort of the selling point, right?

Point your cell phone at a person to see their profile and a little portrait. No matter what their age may be, everyone has the face of a beautiful middle-aged Oblivion orc.

Profiles are randomized and offer absolutely nothing. After the first few minutes they become white noise. Of course. In a game that takes place in a large city there's just no way to make enough unique profile variables to justify their existence. So why have them at all? If you haven't played an Ubisoft open world game you might not know this, but it's more important for something to seem impressive than to actually be meaningful in the way that it suggests.

Point your cell phone at an object. Hold X to hack, toggling the thing on or off. That's it. The outcomes are very limited in scope. Hack a distractionary object to make people 10 feet away look at it for a few moments. Hack an exploding thing to make people right in front of it die. The most dynamic hack in the game is a traffic light, and that just causes an accident which occasionally stops your pursuers. In practice there's very little variety or room for player creativity.

Stealth, the most potentially interesting mechanic, is hobbled by the rigid hacking system. Restricted areas are confined and packed with way too many guards on short patrol routes that don't offer opportunities to sneak past cleanly. You're forced to hack a few obvious spots in the environment to get by without fighting, and it's often easier to just hack a camera to locate and activate your goal remotely. Sure, the latter is conceptually sort of cool, but why have stealth at all in the first place if it isn't more engaging than the shortcut?

One virtual reality stealth mini-game features enemies who spawn in large numbers by dropping from the sky, often landing close enough to spot you immediately. You must reach a generator and disable it, then travel a fair distance across the city to the next generator so you can repeat the process. Twenty times. That's Watch Dogs in a nutshell.

Watch Dogs is all bluster. It has nothing to say about its themes or its all-too-familiar characters and the tiresome plot things they do, nothing to offer the player, nothing to prop up its expansive but hollow facade. It will be a tremendous commercial and critical success.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.25 Your Cold, Dead Kids Can't Keep These Guns Out of my Warm Hands

Thursday, May 29, 2014 by Joe the Plumber

When I heard the news about the incident in Santa Barbara, I could only roll my eyes and say "Here we go again!" After all the tragedies we've overcome in recent years, I wasn't sure if I was ready to face another one. I'd spent the past 20 minutes sawing through a hot, beefy turd -- that's plumber lingo for human feces -- when the news slipped out of El Rushbo's mouth between several commercials about investing in gold: The liberals found another damned reason to take our guns away. Here we go again!

You might think I'm callous for ignoring the senseless violence that took the lives of six college students, but mark my words: As a father, plumber, and a man, I understand the necessity of sacrifice. If one of Obama's government spooks showed up at my house and gave me a choice between my son's life and the contents of my gun room, well, the boy would understand that I could put him down clean and easy -- one shot, one kill. And thanks to the random mock executions I perform to show him I'm still the "man of the house," there's plenty of self-dug graves in the backyard that would make the perfect fit for a little upstarts who like to make jokes about daddy's "shiny" head. A few moved piles of dirt later, and I'd be back to the constant gun maintenance that's kept these hands of mine busy since the divorce.

Believe you me, when I watched the online video of that little twerp, Elliot Rodger, I got steamed. Steamed to hell and back. If only that shooting didn't happen in namby-pamby California, home of fruits and nuts! I can only imagine how differently things would have played out if a responsible gun-owning American wasn't bullied out of exercising his unalienable rights in that French bathhouse of a state. Why, if I was at the scene, you bet I would have blasted two perfect holes through that creep's back tires, slid across the hood of his BMW, and vaporized his brain stem within the course of .02 seconds. Then I would have taken several comical pictures with the corpse, as the Founding Fathers intended, until the inevitable parade or parades in my honor. It's Gun Ownership 101, people.

Now, before you call me heartless, if I had the chance, I'd buy all of those mourning parents a beer -- or maybe a pitcher, because that could be more cost-effective. That is, if it's even legal to serve

Budweiser in California! I'd look at them, stare them right in the eyes, and say "Listen, I can't even pretend to know what you're going through. But the death of your children does not erase my right to protect my suburban compound from the relentless threats it face every day." What the outside world sees as census takers and kids selling band candy, I see as violent interruptions to a peaceful life spent sitting with the curtains drawn, wondering what it would be like if I didn't confront a presidential candidate about the risks of running a business that would never exist. Some months I forget to pay the heating bill, but the Jack keeps me plenty warm.

Besides, I think we're forgetting one simple fact: Elliot Rodgers also killed three people with a machete! So, excuse me, Mr. Dead Kid Dad, if I don't question your intentions. If you're so concerned about gun violence, then why don't I hear you speak out against machete violence, which wounds up to five people per year in North America alone through something called "Jason Voorhees cosplay?" And just take a look at my plumber's tools -- I bet you could do some real damage with these! Why, this turd spreader alone could cleave a man's head in two -- and don't think I haven't considered it. Sometimes, when I'm filling the turd drill up with kerosene, I imagine how fast the bit could tear through a human skull and the dark fantasies are so overwhelming I have to strip completely naked and lay motionless for hours until the throbbing stops. Those are the days I don't go far beyond the turd winch.

So yeah, in summation -- your kids' lives: Pretty important. My right to prepare for the inevitable home invasions that befall honest, hardworking Americans with a taste for designer couches: Don't even get me started. I don't spend hours behind a turd-sifter every day just so some animal thug can wipe his city filth all over my VIG Chesterfield leather sofa. Oh yeah, and, uh, my condolences.

Sincerely,

Joe "Joe the Plumber" T. Plumber

–∼Joe the Plumber

5.26 Maya Angelou Writes Descriptions for 3D Printer Models on Thingiverse

Friday, May 30, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

To me, a thirteen-year-old Black girl, halted by Southern life, deprived of anything digital bespoke, I saw the MakerBot as a manifestation of freedom. It was a long-held breath, released at last, drawn in again cool and clean and tickled with that peculiar smell of ABS filament. Here we are, I thought, a promise so forsaken it had near become a lie was unexpectedly kept. Granted like a wish. Freedom.

Customizable Horn

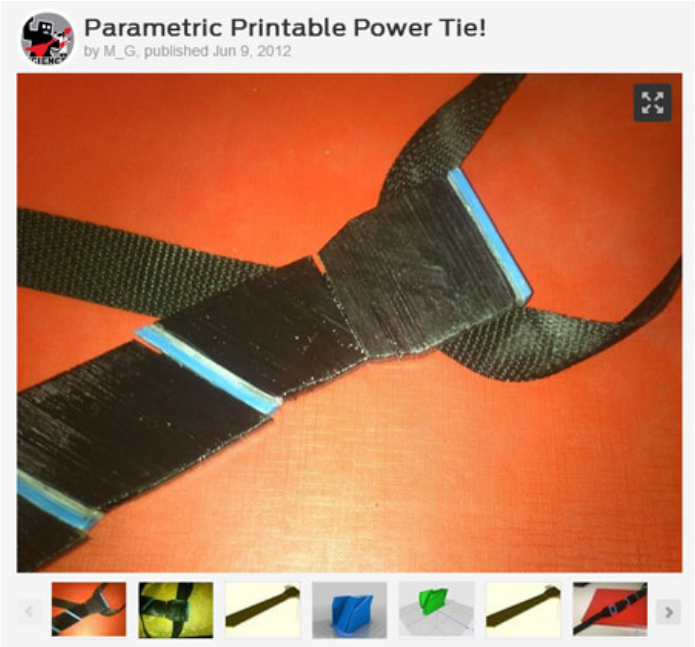
There was a time in evening, before the night stirred up and made its own song, when the radio played and mother danced. Every feeling put into her that day was present like a scarf hung on her body. She turned and turned and never without purpose, but never the same way twice. I could close my eyes and see her again and wonder, what if a horn played? Not any horn, but a horn of my exact choosing. A horn as specific to me as my frown or laugh. That sits on the table by the gray potbelly stove like somebody kicked in the side of a tin geranium planter. She would probably stop dancing and laugh herself sick.

VapeStand v1.0

It was the worker who took his cotton sack home that hurt me most. Pricked and weary beyond compassion's reach, to retire without rest to mend by the light of coal lamps, in his little space filled with smoke. He would rise each day with aching lungs to labor to pay his debts and nothing more. To never advance himself or save a dollar.

I think of that smoke from that lamp, coughing up and staining his walls and inside him like spoiled grease. What might his day be like if instead of smoke he breathed vaporized flavors? Peppermint, coconut or graham cracker s'more. A candy shop in his lungs. And upon his orange crate table, balanced uneven, would sit his VapeStand, with every flavor a man could conceive. After those sweet vapes he would rise and toil for more than just living. He would understand that there is a greater life awaiting us. A VapeLife. It can be found if we dare inhale the tangerine vapor of our dreams. Now conveniently organized with all our pens.

Parametric Printable Power Tie!



We crowded into the Christian Methodist Episcopal Church, the ladies fanning in their homemade dresses and the men dour with sweat in their suits. The men wore their coats despite the July and even if a man could not spare a penny for a coffee, he wore a tie around his neck. More than one necktie was silk and shined like a Japanese fish.

Even at my young age I knew it was a waste for vanity. Sister Ruth and the Reverend Taylor did not care if a man wore a tie of silk. Not to mention all of the trouble of tying a necktie. I saw my own father dispirited by tying one around his neck on more than one occasion. If only he lived to see this day, when a man or woman can select whatever pattern they want, be it 8-bit or based on sitcom characters, and build up their own necktie attached to a nylon lanyard bought separately.

Were these wonders always with us waiting to be found, like seams of god-placed gold, or did they descend from the mind of a man? I may never believe the answer.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.27 Your Inalienable Rights, As They Pertain to Scarecrows

Saturday, May 31, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

You have the absolute right to affix a single scarecrow to a pole of any height you desire. If the top of the pole is taller than eighteen thousand feet above sea level, a warning signal of some sort must be displayed over the scarecrow's head so as to prevent commercial airplane collisions. Examples of good warning signals: A flashing light, or a flag, or a handwritten note reading "Look Out For Scarecrow" on an index card.

Each individual in a household may own up to ten scarecrows for personal use, with up to fifty scarecrows total per home. While most scarecrow enthusiasts insist this limit is far too restrictive, it remains the law for now.

It is well within your rights to speak about your scarecrow to someone else as if the scarecrow isn't even there, even though it is sitting on the couch directly between the two of you. The situation I am describing is awkward as all get out for the scarecrow. It is not, however, a violation of any law.

If you wish to name your scarecrow Chad, you may do so. This is what it means to be free.

You can walk around in public with a scarecrow and no one can do a damn thing about it. Tuck it under your arm. Strap it to your back like Chewbacca carrying C-3PO. Whatever you want. If it makes other people uncomfortable, too bad. That's what they get for being overly sensitive. You're just an ordinary person who wants to be in control of your own fate when you go to the buffet, or to the crow store.

You have the right to prepare an elaborate meal for your scarecrow, to leave the plate of food near its resting place in your field, and to press your back against the door after you return to your house, trembling as you pray that the scarecrow will not discover the poison before the job is done.

A scarecrow can be placed on a flat surface, as if it's any other object. You can even put it on a curved surface and watch it slide off.

Congress shall make no law respecting the 3D printing of a complete skeletal system, nor shall it prohibit the amateur surgery you will conduct to implant said skeletal system into a scarecrow.

Freedom of speech extends to all interactions with scarecrows. By all means, go ahead and say or scream anything you like at a scarecrow without fear of undue retribution. Remember, though, that knowingly lying about a scarecrow to a third party opens you up to charges of slander.

Load up a two player video game. Place the second controller in front of a scarecrow. Now run up the score while your opponent on screen stands absolutely still. Keep this up for hours. Continue as the mood in the room goes from jocular to uncomfortable to something far more dark and raw than anyone could have predicted. Keep running up the score long after the room has become a senseless hell outside of time. Pretend to let up, then play with more ferocity than ever. No law enforcement agent can touch you for this.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 6

June

6.1 John F. Kennedy's Famous Speech About Curving the Television

Monday, Jun 02, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Now that we have curved televisions in all our homes, it is easy to forget that in 1962, President John F. Kennedy inspired a nation and a world to dream of greater things than we thought possible. To dare us to picture our crisp 4K entertainment discs viewed on curved screens in the comfort of our own homes. Before Samsung, Sony, LG and all the other great American innovators, there was Kennedy and his pragmatic dream to curve the television.

Ladies and gentlemen, distinguished members of the community, a few colored people, voluptuous women with special backstage passes, I come to you not with some big drag of a speech about rockets, but something much more fundamental to what it means to be an American.

I come to you today to talk about the television. Every American family worth the right to vote has one in their home right now. As with most things, America invented the television, but the first commercially-sold television was in Germany. It cost twelve million dollars and only Adolf Hitler was allowed to watch it.

Since that first television, which only had two channels and both of them were very, very bad, many millions more TVs have been sold. These units are larger, unless we want them smaller, and we even enjoy color televisions now so that we can see Jackie Gleason's sweat glistening on his face just as if he were in our living rooms. But other than that, the television has not changed a whole lot. A nation is clamoring for something better. Ladies and gentlemen, I come to you today to tell you that the lack of change...is about to change.

I have asked all of our most intelligent men to gather with a few women who will bring them coffees and begin developing a television that will change the way we

watch things in our home. No, not a 3D television, those will turn out to be pretty lame and gimmicky so we will not shift our nation's resources to 3D televisions. We will do something better. So much better that nobody even thought to want this at all. But they'll definitely want it when we show it to them.

Before the year 2014 we will curve the surface of the television in our homes. We will make our televisions concave, not because we want to, but because we have to.

The eyeball is curved so there is no reason for us to be staring at these flat surfaces. America is done with flat things. We want curves. We want to fill our homes with curves. Dresses with curves. We want to look at curves all day. Whatever our wives say.

Also we want a rubber sex pussy made to look like Frankenstein. And our top men are developing this right now in a secret laboratory. With knowledge gleaned from treating wounds in the Korean war they believe they know exactly what Frankenstein's sex pussy would look and feel like if he were a she and they are going to make that and sell that to relieve some of the family man's tension.

We are also going to figure out a way to make a cigarette that tastes like peanut butter and isn't actually smoke. It sounds implausible, but a little something called the aqueduct sounded pretty implausible to Julius Caesar. The pizza sounded odd to Nero. The jet airplane sounded downright crazy to our Founding Fathers. Implausible is a word we assign our dreams to make us forget them. So let's resolve now to remember this dream. A dream of a smokeless, perhaps electronic cigarette that tastes like peanut butter.

We choose to curve the television in the next five decades and do the other things not because they are easy, but because they are hard, because that goal will serve to organize and measure the best of our energies and skills, because that challenge is one that we are willing to accept, one we are unwilling to postpone, and one which we intend to win, and the others, too. We dream of inhaling the American fruit of peanuts while we watch Boris Karloff lurching around on our curved screens. We dream of watching him destroy that laboratory and kill his creator while we put our dicks in a rubber sex pussy version of Frankenstein.

Many years ago the great British explorer George Mallory, who was to die on Mount Everest, was asked why did he want to climb it. He said, "Because it is there."

Well, televisions are there, and we're going to climb them, and Frankenstein's vagina, well it's not there, but we can conceive of it, and the same with peanut butter cigarettes and all the hope for knowledge and peace.

And, therefore, as we set sail we ask God's blessing on the most hazardous and dangerous and greatest adventure on which man has ever embarked. We're going to curve those TVs.

Thank you.

—~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.2 BarkWire.com Dog Reviews: Barnacle & Blue Yonder

Wednesday, Jun 04, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the BarkWire.com series.

DOGOMETER SCORE

BAD DOGGY

Barnacle
Age: 9 years old
Breed: Dogue De Bordeaux
Location: Shaggy Butte
Gender: Male
Relationship Status: In a relationship with **Blue Yonder**
Followers: 348
Folllow Me!

LATEST REVIEWS

Posted by **WheelWolf** 2 months ago

I AM PROFOUNDLY DISABLED AND THIS DOG STARTED CHEWING ON THE TIRES ON MY MOTORIZED SCOOTER. WHEN I CALLED THE POLICE THEY CAME BUT ONCE THEY SAW IT WAS THE MAYOR'S DOG THEY ALLOWED HIM TO CONTINUE WHILE THEY WATCHED. HE SAT THERE THERE EATING MY TIRES WHILE I SCREAMED TO HIGH HEAVEN. I AM A FORGIVING SPIRITUAL PERSON WHO WORSHIPS CELESTIAL ORBS. THIS DOG WILL NEVER FIND THE HEAVENLY PEACE I HAVE.

Posted by **WheelWolf** 2 months ago

HE CAME BACK AND ATE TWO OF MY ORBS. I WILL NEVER FORGIVE HIM NOW AND WILL HATE HIM FOR THE REST OF MY DAYS.

Posted by **SensitiveGuy** 2 month ago

Barnacle is sickening. He is spoiled rotten and his owner lets him get away with everything. Mayor Cobb is not a good pet owner, and I regret voting for him every election. The level of corruption in the dog community is so depressing, and I hope it never impacts good dogs like **Hope**.

The lack of law and order in the dog community is the main reason I have chosen not to have any children. It doesn't seem right to bring them into this world.

Posted by **DogDreamer** 29 days ago

I saw Barnacle putting the moves on **Hope**, and let me tell you, he's got no sense of romance. She was having none of it, and that just made him more aggressive. She got out of there before things turned real nasty, and they did. **Blue Yonder** arrived and the two had a pretty vicious fight... at least until they started going at it from a different angle. That Barnacle... he's got some proclivities. I didn't know dogs could do those kinds of positions and acts, and for so long. I finally had to leave after a couple hours because it was just too much.

Blue Yonder's going to be pretty hostile toward **Hope** I bet, and Barnacle isn't going to abide rejection. The Mayor's Dog gets what he wants. I'm pretty nervous about the future of this city, and have been circulating the idea of a recall election just so we can see Barnacle get what he deserves.

Posted by **DogGoneIt** 14 days ago

Folks, I Just realized it's the anniversary of **Artie**'s public execution. Everyone in town knows it was Barnacle that defecated all over the parade floats, but **Artie** still got the blame. The way Mayor Cobb and the idiot city dog catcher colluded to pin it on **Artie**, who never hurt anyone, except some kids once, but that hardly matters. The public hanging still haunts me. Dog bodies weren't designed to be hung.

Posted by **DogDreamer** 3 days ago

I KNEW IT. I TOLD EVERYONE THIS WOULD HAPPEN.

Hope is dead now and Barnacle and **Blue Yonder** were both at the crime scene. Some people are saying it was **Meathook** or **Hazard** or **Thriller** or **Corn** but Barnacle and

Blue Yonder both have motive, and Barnacle has a long history of getting away with crimes. It's only natural he'd want to try murder, the all time #1 crime.

Posted by **Pawlease** 3 days ago

Barnacle may have committed the murder in his heart, but I believe it was **Caribe** who carried out the act. Barnacle and **Blue Yonder** both seemed preoccupied with chomping at bees before the incident, but **Caribe** was spoiling for trouble.

Posted by **TreatGuy** 3 days ago

"Chomping at bees?" I guess you weren't paying attention with Barnacle and **Blue Yonder** were picking fights with **Corn** and **Thriller**. But then I guess you were there to watch the bees, not the dogs. LOL. In fact, about the only dogs they weren't fighting with were **Meathook** and his pack, but we all know those two have some kind of understanding. Even **Meathook** knows not to cross Cobb's dog.

Either way, it doesn't matter, because **the Barquis de Sade** was there and probably pulling the strings, using all those dogs as his psychosexual puppets.

Sooner or later one of us is going to have to man up and do what needs to be done: shooting all these bad dogs in the head. I don't know about you, but I'm ready to dispense the justice we're all pining for.

Posted by **BigDog** 2 days ago

Funny how you guys are ignoring Barnacle's past with **Solstice**, but then everyone is always trying to forget her. The only reason Barnacle would even put the moves on **Hope** would be to get back at **Hazard**, who was messing around with the much older **Solstice** after he and darling **Hope** had their spat. Barnacle hasn't forgotten that old hag, and continues to spend time with her on the down low. Killing **Hope** would be a good way send **Hazard** a message to mind his snout.

But then again, it's obvious who the real killer is. I deduced that much before **Hope** was even killed. Can't wait for you clowns to figure it out.

At least we're all in agreement about Barnacle. He's garbage. As far as corrupt dogs with strong political connections go, Barnacle's about as lame as they come. At least corrupt dogs like **Canayne Rand**, **Karl Rover** and **Mao Zedog** had some creativity. Eating tires? What's that all about?

BigDog Awwwwooooout.

Posted by **Barkaholic** 9 hours ago

Wouldn't surprise me one bit if he's our killer. I've hated this dog ever since he chewed up all those tires in the Walmart parking lot. Damn near got half the parking lot. And it's not like he just popped 'em and moved on. That dog ate so much rubber you could have bounced him around. And the cops did nothing after catching him in the act. They even told me they'd arrest me if I tried to stop him from eating any more tires. Some law enforcement. Still, it's Mayor Cobb or a democrat, so my back's against the wall here.

BarkWire
Digital Dogging
DOWNLOAD THE APP!
HOT DOGS REVIEW A DOG REPORT BAD DOG SEARCH

DOGOMETER SCORE
BONE-A-FIDE

Blue Yonder **Age:** 8 years old
Breed: English Setter
Location: Shaggy Butte
Gender: Female
Relationship Status: In a relationship with **Barnacle**
Followers: 1348
Following

LATEST REVIEWS

Posted by **WarmBiscuit** 2 months ago

Boy has she ever become a nuisance. I was in the park watching **Hope**, **Hazard**, **Nectar and Ambrosia** playing and having a great time. Blue Yonder showed up and kept blocking my view by standing directly in front of me. She was desperate for attention, and it was extremely unattractive. I finally petted her out of pity and left. Was hard to believe she was the same dog we all loved so much. Was she always that ugly?

Posted by **SensitiveGuy** 2 months ago

Wow, I forgot about this dog. She used to be very pretty, but I don't think she's very pretty anymore. I don't see why her owners even bring her out anymore. She's not really worth looking at now that she's gotten old. She even walks funny. Can't believe we all used to like her, but then again, **Hope** has really raised the bar.

Plus, the way she flaunts herself to try to get attention is really unbecoming. She's way too needy. Not what I'm looking for in a woman, that's for sure.

Posted by **DogDreamer** 29 days ago

Don't have much to say about her, except that I have no idea how this town ever took her seriously. I just got an eyeful of her and **Barnacle** reenacting the kama sutra. I know she was desperate for attention, but really, this? Gross.

I'd expect that kind of libertine behavior from **Solstice** or **the Barquis de Sade**.

Posted by as **Pawlease** 15 days ago

She used to be one of my favorite dogs, a true beauty. She really made a name for herself back in the dog show circuit, too. She used to bring in Best in Show awards like other dogs brought in fleas. Frankly, I think they should take her awards away. She hasn't aged gracefully and the fact she's spending time with **Barnacle** shows she lacks good moral judgment. More like "Worst in Show."

Thankfully, it's very easy to ignore her when an amazing dog like **Hope** shows up. You can barely hear Blue Yonder's incessant whimpering over all the sounds of oohing and ahhing **Hope** inspires.

Posted by **Angelic_Groomer** 14 days ago

Blue Yonder has really gotten old. I used to love looking at her, and even got to groom her once. Now I wouldn't waste my talents, especially when there are much prettier dogs out there like **Hope**. Goes to show you how good we have it now. Blue Yonder used to be the town darling, and now look at her. Talk about starved for quality!

We're so much better off now.

Posted by **ELMO STEPHENS** 10 days ago

NORMALLY DOGS TRY TO RUN AWAY FROM ME BUT BLUE YONDER CAME UP AND WAS VERY NICE AND FRIENDLY AND RETRIEVED MANY THINGS I DIDN'T KNOW I LOST LIKE MY WALLET AND ORANGE HAT AND THEN SIX OTHER ORANGE HATS I LOST BEFORE THE ORANGE HAT I LOST WHEN I SAW HER TODAY. SHE WAS VERY HAPPY TO GET PETTED AND IW AS VERY HAPPY TO PET HER. I WILL BE THIS DOG'S FRIEND.

ALSO SHE TRIED TO BRING ME A WHISTLE I LOST BUT ACCIDENTALLY SWALLOWED IT SO THAT IS WHY SHE MAKES A WHISTLING SOUND WHEN SHE IS EXCITED.

HAD TOO MANY ORANGE HATS TO CARRY ON THE WALK HOME AND KEPT DROPPING THEM. WHEN I GOT HOME I ONLY HAD TWO. I GUESS I LOST THE OTHERS AGAIN. SORRY DOGGY!!!

ELMO STEPHENS

Posted by **BigDog** 14 days ago

Took you bozos long enough to realize Blue Yonder was nothing special. Unlike some classic show dog beauties like **Pinup**, **Stance**, **Courtesan**, **Bombshell** and **Mother**. Those were some classic ladies you could really get behind, and they had the good sense to leave the public eye when they got too old. Blue Yonder has looooooonnnggggg overstayed her welcome.

-BigDig

Posted by **CollarMeBad** 3 days ago

Just saw horrible fight at the dog park and now **hope** is dead. blue yonder did it, she is a murderer. she i saw her picking fights and chomping menacingly and also she was with **barnacle** and he kept lifting up his legs and exposing his large b***s which is just rude. i didn't see where she went once the fight broke out but she definitely ran out of there with blood on her mouth so it had to have been her.

Posted by **Angelic_Groomer** 2 days ago

I was convinced **Ozark** killed **Hope**, and he probably would have if he had the chance, but now I think maybe Blue Yonder did, because she was a petty, jealous dog with no character and no charm. She was undeserving of love, and it's only natural she would blame a good, lovable dog like **Hope**. I regret that I didn't strangle her years ago when I had the misfortune of grooming her. She's a cancer of a dog and I am going to devote my mental energies to wishing her dead. I don't like to brag about this, but I have put down 3 bad dogs that way, just by willing it.

Posted by **CaninersFan** 3 hours ago

Not sure what this means, but I saw Blue Yonder yesterday at Elmwood Park. She disappeared in a hurry, running into some bushes with what looked like a very mangy black lab. I had a mind to issue a citizen's arrest, on account of her maybe murdering **Hope**, or at least for harboring a completely unreasonable jealousy of her. Didn't see **Barnacle** nearby. Usually she's following him around like a tick.

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.3 Please Do Not Kill Anybody Because of Slenderman

Wednesday, Jun 04, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

On Monday, June 2nd, two 12 year old girls from suburban Wisconsin attempted to brutally murder another girl to appease the fictional character Slenderman. This incident has been described as "tragic" and the perpetrators described as "insane" or "deeply troubled." I don't want to make light of mental health issues, but it would seem to me that a more accurate diagnosis would be that these two 12 year old girls are dumb as hell.

Slenderman originated in 2009 from SA forums member Victor Surge as part of a Photoshop thread. The faceless, tall man in a suit, often depicted sprouting spaghetti arms and standing ominously in the background of innocuous photos, tapped into the Internet's deep fear of skinny people stalking our forests.

He was especially terrifying to the people who try hard to be afraid of things and help each other succeed. The Internet's dire equivalent of a collective Ouija board party. Since the first Photoshops, the Slenderman myth has since been embellished into stories, web videos like Marble Hornets, hauntingly terrible video games, and even ripped off for bad Hollywood movies with Jessica Biel.

We are 15 years post-*Blair Witch*. These girls were 12. Found footage Youtubes, shaking cameras and bad Photoshops of people with socks on their head standing in the woods should not be fooling anyone. Especially not 12 year olds who should be better at the Internet and media culture than actual adults. But maybe all these chemtrails and Art Bells are actually making people dumber. Maybe there is a lot of lead paint being used in Waukesha. Maybe the Internet makes you stupid.

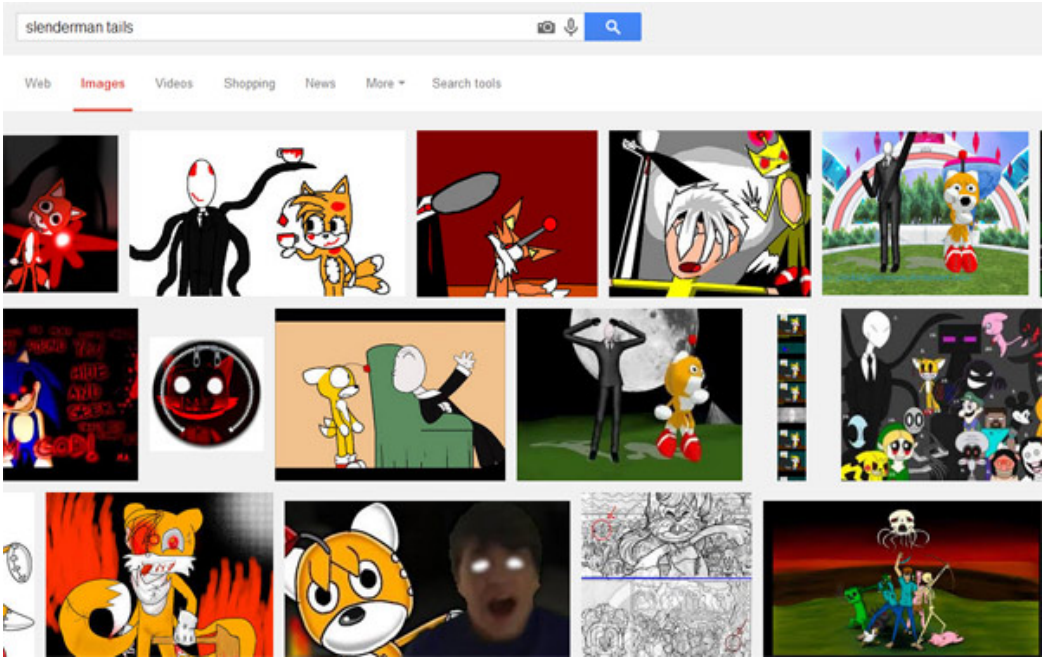
You might be a long time reader of Something Awful, someone who was tricked into coming here by a malicious link, or a member of the media who recently heard about Slenderman. If you read no further, please, do not kill anybody because of something that came from this not quite humor website.

Yes, Something Awful is bad. Yes, we joke about scary things like D&D, porn and 3D printers, but that is never a good reason to hurt someone else or yourself. You know that old Nike slogan, Just

Do It? It's right on, as long as the "It" is "don't hurt others or yourself because of Something Awful."

Just Do don't hurt others or yourself because of Something Awful.

Because Slenderman is a blurry blob in the back of photos. He's a bad MS Paint picture on Deviant Art. He's somebody on tumblr who is shipping Slendy and Tails:



Slenderman is ridiculous. He has been organically sourced to the crowd and the crowd is dumb. The Slenderman fans can invest their dumb lives in the story just like Dr. Who fans or comic book fans or Welcome to Night Vale fans or any other fandom. They will talk endlessly about Slenderman:

(Don't actually read this, just scroll past it or your brain will melt out of your eyes.)

'Let's make things clear. Slenderman is NOT your friend/boyfriend/lover/true love. You are in love of him. HE'S NOT. He'd kill you. So please... STOP saying he's your significant other. Because HE ISN'T.'
Long time I don't make a stamp!
This is somehting I had to do. I see too much douchebaggery out there.
LAST EDIT: I've been handling lots of comments with nonsense... (I liked the good comments and I appreciate you support though). But still.
I'm disabling comments. Oh, and don't try to send me messages about this NOR THIS STAMP. I'm tired. You can't comfort me either.
EDIT 1: SHIT I GOT ON THE MAIN PAGE!! I'm so fucking happy right now!!
EDIT 2: Some people has told me that it's written "In love WITH you". Thanks for teaching me. Now please stop. I'm still learning english.
EDIT 3: Yes, this is on a group called 'SlenderFriends'. I'm from this group, and I put this there by myself. I'm just in groups for exposure, really.
EDIT 4: HERE ARE SOME ANSWERS TO MANY COMMENTS I'VE RECEIVED. Also I should correct my last comment:
-- Who's Slenderman? This: creepypasta.wikia.com/wiki/The...
--THANK YOU!!/GREAT STAMP/something like this! You're welcome, thanks and you're great too
-- Is this really a thing? YES. Go to the internet. You'll se it.
--I didn't know that! Now you know.
-- How somebody can love someone as him? (Or something like that) EVERYTHING HAS FANS. THERE ARE LOTS OF OPINIONS AND LIKES. I like him, for example.
-- I love him, but not in that way. SAME.
-- I just find this insane fangirlism annoying/bothersome/whatever. SAME!
--How can you love him? These are my fucking likes and loves. But I'm aware that he won't me mine EVER.
--He's a -insert a description of him here- Likes. LIKES. LIKES!! You like things, they like things. That's all.
-- He's not real! So aren't some of the things you like -probably-. Also, he could be perfectly if he's a creepypasta -despite coming from internet - But still. This is not a valid complaint.
-- I agree! (Or something like that) Glad you think the same
-- I like to think that he's my friend/whatever. If it's for FUN, there's NO problem. I'm talking about people who takes this seriously.
--It's just a joke. NO. YOU'RE BEING SO INCREDULOUS. It' isn't. Otherwise I'd never bothered of making this stamp.
-- You're exaggerating/Leave them think whatever/This is pointless/You can't stop them/something like that. I CAN COMPLAIN AS WELL, RIGHT? Also, you didn't understand anything, so I'll just say: Thanks for contributing in more succes for me, because I don't care. It's MY OPINION, NOT YOURS. You can't make me shut up. As I can't make you shut up -pitifully-. Okay?!
-- That's not being Mary Sueish! You DON'T know what a Mary sue can be. Check it out on the internet. If you put yourself or create a character for ONLY fulfill your desires, that's being Mary Sueish. Putting yourself for only fun or because you want to be a character it's not Mary Sueish. ALSO, BEING MARY SUEISH AND TO BE A REAL MARY SUE IT'S NOT THE SAME. Mary Sueish it's acting like one, Mary Sue is an actual one. *sighs*
*And if you want to know: I LOVE Slenderman, but HE'S NOT MY FRIEND/LOVER/WHATEVER.
OOOoooOOOOoHHH SLENDERY

It's okay to obsess about Slenderman. Well, maybe not "okay" but it's normal. Internet normal. Okay, it's bad, but so long as you're not hurting anyone, it can be tolerated. We don't want your fandom's blood on our hands. If you need to know anything more about Slenderman, you should read through Mario Peterson's thoroughly researched history:

An Evening With
SLENDERMAN
Mario Peterson
Read Instantly
nook books
nook press Shop NOOK Press eBooks
An Evening With Slenderman (BDSM [NOOK Book]
by Mario Peterson
(5)
Overview - Janice is suffering through a company awards banquet, wh
As she steps outside, the eerie quiet in the air provides an omen. When
flickering light, her heart speeds up. That fear comes to a head when she
NOOK Book (eBook)
$2.99
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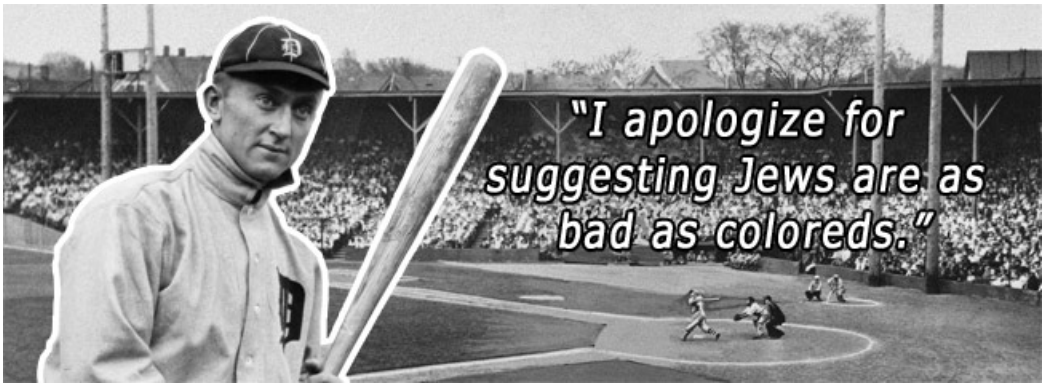
Get Free Sample
Buy As Gift

Actually, never mind, we don't want anything else on our hands either.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.4 Social Media Pressures Ty Cobb to Issue an Apology

Friday, Jun 06, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



I don't know what a Twitter or a Huffington is, so excuse me. I understand some of you on the social media machine are upset and talking about recent events.

My actions may have been misconstrued out of context and I am sorry if it offended anyone that I threw a cripple out of a wheelchair down a flight of stairs, referred to him as a dickless f-word and pissed onto his face after beating him senseless. This man was harassing me asking for my autograph in front of a white broad with huge tits and it was insulting. I reacted rashly and I apologize.

I also want to offer my sympathy for the three colored boys I drove over for looking at me with some ill intentions. I did not mean when I set out to drive my car over them, but things just escalated when they kept looking in my direction. I am sorry if anyone heard me say "n-words, I'll get you something to look at," this was not what I said and I find that word hurtful. My doctor had prescribed some gin for a wrist injury and I caught them looking at me when I came out of a bank. My level of intoxication also explains the need to urinate that might have resulted in the unfortunate follow-up to the accident. I hope we can all learn a lesson from this one.

I know there has been some talk on social media about the incident involving the cat. I did peg a grounder right into the fucked up head of a tomcat that wandered on the field. I love animals very much and I would never intentionally nail one right into a fucking cat's shitty f-word head and then throw its lifeless body at some f-word n-word kid with cancer like was written about me on the blogs.

I definitely did not call any of the other cancer kids f-words and I am sorry if that was what they heard. I was just trying to teach them something about respect. Normally I would not like to bust a cat's head with a bean ball, I'd just drown them in a bucket, but sometimes you gotta make do. Like when you sit down at a picture show and somebody let a colored in the theater. You going to ruin your whole night out with some slut just to wrap a pipe around some colored boy's head? No,

you've got to be pragmatic.

In regards to stabbing f-word second baseman Ron Carrow with a screwdriver, I may have unwittingly brought a screwdriver onto the field. I was repairing some fence I put up to keep coons out of my backyard. I get sick of shooting coons with my pellet gun. I shoot them and then I've got to dig a hole. It's a pain in my ass. The screwdriver might have fallen out of my pocket when I was running to second base and it was just a misunderstanding is all that I plunged it repeatedly into the neck and face of Ron Carrow who is a dickless f-word and n-word lover piece of shit and highest order c-word n-word who regularly gets up to f-word follies anyway. Which I am sorry for.

The shooting of that police officer that was in the papers was a misunderstanding. I was coming out of a tug house with Alby Boots and it was dark and this copper was speaking in an Irish accent. I thought he was a loony trying to work me over for money or maybe grab me up like a f-word so I took out my Walther and I shot him twice. It must have been the sound of the gunshot that made some people mistakenly believe I said "Good, one less mick, now choke on my piss" when I was forced by the lack of a washroom to urinate nearby. Some of it may have inadvertently splashed onto the cop and I would never use a hateful term to refer to an Irish, a chink, n-word or any other race of whatever.

The thing about me beating an Indian with a barbell tied to a rope is just speculation. Someone said they had a photo of it, but I haven't seen one so I do not admit to that at all. Put it in the papers, if you got the balls for it. If I did it, and that's a big if, I am sorry I pissed on him afterward.

Yes, I put a snake in Wild Bill Donovan's dirty laundry. It's called a joke. I am sorry to his widow that it was an asp and not a regular snake like I requested from the snake charmer.

In regards to the colored maid I accidentally caught on fire when lighting a cross with gasoline while wearing a hood, this was not actually the sequence of events. The truth will come out on this one, but some wop attorney told me not to say bunk about it until I paid off the jury. I will just say I am glad she is recovering and nobody more than me wants all her lazy n-word babies to have a mom around. In regards to calling her the n-word, they use that word all the time and why am I not allowed to use it? That's the real racism here.

I did try to kill a gypsy. That I admit to. There are laws against vagrancy and all I ask is you look into them before you accuse me of some criminal action. That gypsy clearly was outside a business with less than a quarter in his pocket, which entitles me to throw a hatchet at him. Which missed his back and only hit his leg a little bit, so what are you all bawling about anyway?

Finally, to the Jews, I was probably drunk when whatever you heard was said and it was also taken out of context. I like the Jews. They're alright and deserve

to live. As long as they aren't doing anything I have to see or in front of me and they stay away from whites, I am just fine with Jews. So, sorry to them if I suggested otherwise. I apologize for suggesting Jews are as bad as coloreds.

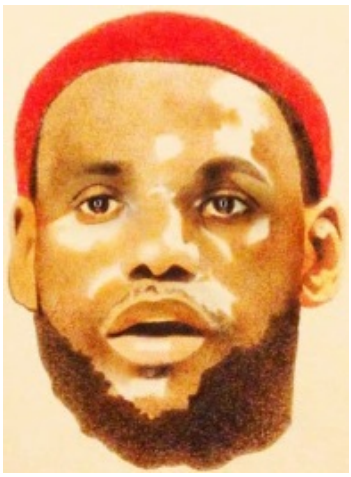
I hope this clears some things up and you all can stop talking about me on the social media. Get a life.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.5 Analysis: The Heat Was Too Much for the Heat

Saturday, Jun 07, 2014 by Sports Headline Writer (@DennisFarrell)

You could say that in the first game of the 2014 NBA playoff finals, the Miami Heat got a little hot under the collar. You might even say that the San Antonio Spurs kept their cool. This is because the Spurs won and the Heat lost and the air conditioning in San Antonio's stadium was not working, which made the actual temperature inside the basketball arena hot.



Another way of looking at it is that LeBron James melted. From the heat, like the name of his team, and also from the pressure of the game. LeBron James did not play well enough and his team lost. As a result, the Spurs beat the Heat as well as the heat.

After studying the film closely I have determined that the Miami Heat weren't able to stand the heat. They certainly got out of the kitchen, like it was too dang hot for them. In this scenario the kitchen was the game. They didn't leave the game physically, but they did leave it in the sense that they didn't win.

When asked about his team's performance, Miami Heat coach Erik Spoelstra essentially said that the Heat were burned to a crisp, without using that phrase or anything like it.

While the Miami Heat melted, the San Antonio Spurs played like they had a fire lit under them. A good fire. The kind that makes you do well instead of melting like the Heat did.

Tim Duncan was especially good, dunkin' the ball in the hoop. Think about it folks.

Oh, hey, I just realized that the Heat seemed a little hot under the collar. They were probably sweaty. Someone should have told them that it's one percent inspiration and ninety nine percent perspiration, not one hundred percent perspiration. Heh.

I kid, but what if that's true? That's a little sobering. What if the Miami Heat were truly led to believe that the formula for their success was one hundred percent perspiration, as a result of their own mistaken recollection of the popular phrase or perhaps as a deliberate act of sabotage from a bad person?

Well in that case someone would be in hot water.

So where does the series go from here?

Consider the fact that San Antonio obviously turned off the air conditioning unit in their stadium on purpose, because it would clearly give them an advantage over the team from Miami named the Heat. One can only imagine that Miami will retaliate with a similar dirty trick. In game 2, Miami's stadium will probably be littered with actual cowboy boot spurs. This will only impact the San Antonio Spurs. They will step on the sharp spurs and yelp in pain while the Heat dunk the ball in the hoop.

I predict that the Spurs will be spurned, and they might even be spurred to lose. In that case it is also likely that the Heat will be "on fire" which means they will do well. This will fan the flames and it will be time to saddle up as the series becomes a scorcher.

I have no understanding of what the game of basketball is or why these men are running around on

the court. Thank you for your time and this career.

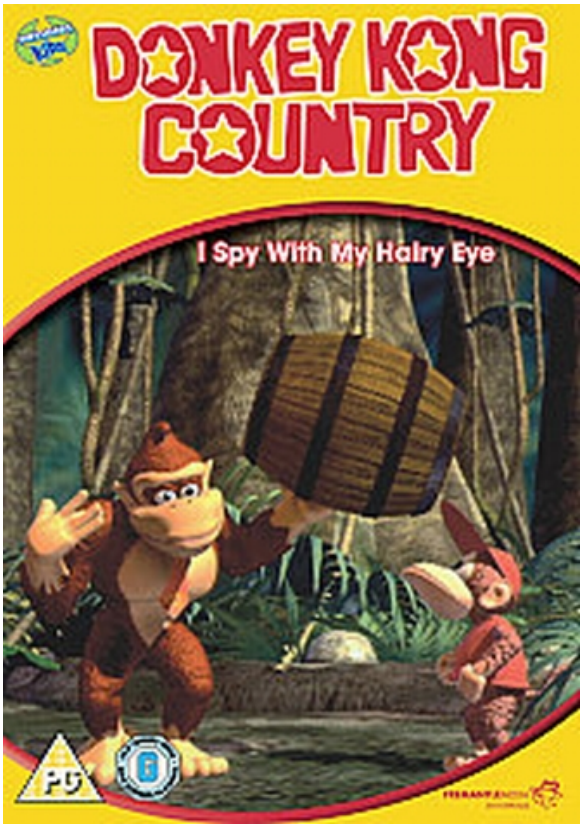
–∼Sports Headline Writer (@DennisFarrell)

6.6 Donkey Kong Country DVDs

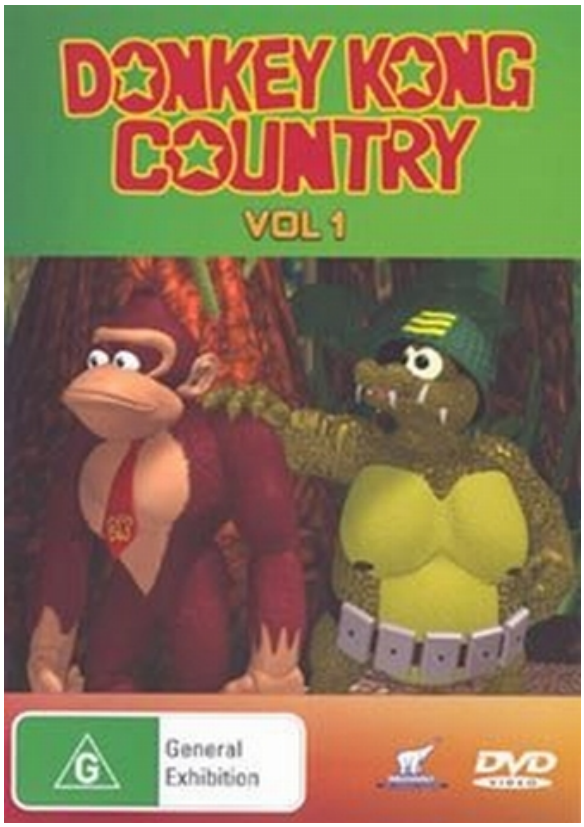
Sunday, Jun 08, 2014 by Hairy Eyeball (@sashmorky)

!!!
WELCOME TO OUR GRAND BLOW-OUT SALE FOR DONKEY KONG DVDs C(country)!

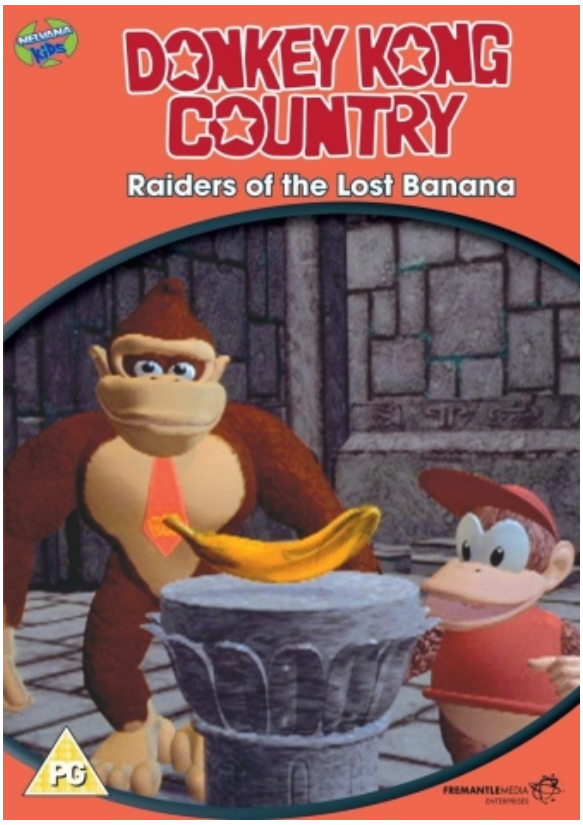
All the episodes you could ever want, now on DVD, in glorious colors! THREE COLORS! Red, Yellow, and now BLUE!



"I Spy With My Hairy Eye" contains the episode where Donkey Kong plays with a barrel carelessly and Diddy Kong gets pissed off. Please note that this DVD is rated both PG and G. This is for the scene where Diddy says Donkey is being "a real prick" but then he follows it up with "sorry that was uncalled for."



"VOL 1" Donkey Kong falls into a deep depression after breaking up with his girlfriend Candy Kong. Klubba The Lug consoles Donkey and lets him know "I been there, man." This DVD contains a warning for "General Exhibition" (Cranky Kong generally lets his balls hang out for about 22 seconds)

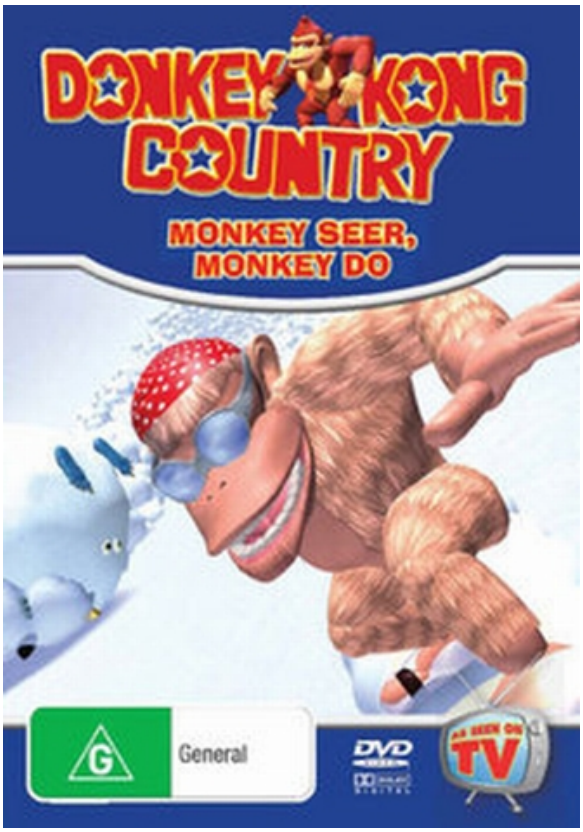


"Raiders Of The Lost Banana" Donkey Kong and Diddy finally find that one banana that's been missing.

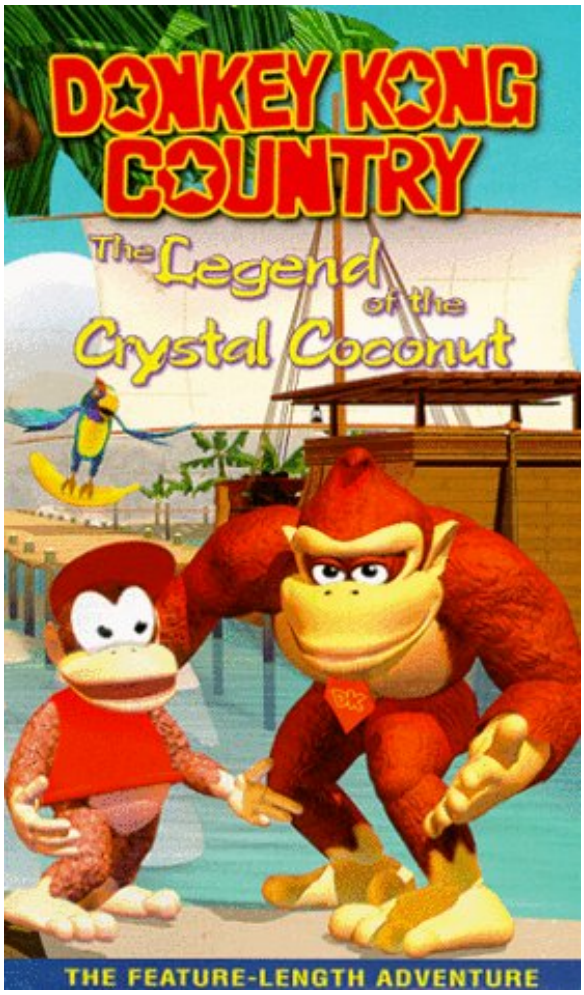
"we did it, Diddy... It's all over."

"Raiders Of The Lost Banana: Gold Edition" It's the same DVD as the previous one only this one is hyper-realistic.

"shhh..."



"Monkey Seer, Monkey Do" as seen on TV. Rated G for "general." There isn't much content besides the general stuff. You know: snow, rocks, chumps, eggs, glimbreons...



"The Legend Of The Crystal Coconut"

"have I got a deal for you... You want DVD? We have so many. DVD is very large now."

"DVD is this big. Practically laserdisc."

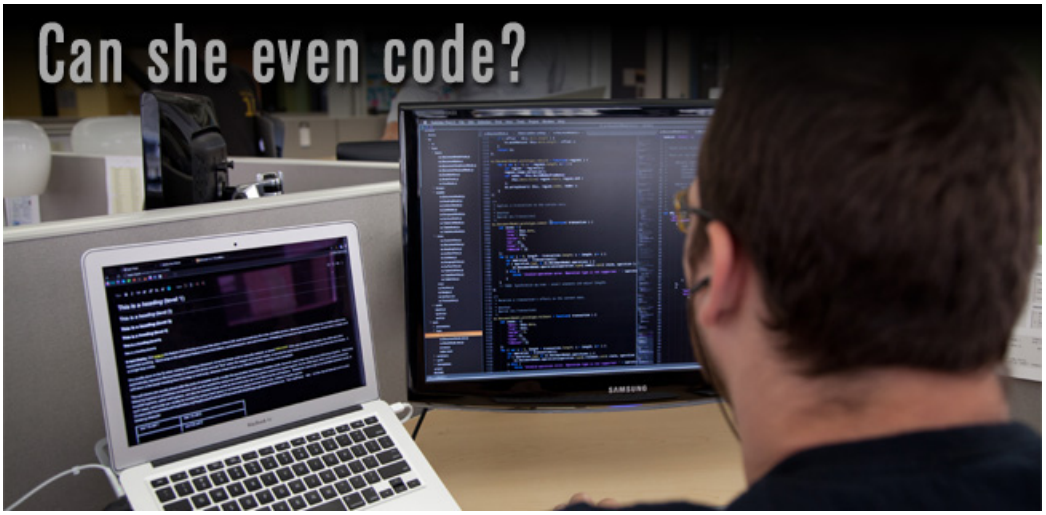
"eh? ehhhh? We shake now."

"help. i can not stop shaking"

–∼Hairy Eyeball (@sashmorky)

6.7 A Woman Developer Will Make Our Logistics Software Too Girly

Monday, Jun 09, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Rashid, Tom, hey. Just wanted to shoot you a quick email.

Look, I am as open-minded as anybody on the team here and I definitely support more diversity, but I have some concerns about Jenny joining our team. Let me get right out there that I am an ally. I am a big time feminist. My favorite comic book character next to Power Girl is Wonder Woman.

So, look, I thought it was great when you reached out to other cultures to bring new perspectives to the development of Loadini Pro. Multiculturalism is not the problem here. Muslims and black guys, and whatever Haiko is, all use logistics software. They've got materiel they want to move from point A to point B. They want turnkey solutions.

Do any of these things pictured here look like stuff girls care about?

But let's face it, this is guy's software. Loadini Pro was developed by men, for men. How many women do you know that manage a supply chain? Can you imagine Kelly from reception setting up a global subscription for ground and air and actually bothering to calculate L&D? No way. She wouldn't know a consolidation funnel from a distro node. And have you seen those sea shell frames she buys for the pictures of her kids on her desk? That is not that what we want for Loadini Pro.

Loadini Pro is all about business. When we put in bells and whistles we literally add bell and whistle sounds. Is Jenny going to come in and add some flowers around the borders? Did we hire her to make the cursor into a heart? Can she even code?

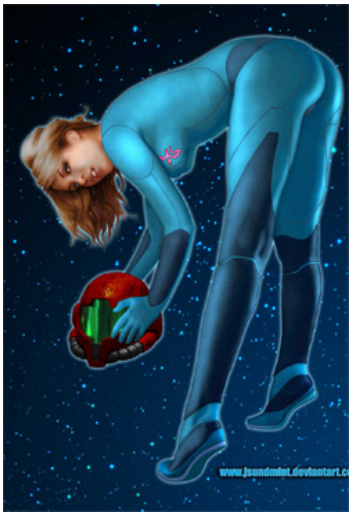
Rashid, I don't want to second guess your hire, I just want to be careful. Every employee goes through that trial period and we need to be ready to cut her loose if she starts changing all the freight options

to pictures of kittens. This is not flowers and kittens, man. You think Harley Davidson is going to want to see some pink on the loading screen? No way.

Also, the employee locker room is going to get pretty weird. Some people here might have tiny mini-marshmallow penises and chronic itchy butthole. Are these people going to need to worry about their gumdrop sized wieners being felt up now? Can we set some ground rules about Jenny looking at us and judging us when we itch our buttholes?

We have a good atmosphere down in the engineering center. Are you going to go into a garage and yank down the bikini muffler calendar? No? Then, please, don't come into our office and tear down our sexy Samus poster. Yes, it is sort of a frat house atmosphere, if frat boys developed software, but it has been getting the job done. Loadini Pro is only 18 months behind schedule compared to 23 months behind schedule for the Loadini Plus launch. It's going to tack on a lot of months if we have to redo everything until it's a Virginia Wolf book. Pro tip, guys: Virginia Wolf went crazy and killed herself.

I have some concerns that Jenny might also cause some problems in our engineering meetings. She might distract some of the engineers with her shirts and she also might not like the way we talk about our relationships like, "Oh, I can't wait to get busy with this girl I met. I want to get busy and feel up a woman's body." Which is something that could be said at any time. Aditya has a girlfriend right now.



I'm just waiting to get the memo from HR about how we can't have our Samus Aran poster anymore.

We're real casual down here. We will wear whatever we are comfortable with. Will she wear panties into work? What about when she has PMS? We are heading towards the crunch and we can't have her going all claws out on us just because we ate the last jelly donut. I remember when my mom used to get PMS and it was not a pretty sight. What if she gets menstrual blood on a chair? Do we need to buy special chairs? Have you budgeted for special menstrual chairs?

Have you thought about what happens if Jenny gets pregnant and has to have a baby in the middle of crunch time? None of the rest of us can even get pregnant. Will our insurance pay for her birth control? I don't want more coming out of my check because of her sex life.

I just want to be sure that you considered everything.

I am willing to have Jenny prove me wrong about women being great software engineers for Loadini Pro, but only under the most brutal scrutiny in which I hold her to unfair standards and constantly try to exclude her and sabotage her work. Also I might make a bunch of hapless sexual overtures that convince her I am a sex predator when I am actually incel, thank you very much. Drama! Speaking of drama, I can't wait for her to friendzone somebody. You know how awkward that is going to be.

Anyway, just a heads up.

Jeff
Senior Software Engineer
Loadini Pro

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.8 This Coffee Shop Isn't Your Office

Tuesday, Jun 10, 2014 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

If Satan ever walks across the scorched earth and punishes the human race to suffer through the show *Friends* all over again, I know the perfect person to cast as the updated character of Asshole on Mac Book. It's you, playing the role you've perfected. You're the idiot that thinks buying a $2 drink entitles you to six hours of uninterrupted work. No tip, no scone or homemade gluten-free cookie. Just a cup of coffee and the deed to the corner table, please. As if that's how any business in the world has ever worked. I can only imagine your shock at the end of a steak dinner when the bill doesn't include three months lodging with off street parking.

But hey, maybe I'm wrong. There seems to be a lot of you. An army, in fact, fighting over outlet plugs the way hyenas rush a freshly slaughtered water buffalo. As soon as one of you gets up, another one slides in. Same matching satchel, same matching vacant personality, same ambition to petrify right then and there in the glow of your laptop. Comets circle the earth and come crashing back before a table opens up. Seats are willed down to grandchildren by octogenarians reminiscing about the last time they actually bought anything there.

And the first thing you've got to do is set yourself down at the biggest table in the joint because how could anyone watch YouTube videos without six empty chairs around. Seriously, it's a table that could host the Last Supper and you've claimed it as your own while a group of four elderly women huddle around a table the size of a spare tire. But forget them, you've got an empty paper cup and squatter's rights.

You might not realize this, but coffee shops existed before wifi, that people once used these very tables for more than holding a computer. So the next time you're rudely interrupted, instead of scowling at the people with the audacity to hold a conversation, try to remember that this is a public meeting space and not your own temple for monastic silence. Just because they aren't suffering through a cram session of nursing school PowerPoints or writing some bogus novel or coding some weird crap doesn't mean they're bad people, it just means that you're being a prick. Yes, people have always worked at coffee shops, but I really doubt that Hemingway sat hunched over in some French cafe wearing noise cancelling headphones and scrolling through Facebook.

Don't tell me for a second that a coffee shop provides a special environment conducive for getting

work done, that there is a certain je ne sais quois about their Pandora station or their chalk board menu. What's the formula that cannot be found elsewhere? A table, a chair, a wifi password like "pumpkin latte," and a little peace and quiet? Have you tried your own home or do you live in a Burger King ball pit?

You are a tumor, a swollen tapeworm. At the very best you work there unnoticed, but you're always there, hanging around like a fart cloud. But hey, I'm writing this in a coffee shop with an empty cup and a couple thousand tweets to read before I even *think* about getting up. So to each their own.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

6.9 Sponsored Links From Around the Web

Wednesday, Jun 11, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This article is part of the Sponsored Links series.

Celeb Couples Unfazed By Tears In Fabric Of Reality

(ClickForFamous)

Mark Your Tummy And Never Lose Its Location Again

(GoodLifeHacks)

Gamers React To Game About YouTube Gamers Reacting To Horror Games

(ReactionsSoFascinating)

Gain Ring Finger Mass And Muscle In Time For Summer

(SwoleDigitz)

You Won't Believe Which Hot Actresses Have Nothing To Do With Benghazi

(WolfWhistleNetwork)

Join Moron Gym Today - Bow And Hotpants Included

(UninsuredBusinesses)

How To Hide A Stick Of Gum In Your Wallet Like A Pro

(Gumr)

Doctors Discover Back - Immortality Next?

(WebHealth)

Ten Dishes That Cannot Be Digested Nasally

(HoleConnoisseur)

Sofia Vergara Wears Swimsuit At Beach - But Why???

(MysteryBlog)

Six Signs Your Pizza Guy Is Delivering To Other People

(SliceLife)

Guaranteed Trick To Stop Your Controller Photography Habit

(Snapstop)

Study Suggests Your Brain Is Fucked Up And Glowing

(StudyBeat)

Do Smudged Glasses Make Cannabis Harder To See?

(GoodThoughtJournal)

The Bar Will Not Go Away If You Keep Lifting It Staight Up

(AdviceCentral)

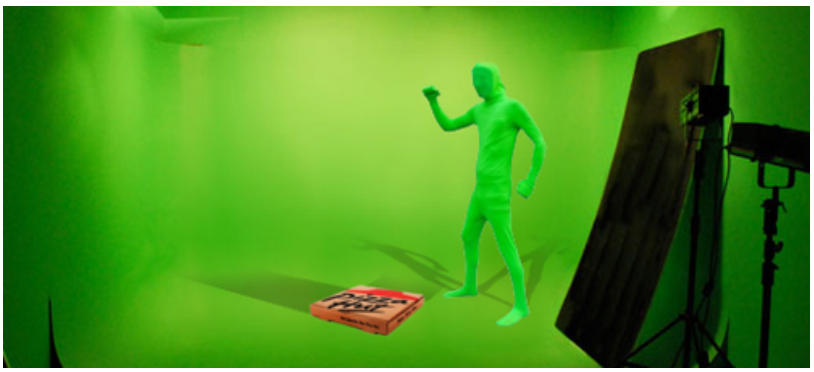
–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.10 Terrible God Damn Comic Book Movies: Days of Future Past

Thursday, Jun 12, 2014 by Muscular Time Traveller (@g0m)

Triticum Guzzler wrote this; **no they will not** made the images.

Terrible God Damn Comic Book Movies: Days of Future Past
by Muscular Time Traveller



I have travelled long and far, to this, the bleak year in which president of Marvel Studios Kevin Feige printed off a wall chart with the next 15 years of comic book movies planned out. He remarked that it's like looking through the Hubble telescope, which is true in that doing so requires corrective lenses and ultimately you're just a fat guy gazing at nerd shit.

Tell my tale to those who ask, tell it true, for now cracks a noble heart. Haha, just fucking with you, that's what I'd say if I were some kind of thespian queermo like Hugh Jackman. Hugh's heart cracked alright, though, and at the tender age of 50. When Marvel first made their pitch about replacing the entirety of human cultural output with comic book movies by 2025, the first slide of their presentation read "Imagine Hollywood ... On Steroids!!!" Hugh immediately ran out of the door looking for Mr. Clean.

By the time *Wolverine: Origins: The Origins of X-Men's Wolverine 4* rolled around, they had to dub over Hugh's lines because he insisted on carrying around an ostentatious golden belt on set and yelling about killing all aboard the X-Plane by murdering the pilots and flying it into the ground any time he saw a camera. God rest his soul.

My story? I'm just a normal guy, from the future, a bleak future where the only movies are comic book movies, and if you imply that you don't like it, or remember movies not composed entirely of guys doing superhero poses in front of a green screen, a guy from on line who does future tech support for a living will fight you to the death.

For those who may doubt me, please find enclosed documentary evidence of upcoming films, and please, when the time comes, rise up as one people, and watch *Tron* on VHS instead.

D.C Comics

Batman Begins - Batman falls into a hole as a young boy and develops a fear of holes (visited again in the third movie), leading to his iconic vow of celibacy. He seeks out the descendants of Mr. Miyagi and learns exactly enough karate to achieve a physical stalemate with Liam Neeson, a 53 year old man. This emboldens him to try fighting people after bedtime as a career. (141 minutes)

The Dark Knight - A clown goes to great lengths to establish himself as Batman's lifelong nemesis, then immediately dies. Inexplicable popularity with the autistic in spite of the abrupt camerawork and multiple loud explosions led to Christopher Nolan being hired as a Presidential speechwriter, despite the stupidity of the dialogue. (162 minutes)

The Dark Knight Rises -Two muscular children with funny voices very slowly fight each other, except when involved in bizarre Machiavellian schemes for no reason. We collectively choose to believe this is dark and serious because of the black costume in spite of every single thing we see and hear for the duration of the runtime. (201 minutes)

Gotham - Before Batman "Began" to wear a dark suit to beat up strangers, there was an equally rich and unlikable child, except he was 11 and knew little, if any karate moves. Follow his adventures through several tedious years of home schooling. (840 episodes)

Batman v Superman: Dawn of Justice - As a joke the production reels were replaced with one long, unbroken shot of Ben Affleck and Henry Cavill yelling "YOU'LL FUCKING PAY FOR ANYTHING" then drawing funny faces on their genitals, pointing them towards the camera, achieving erection, and using superhero death grip strength to squeeze all the blood into the glans until they resembled megacephalic salamanders. Critics praised Affleck's nuanced performance as Batman, and his willingness to abuse steroids in order to provide a physical presence that could match Superman, whose penis is for all intents invincible. It became the first movie to gross 3 billion dollars. (220 minutes)

Batman Begins Again - Batman goes back to university as a mature student to retrain as a biochemist. A long and uninteresting subplot occupies the middle third of the film, wherein The Riddler dedicates himself to a life of academic rigour in order to write Batman's final exam. Batman defeats his foe by dropping out and earning a degree in Carving Broom Handles For Veterans from the University of Phoenix Online, the world's largest distance learning University, with the longest running online learning programme. Check out their great rates and degree courses today. (232 minutes)

Batman Middles - Batman enters a distinctly average phase of his career of using Asian mysticism to beat up fat dock workers when he discovers a web site where a group of unfuckable dullards review all the Superman movies on their merits as pieces of feminist literature and spends all his time on his Batcomputer, causing him to miss Alfred's funeral. (245 minutes)

Justice League: It Takes 800 Of These Fucking Guys To Fight Like, I Dunno, A Mime That Appeared In 3 Comics In 1956 That Nobody's Ever Heard Of - Batman, Superman, and several of the guys who are functionally identical to Batman or Superman but with names like The Gazer, Watchtower, Lookout, and Sentry build a massive, weaponised orbital space station in order to beat up some guys called The Condiment King and Calendar Man. (248 minutes)

The Dark Knight Falls - I DON'T NEED TO GO TO THE FUCKING E.R, OK? It's just bruised. I don't want to have to wait hours in a room full of howling shitheads to pay for another God damn x-ray when I already know it's not broken, ok? Trust me, I'm fine. (260 minutes)

The Dark Knight Rises 2 - Batman recovers from a broken wrist. (274 minutes)

The Polar Knight - Ben Affleck is sent to the arctic circle to do exactly what a twitch.tv chat room tells him to for 28 continuous days without sunlight but has a nervous breakdown. (ongoing)

Marvel Studios

Thor 3: The World That Uses Incandescent Bulbs, But They're, Like, Low Wattage, It's Not Exactly Dark But Everything's Sort Of Orange And Difficult To Focus On - "Found footage" thriller in which an enormous Norse fairy enjoys himself at Pizza Hut. (120 minutes)

Avengers 2: And A Half Hours Long And We Sold You A Cola Big Enough To Swim In - It's a race against time to see if any fucking thing at all worth watching happens before you develop renal failure. The popularity of the Sad Skiwear Robot character leads the International Olympic Committee to replace the Olympics with a second Winter Olympics. (135 minutes)

The Wolverine 2 - Wolverine discovers that the key to stopping the Yakuza guys from constantly shooting him and hitting him with baseball bats lies not in their boss's daughter's pussy, but in the All Valley Karate Championship. (152 minutes)

Iron Man 4 - The gay robot version of Batman who fell in love with his computer must face a new kind of foe, as remote controlling his toys that shoot missiles is now bad instead of good like it was in Iron Man 3, because people don't like drones now. Marvel were heavily criticised for getting so heavily involved in domestic politics, leading to a brief constitutional ban on their films, which was repealed by President Spider-Man. (162 minutes)

Av3ngers: The Avengers stop Dr. Doom from practicing medicine without a license by repeatedly destroying large swathes of the New York. Dr. Doom's dying monologue consists of an ad-libbed speech by actor Jaden Smith about how the real sound an American bald eagle makes is "fairly gay" and "not cool at all." The good guys do superhero poses atop the rubble from the terrorism that they did, and an eagle majestically screeches to signify that the medical profession has been suitably avenged. Notable for fierce on line debates about the recasting of Hulk, a character composed entirely of CGI. (181 minutes)

Avengers Disassemble - Captain America reveals he holds dual citizenship, leading The Avengers to destroy every other nation on Earth with their enormous floating minivan. (199 minutes)

X-Men 4: The Last Stand - Wolverine and Cyclops mope for several hours as Phoenix marries Sourpuss, a powerful mutant who can give a ballpark estimate of vaginal mucosa pH through simply tasting it for 45-60 minutes. The subtitle was necessitated because an enraged Hugh Jackman pushed Patrick Stewart down the stairs on set, paralysing him. A sub plot was hastily added in which Professor X learns to walk again thanks to homeopathic medicine. Famke Janssen's surgically taut eyebrows look like a pair of caterpillars attempting a desperate escape. (214 minutes)

Iron Man 5 - Iron Man's anxiety disorder manifests itself as an uncontrollable urge to use his space age robot technology to breathlessly talk over videos of himself playing Mega Man 4 on youtube for a living. (233 minutes)

–∼Muscular Time Traveller (@g0m)

6.11 We Owe it to the Iraqi People to Drop a Shitload More Bombs on Them

Friday, Jun 13, 2014 by A Serious Foreign Policy Expert (@sexyfacts4u)

Recent success in Iraq by the Sunni terrorist militia group ISIS has made it clear that this administration's feckless plan of not dropping bombs in Iraq has proven a disastrous failure.

While America has pulled back from dropping bombs onto houses, roads, weddings, and various suspicious groups of men standing near walls, the terrorists have been active. They have recruited thousands of men and received millions of dollars worth of military aid from the United States, just as we advised last spring. Now they are taking advantage of the lack of bombs dropping onto Iraq and are attacking Iran's allies in the Iraqi government.

Whatever public opinion may be about the success of the 2003 invasion of Iraq, that invasion brought with it the implicit promise that we intended to bomb things and continue bombing them until peace was achieved.

Unfortunately, we left Iraq with the job unfinished and tens of thousands of bombs left undropped. Several buildings were still standing. There were some uncratered fields. We failed to drop a bomb on a factory and for all we know now that factory is making bombs. There was a truck with a dog in the back, right there where anybody could see him. He had a red collar and everything and we just let him go. God damn it all, we let him go.

None of us want war. We just want bombs to fall out of the air onto houses and mosques and those pickup trucks with the machine guns on the back.

For those preaching restraint, we restrained ourselves from dropping every bomb we had, and look where that has gotten us. Terrorists now control almost half of Iraq's oil rich north and they are moving towards the capital of Baghdad. Who is going to bomb them? The Japanese? The Russians? Once again, it falls to us to help out in the Middle East with our bombs. We've done a lot to help

the region, but there is more we can do.

"We have jets that can fly from our bases in America and could be dropping bombs on Iraq within 24 hours," said my friend who read a Tom Clancy novel in high school. "Helicopters can drop bombs too. How far is Afghanistan? I bet they could fly from there."

Look, we already have bombs. It's not like we have to build new ones. We have huge warehouses full of all different sorts of bombs. They're not doing anything else. Are we going to stand idly by and watch Iran take all the credit for bombing things in Iraq? Or are we going to step up, as our Founding Fathers dreamed, and relentlessly, tirelessly bomb Iraq into rubble.

By not following through on our commitment to drop 100% of our bombs on Iraq the blame for the atrocities of ISIS belong to us. The Iraqi people believed in us. They fought for us and sacrificed for us. Now, when they need us the most, we cannot turn our backs on them.

It is our solemn duty to bomb them.

–∼A Serious Foreign Policy Expert (@sexyfacts4u)

6.12 Playable Female Characters Are Too Much Work for Big Budget Games

Saturday, Jun 14, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Half the people who play video games are female. Maybe ten percent of all games feature women as playable characters. That figure could go as high as eleven percent if the protracted lawsuit to canonize my Tetris fan fiction pans out.

Making more games that are explicitly about women, or that give players the option to choose their gender and appearance seems like a good thing for everyone. More variety, more inclusiveness. More walking atrocities when we are given the ability to adjust individual facial features. There is no downside. Every year the white dude with a gruff voice seems increasingly obvious and ridiculous as a go-to protagonist.

This week at E3, a trailer for the newest Assassin's Creed game featured the same climbing and stabbing and icon collecting you've seen in other Assassin's Creed games, now in a different location with better textures. It also teased co-op with three other players. All of which happen to be dudes.

Dude.

People started to wonder why one of the four playable murder buddies couldn't be something other than a white male. This, and the larger issue of player representation, became a pretty active topic within hours. Not just among a handful of gross nerds like me, but between a lot of normal people as well. Soon the game's creators felt they had to respond.

The reason you can't play as a woman, they explained, is that it would take far too much work and too many resources for their 700-person studio assembly line to implement. They would have to make character models, like the ones that had been made for the non-playable women already in the game. They would have to implement a new set of animations, even though a former employee pointed out that motion capture sessions with men and women revealed very little difference in their movements.

No one believed any of the above. Instead of admitting that they simply didn't put much thought into the issue, the Assassin's Creed devs fired off even more excuses for not including playable women. Do any of these sound plausible or even make sense?

- Every codex entry and tutorial would have to be rewritten to be more suitable for female sensibilities. That's a lot of work!
- We would have to completely rework the crowd dynamic physics and AI, allowing for all the permutations that might occur when a woman walks through a group of people and they all simultaneously tip their hats while formally saying "M'lady." This, in turn, requires a great deal of additional animation and voiceover work.
- All weapons and armor would need to be remodeled. Smaller knives with really big jewels. Armor that's way more revealing. You know, stuff that all women like.
- Our incredibly rich story would have to be rewritten. See, there are certain things that motivate

a male character to move the plot forward. Concern for loved ones, ambition, curiosity, pride. From what we understand, none of these things apply to women.

- Cutscenes? They'd have to be completely reworked. New camera angles with plenty of lingering zooms on the player's lips, chest, and ass. Lots of work.
- Our artists would have to create entirely new assets for the player's footprints. Sure, they would only need to whip up a slightly smaller impression of the left foot and right foot. But think about how many footsteps you take over the course of a game. Imagine how many prints you'll be leaving behind. Tens of thousands? Hundreds of thousands? The more I think about it, the more it seems like a massive undertaking.
- In this game about ancient alien races, time traveling DNA memory virtual reality, and rubbing elbows with every historical figure for no particular reason, having a woman fight against multiple men at once would simply be too unrealistic. We would have to put in a lot of work to come up with some plausible narrative conceit to explain this impossible scenario. Like ghost boosters. Injections of ectoplasm that grant short term boosts to the player's abilities and activate some sort of bullet time mode. Just spitballin' here, though admittedly that could fit into the fiction with a few minor tweaks.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.13 An Old Man's Guide to Writing Columns About Sexual Assault

Monday, Jun 16, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

So you're an old man, probably writing for one of the nation's most prestigious newspapers, and you have decided you want to write a column conveying your opinions about sexual assault. This is perfectly natural. You are an expert on every topic, but especially expert when it comes to those nubile nymphs at college. Over the years you have developed some strong opinions about college women being sexually assaulted. And why they are exploiting their sexual assaults for profit. Take a deep breath. Gather your thoughts. Consult our helpful guide to writing about sexual assault.

Step 1

"I want to write about women being sexually assaulted."

DON'T DO IT

Step 2

"I think I am entitled to my opinions and should--"

DON'T DO IT

Step 3

"The facts don't lie on this one. I have looked at a number and--"

DON'T DO IT

Step 4

"Don't try to bully me. I will write about whatever I damn well please."

Step 5

"To hell with you. I did it."

Get ready for your next Pulitzer Prize and appear on Fox News to celebrate your genius.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

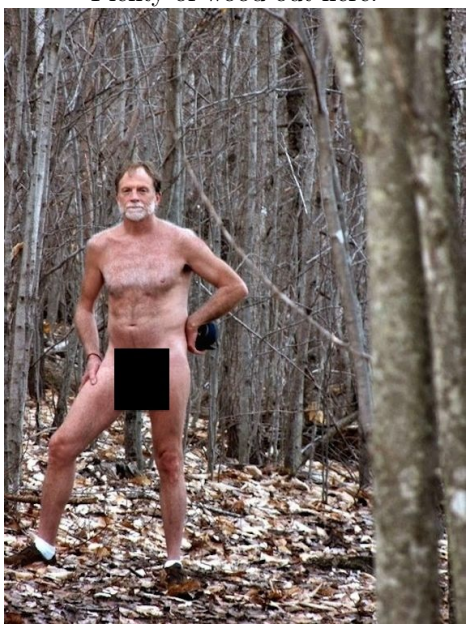
6.14 We Turned These 25 Nude Dads Loose In The Woods. You Won't Believe What Happened Next

Tuesday, Jun 17, 2014 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Hey there, old man! Where do you think you're going?

Nice breeze today, wouldn't you say? What are you, 60?

Plenty of wood out here!

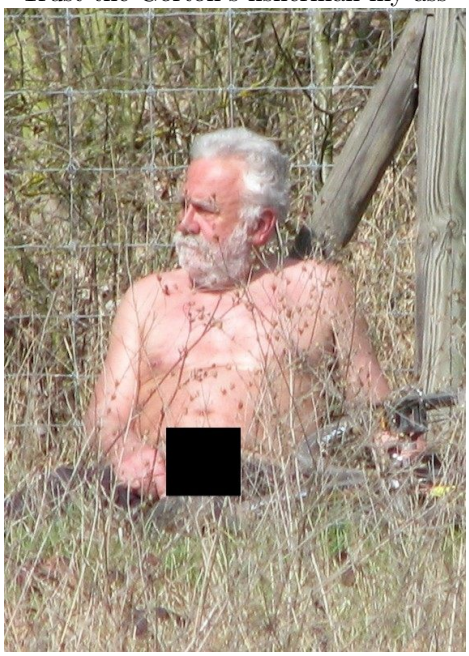


Hope you're not preventing a picnic group from using that table, bud!

how did you do that with your belly button. how

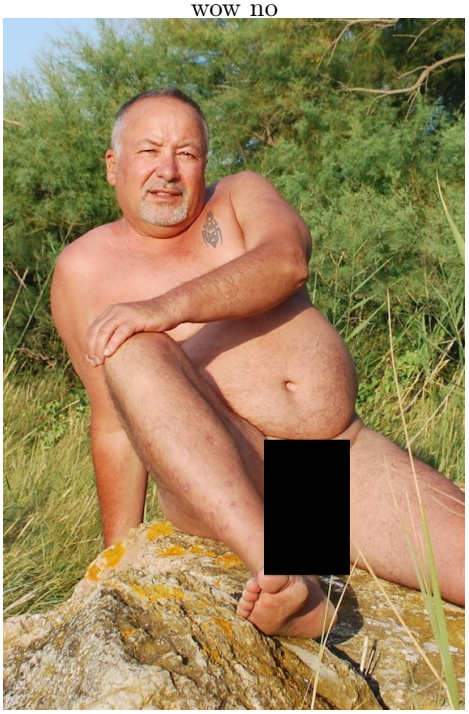
are you the same guy? what the

Trust the Gorton's fisherman my ass



You look nice. Carry on.

wow no



Shhh, he's sleeping.

This dad is making the "watching someone parallel park poorly" face, which is weird since there is no one around for miles.

Turn that frown upside down, friend.

dont hurt me

"Pleasant"

Not you again!!!!!

"Shut the flip up, Donny!!!" Hahaha. Have you ever seen movies?

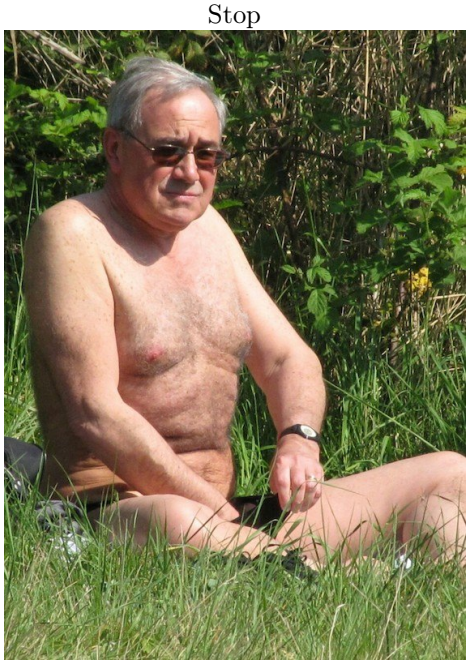
I don't care for this guy. Boo on him.

This is awful

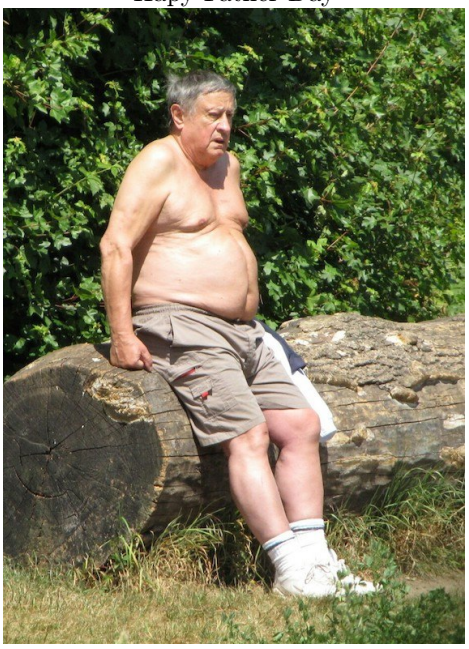
No

Aghghghghghg

Stop



Hapy Father Day



man come on

noo

i hate this

–∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

6.15 Memos from Bear Cave: The Iran Chowder Affair

Wednesday, Jun 18, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Memos from Bear Cave series.

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: February 11, 1981
Subject: Daddy's Home

I'm back from my business trip to Tehran. I'm pleased to say the future of this company is looking better than ever, in spite of all your efforts to ruin my proud organization with your gross incompetence.

You can all expect big changes now that I'm back. You babies who whined about things being too strict and too "physically and psychologically hostile" will soon realize how good you've had it all these years. Mark my words, we're going to have twice the number of workplace suicides and triple the profits.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: February 11, 1981
Subject: Correction

Please disregard the previous memo mentioning a business trip to Tehran. It was a typo. It should have read "I'm back from my vacation trip to Tahoe." It's beautiful this time of year, but I'm goddamn sick of eating kebabs.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: February 12, 1981
Subject: Mind Your Business

I know some of you like to ignore my memos, claiming they interfere with your ability to work. You damn well better read this one, because if you ignore my instructions here you're as good as fired.

There's going to be some visitors coming by this week to inspect a shipment of soup. None of you are to engage with them at all. These men are here to talk to a real businessman about real business. Last time I checked, I'm the only one here with the balls to run a business.

J. D. BORUFF

To: Tall Charlie
Date: February 12, 1981
Subject: Don't Screw This Up

TC, I'm giving you the most important job here of anybody. Believe me, with your raging alcoholism and penchant for degrading yourself in the workplace, you are only my #3 choice. However, Dang Linh is busy keeping the raccoon population on the grounds in check from his hiding spot on the roof, and cannot be disturbed. He's going to be there for a good three weeks before his supplies run out. He's obviously choice #1.

Manuel Rodriguez is definitely my #2 choice. That man may not be a red-blooded American by birth, but he understands plumbing like nobody's business. He makes that toilet sing like an angel and keeps us from working waist-deep in diarrhea every day. I can't take him off bathroom duty, not with these visitors coming.

So you're my #3 choice. You're a hopeless drunk, you hate yourself, and you're willing to endure any amount of abuse I throw at you because you deserve it and you know you deserve it. You're weak and pathetic and you make me sick, but goddamn if I don't respect you for showing up here every day and taking it like a man.

So I need you to handle an important task. I'm not exaggerating when I say the fate of the company is resting on your shoulders here. I need you to make sure my three idiot rockabilly sons don't come

anywhere near the office for the next two weeks. Drive them out to the country and leave them if you have to, just make sure they don't embarrass our business.

DON'T FAIL ME.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: February 13, 1981
Subject: Praise

There is nothing more I hate than praising you idiots for a job well done, but our man in Iran tells me our soups are outselling opium ten to one. He says the Ayatollah can't get enough, and practically lives on our Green Bean Chowder. Whatever you do now, don't screw this up.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: February 13, 1981
Subject: Correction

There was a typo in that last memo. It should have read "Our man in Iowa" and "the Governor can't get enough."

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: February 14, 1981
Subject: Commotion in the Soupyards

A small squad of heavily armed Persians will be loading crates of soup into trucks for few hours today. I want everybody to clear the area and let them do their thing. These men are professionals and don't have time for your lollygagging stupidity. If you want to shoot the shit about the latest Garfield or show off more ugly pictures of your children, forget it. They don't care.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: February 14, 1981
Subject: My New Kissing Habit

There have been some complaints about my new habit of kissing everyone on each cheek. Get used to it. You work for me, and I can kiss you wherever I want whenever I want. I could be kissing you idiots all day if I wanted to, just puckering my lips and going to town. Lucky for you I don't want to kiss any of you, aside from when I kiss you on the cheeks, because that is how real men greet each other.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: February 14, 1981
Subject: New Grooming Standards

I'd like the men of this organization to start growing beards. I think it would impress our new clients to know that we share a common grooming standard. Too many of you have soft hairless faces like women, and it's goddamn disgusting. When I kiss your cheeks, I may as well be kissing a baby, which is about the most preposterous thing you can do.

You should all start wearing nice suits and dark sunglasses as well. You still need to cut your damn hair. I won't have any Tony Danzas running around my office. You women ought to start dressing more modestly. This is a soup company, not the strip club down the street. Believe you me, I divide my time equally between both places, so I know the difference.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: February 15, 1981
Subject: My New Best Friends

Don't mind the Persian men here. They are my friends. Yes, I have friends. Unlike you ingrates, these are true friends. We understand each other. We like a manly soup and appreciate strong leadership. They call me the "Ayatollah of Soup" and give me thumbs ups all the time. We're looking at pornography together in my office, so don't even think about bothering us.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: February 15, 1981
Subject: Bathroom Policy

I got wind from Tall Charlie that some of you are bitching about our visitors having free reign in the bathroom. Unlike you, they have permission to flush without my oversight. That's not your

concern. These men are smart enough to know whether they deserve a flush. Besides, with the way we've been drinking and eating, I know a flush is warranted. More than one in fact.

On an unrelated note, some government suits or going to be coming by and dropping off a few shipping containers full of missiles. Don't touch 'em if you want to keep your jobs. They'll be gone in a few days anyway.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: February 18, 1981
Subject: The Latinos in the Parking Lot

Some of you have been concerned about the Latinos testing out rocket launchers in our parking lot. Mind your own damn business.

Don't flatter yourself: I don't pay you to worry about which South American paramilitary organization buys and tests weapons in our parking lot. You can barely handle keeping this business operational, so worry about that. We've got triple the soup to produce for our new client state anyway.

Besides, me and my new friends aren't worried. We're shooting rockets, too. You idiots may as well be a bunch of pinko Sandinista cowards with the way you're all crying foul over some minor explosions.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: February 19, 1981
Subject: We're Ruined and It's Tall Charlie's Fault

Thanks to Tall Charlie screwing up, my idiot rockabilly sons were able to meander into the office and ruin everything I have worked for in life. Those useless shits even introduced themselves as my

progeny to my Persian friends, then produced an upright bass, guitar and goddamn bongo drums and started playing the worst racket in the world.

I couldn't look the Persians in the eyes anymore, and all they could do was laugh and call me "Macho Daddy Elvis." I have only failed at one thing ever in life: allowing my sperm to impregnate women who gave birth to no-good rockabillies.

Anyway, that's what sparked the shootout in the soupyards this morning that resulted in several trucks blowing up and CIA operatives storming the office. And that's why there are so many dead bodies as well.

The good news is Tall Charlie screwed up for the last time. I could fire him for his failure, but he'd just get treatment for his alcoholism, reconcile with his estranged wife and daughter and get a better job. That does me no good. He's going to remain here under my employ, where he will forever suffer for ruining our new business arrangement with Iran, Nicaragua and the CIA.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
EST. 1974

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: February 19, 1981
Subject: Correction

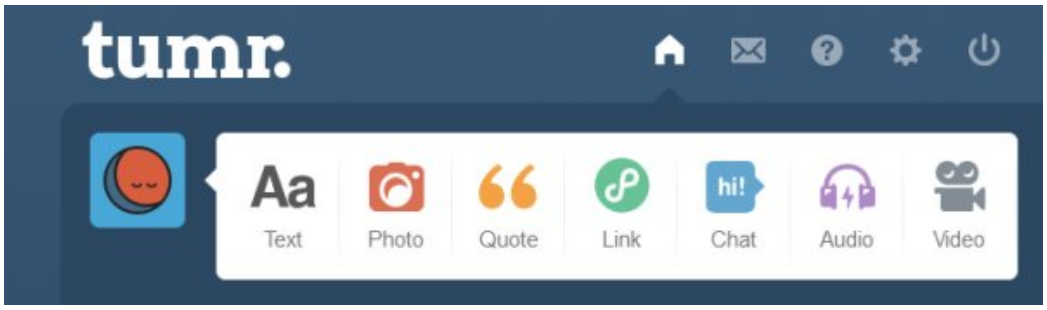
Please disregard the typo in that last memo. I meant to say "Iowa, Nebraska and California," three top markets for soups.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.16 Cancer Overawareness

Thursday, Jun 19, 2014 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)



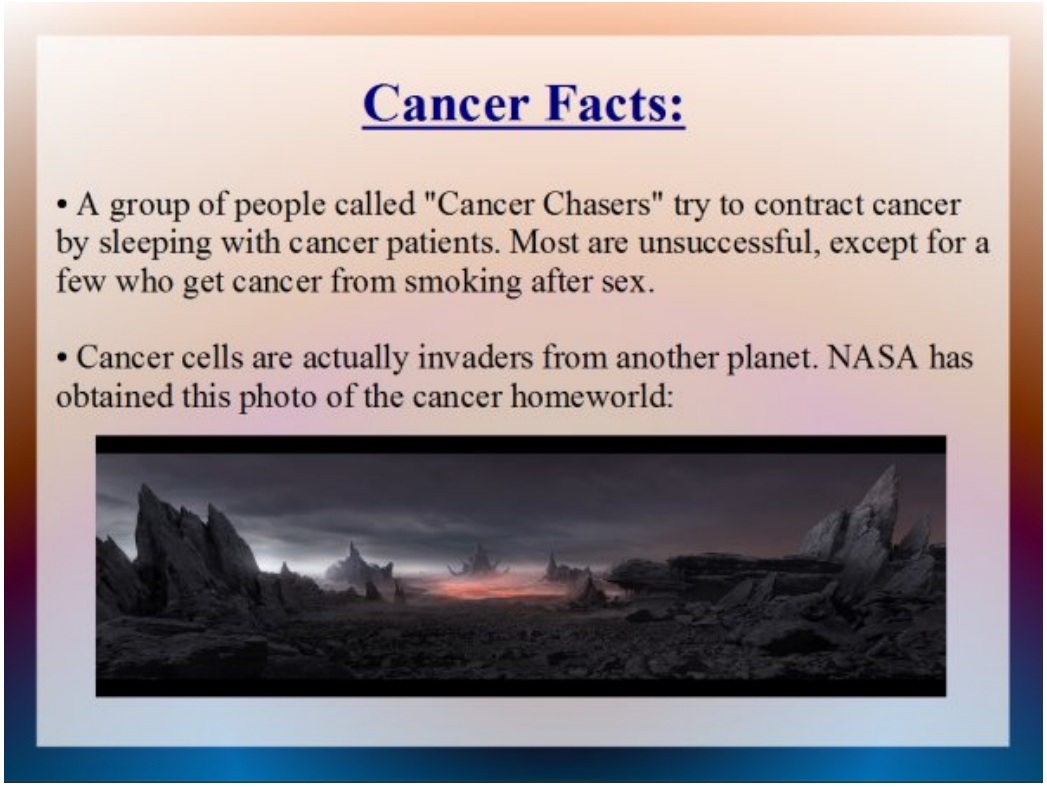
I'm sitting in bed in the cancer ward with my laptop writing a new cancer blog on tumr.com when a man in a suit walks in.

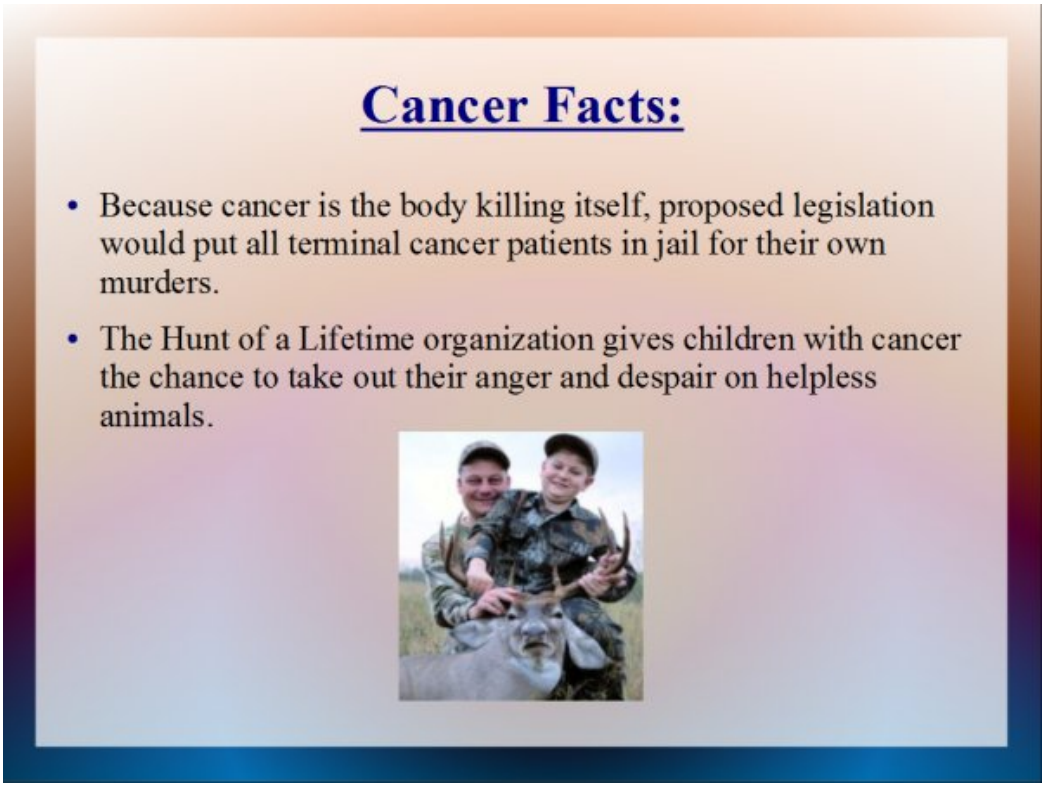
"Hello, I'm with the American Cancer Institute," he says. "I've been assigned to raise cancer awareness in this area."

"I'm pretty aware of my cancer," I say.

"You're aware, but you could be more aware. There's a lot about cancer you probably don't know."

He puts his iPad on the bedside table, on top of the X-rays the doctor took to prepare me for how I'll look as a skeleton, and shows me a PowerPoint presentation.


Cancer Facts:
• A group of people called "Cancer Chasers" try to contract cancer by sleeping with cancer patients. Most are unsuccessful, except for a few who get cancer from smoking after sex.
• Cancer cells are actually invaders from another planet. NASA has obtained this photo of the cancer homeworld:


Cancer Facts:
• Because cancer is the body killing itself, proposed legislation would put all terminal cancer patients in jail for their own murders.
• The Hunt of a Lifetime organization gives children with cancer the chance to take out their anger and despair on helpless animals.

"That's very interesting," I say. "But I was hoping for more practical knowledge, like how to deal with the existential dread at the fact that I'm going to die."

"The cancer of cancer awareness is cancer overawareness," the man says, "so obviously I can't tell you everything." He picks up his iPad and leaves.

eHarmony
Home
My Matches
My Profile
Reports
The one thing I am most passionate about:
To me passion is about living life and doing what you love all the time. I believe traveling helps a person discover more of who they are and the things they're passionate about. Being out in the wild also helps you see things you've ignored for so long, hear the sounds that everything cuts out, and feel the things we try to hide away.
Oregon 1/2 Marathon
Send a Smile
View all 4 photos
The most important thing I am looking for in a person is:
I want to find someone with the same enthusiasm, passion and adventure as I have, who can keep up with my shenanigans and have fun being spontaneous.

My phone beeps, telling me I have a new message on eHarmony. When I got cancer I started an eHarmony profile in hopes of finding a girl who'd have sex with me out of pity. It took a long time to pick a photo of my tumor that didn't make it look fat. Finally I had my physician do an MRI from the Myspace angle.

"I don't know if I can sleep with a guy who's never had pity sex before," the girl from eHarmony says on our date. "There's a lot you need to know, like when to cry, how often to say 'thank you' and how to feign even the slightest interest in your partner afterwards."

"Well, when I was uninsured I got a doctor to perform pity exploratory surgery on me," I say. "Since the operation was gratis he couldn't use hospital equipment and had to perform it in the backseat of my car, using an ice scraper as a scalpel and a fast-food cup as an IV."

My brain tumor makes me hallucinate that the people in the bar are giant humanoid neoplasms. One starts hitting on my date, so I threaten him with a syringe of chemotherapy drugs.

"Cancers don't die, we metastasize," he says, knocking the syringe from my hand. He then kisses my date, making her develop a giant breast tumor as a Mortal Kombat announcer voice says "Mammodamage!" Dejected, I go back to the hospital and post a tumr entitled "Life Is an Uncontrolled Proliferation of Disappointments."

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

6.17 Ernest Hemingway Writes Sonic the Hedgehog / Halo Crossover Slash Fiction

Friday, Jun 20, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

In winter the train arrived from Casino Night Zone and steamed in the cold of the station with its signs painted by hands and its station agents in uniforms of corduroy. The steam from the train gushed into the street beyond the station and changed the atmosphere across from the barber shop and bawdy house and, it being day, it was the scissors of the barber in full work and the ladies billeted from Mystic Cave Zone to earn some rings who sighed with their boredom.

Shadows of people moved inside the steam from the train. Sheriff Tails came out into the street to see who walked down from the platform and after some women from Hidden Palace Zone it was a man wearing a helmet. His face was never seen which was described on the bill from the government Tails held.

Tails crossed the street at speed. He ran in a complete 360 loop and ended up blocking the path of the man wearing the helmet. He was wary of danger.

"War is over," said Tails.

"War is never over," said the man. "I am Master Chief."

"I thought you might be. You should come with me."

"I don't want to come with you."

Master Chief wore an M6D personal defense weapon on one hip. Tails never carried a weapon and relied on cunning and quickness to keep his rings.

"In Death Egg Zone they will give you a reason to do what they want. I can give you a better one, Master Chief. Come with me to the Sheriff Office and we can talk this over like men."

"Like men?"

Master Chief followed behind Tails to the Sheriff Office and there was a sign upon the door that spelled out SHERIFF and a drunk sitting in a cell. Tails paid the drunk no mind and walked with Master Chief to the private office.

"Why is there a bed in your private office?" asked Master Chief.

Tails undressed all his clothing beginning with his badge and stood naked with his ding dong out and an Austrian colonel could have stood no better at attention. There was sureness in his eyes. Both of his tails twitched.

"I heard you were good with rings," said Tails. "Why don't you show me how good with rings you are."

"Where I'm from we call them Halo rings," whispered Master Chief.

Master Chief removed his armor and took out his rod, from which hung balls of considerable size, and Master Chief began to swing his sex tool into a circle and he came over and put it up against Mile's ding dong, which was also substantial, although not quite so much as Master Chief's. They rubbed their dongs together and made sounds that carried through the office.

"That is good, what you are doing is good," said Master Chief. "Do it more and with the swing."

"I learned a trick in Paris Zone. It involves my butt."

Then there was the smell of rings dropped and the smoothness of the 360 ramp under Master Chief's head and the music went faster and so did the motion of their arched bodies and Master Chief with his helmet that moved and reflected the lashes of Tails and the office and everything, and for Tails everything was gold from the helmet visor, all of it, the twitching, the slow down screech, the corkscrew, all of that gold, distilled into perfection.

A final bounce of coins finished their pleasure and Tails was ashamed of himself and aware of his tails and all his coins spilled and bouncing around the office.

"I had better get those," he said and did not look long upon the tawniness of Master Chief stretched upon the floor and instead collected his coins before Master Chief might rise and finish the deed.

"Talk?" asked Master Chief.

"Like men," agreed Tails. "Not all laws are written by the same hand and not all men of law are weened from the same milk."

Master Chief held one of the government bills with his own helmet depicted in a sketch. The reward was 100 rings. Enough to get out of being a lawman and start a new life.

"Robotnik did this?" asked Master Chief.

"He has Cortana," said Tails. "He wants you too."

Tails was hard and ready to go again.

"I want you more," said Tails.

They began to do sex again and turned the office into Jungle Zone, but it was a Jungle Zone of trees of flesh and sounds of smacking butts, a never ending race up a loop, rising and descending, spilling rings to be caught or not caught as pleasure decided.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

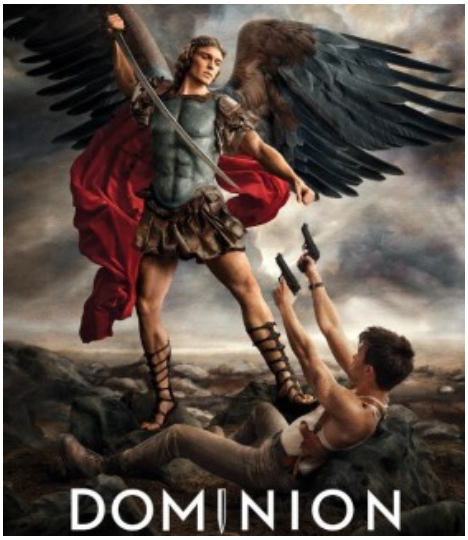
6.18 Highlights From the Premiere of Syfy's Dominion

Saturday, Jun 21, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

> **"A soldier finds out he has been selected as the 'chosen one,' who has to lead humanity and end the shocking war with the angels for good."**
>
> - Actual synopsis of professional tv show Dominion

What drew me to Syfy's new original series Dominion? The fascinating concept of a "chosen one" - a character who is destined to be awesome and kill all the bad guys. It's one hell of a hook. I play a lot of video games, and it occurs to me that they could learn a thing or two about narrative here.

The show kicks off with the most needlessly dense introduction ever made. An endless procession of artwork slides and text blurbs convey the following: God disappeared 25 years ago. Angels blamed man for God's disappearance. The angels waged war on humanity. Archangels can walk around on Earth because they're super awesome. Normal angels aren't powerful enough to show up in the mortal realm. They need physical bodies so they possess humans. Now there are secret angels walking among humans. The archangel Michael decided to side with humanity. He helped us establish a fortress city where people can be relatively safe. Years ago Michael saved a baby with special markings. It was a VIB (very important baby) and now it has grown up to be the chosen one.



Note: The characters depicted above look nothing like the actors in the show.

Got all that? Good.

There's a soldier in a run-down building. Let's call him Chosen One because come on. Chosen One is inspecting a heavy duty rifle. There's a spooky sound nearby, so naturally he puts the rifle away and investigates with a handgun.

He comes across three people gathered around a poker table. After a few pointless moments where no one plays poker or does much of anything the people turn and we see that they are actually scary angels! Chosen One shoots an angel (possibly Courtney Love) in the head. Now there are two angels.

Chosen One runs to his truck and speeds towards a fortified section of ruined Las Vegas with one of the angels giving chase. He radios for the gate to open. We see a man inside the city contemplating the opening of the gate, but he doesn't say anything. What can I say, the dude loves tension.

An automated turrets blast the angel. If you've been following along, you'll know that there is one angel left.

Chosen One is finally allowed in. He tells the guards that they need to scramble because there's a whole group of angels back in that run-down building. The one where there is only one angel.

Elsewhere, the archangel Michael broods as a pile of oiled up women sleep behind him in elaborate poses. Michael is looking out over Vega, which is like Las Vegas but (I'm assuming) strictly for fans

of Tom's Diner and Luka. The good looking archangel expresses guilt about having so much hot sex all over the place, then he jumps out of the window. Just before he hits the ground he opens his angel wings and flies. Why wait until the last moment? What can I say, the dude loves tension.

Chosen One is being driven through Vega back to his barracks. On the city's streets we see about five tables of rather nice fruit for sale and thirty vaguely grubby people wandering around. A guy in a funny helmet casually scampers away from a few jogging cops. The driver shakes his head and remarks, "This city's going to hell." Some viewers might get so caught up in this haunting sequence that they think they're watching Apocalypse Now.

In the barracks, Chosen One is visited by Central Casting Orphan:

"Please, sir, I want some more blood vessels under me eyes."

Central Casting Orphan is not particularly dirty so much as she is a very small human with her knob tuned directly between Pathetic and Trusting. I have no idea why she's allowed in a room full of soldiers. She exists to greedily eat a few of Chosen One's leftover peanuts so we know he's a good guy. Later, she returns to find Chosen One sharpening a blade and asks who he's going to stab. He replies, "You." At this point I assume they share a Han Solo and Chewbacca relationship, joking around with casual threats. Neither character laughs. Moments later Chosen One apologizes for losing his temper. So I guess he really did threaten to stab the little girl. Duly noted.

Soon there's a coed shower in the barracks. There's some talk about tiger diets, but all I can focus on is the butts. Man butts. Woman butts. This is butt central and the camera cannot look away.

A delegation of off-brand Muslim women arrives and gives a present to Evil Man In Suit (he's an evil man in a suit). The present is a gun. He points it in the face of the main delegate for no reason at all. Then Man In Suit puts the gun away nonchalantly and everyone continues as if this isn't the weirdest fucking thing.

Evil Man In Suit decides that they're doing too good of a job protecting Vega. Everyone is complacent, and this really gets his goat. Evil Man In Suit smuggles an angel into the city to fight in their arena. Surprisingly, this goes horribly wrong. The angel breaks out. Panic ensues, causing a

stampede which almost gives the impression of plot movement. Three superangels crash into the city's nuclear facility. It's enough to temporarily cut off the power, but not enough to destroy it or cause a meltdown. They leave because... I guess that was good enough for them.

Chosen One's dying father tells him that he is the chosen one. Everyone knows this is true because the dad's tattoos disappear when he dies and they reappear on Chosen One.

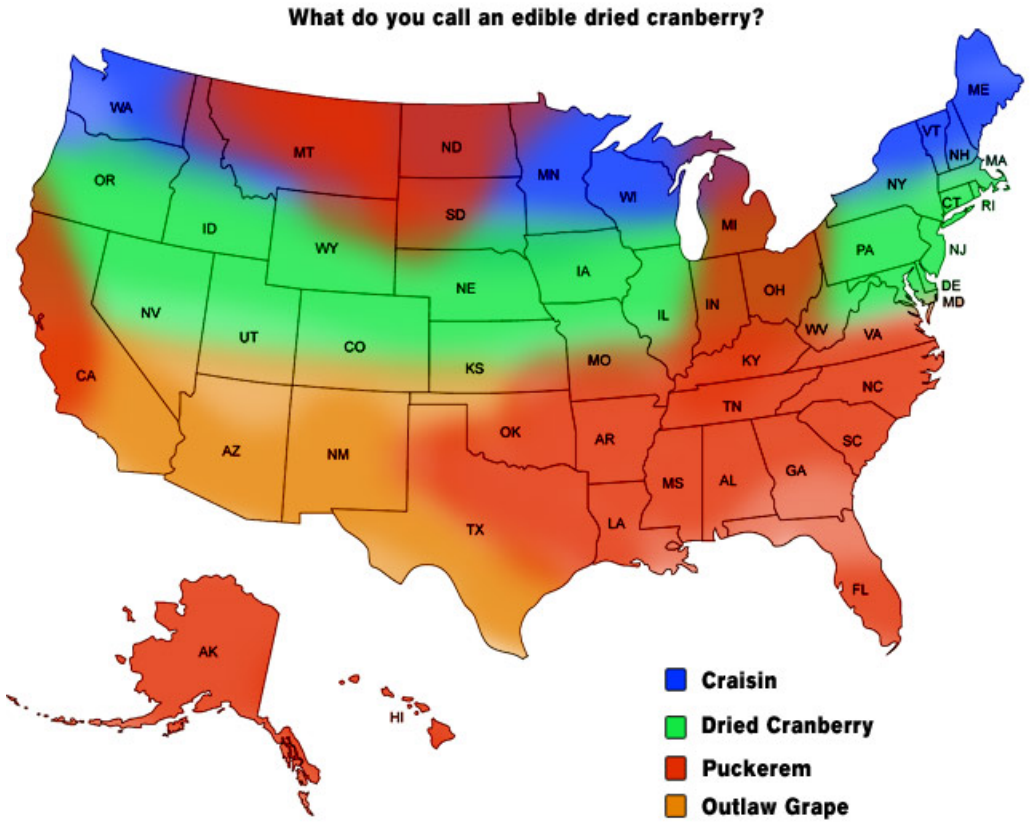
I sit down and write a few words in the hopes of parsing what I just watched. Nothing good comes of it. I pass the burden on to you.

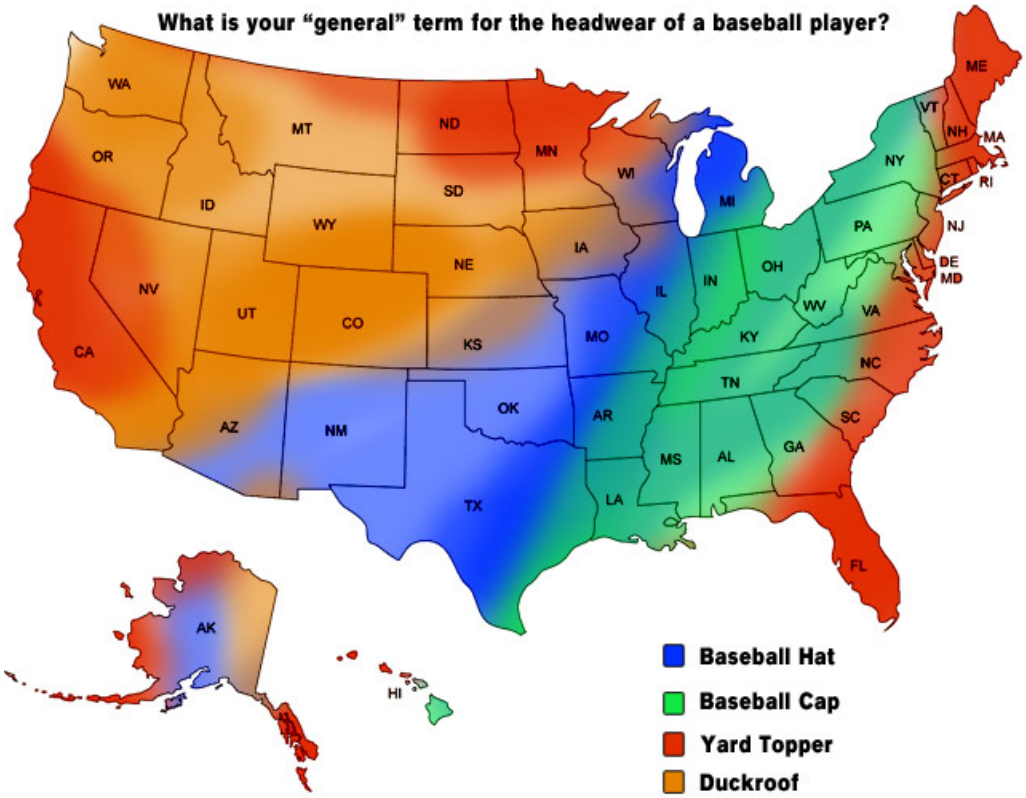
–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.19 These 9 Maps Reveal the Differences in Regional American Dialects

Monday, Jun 23, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Harvard University and NC State University Survey of Regional Dialects is regularly updated to add new terms and their popular usage in various regions of the United States. These maps reveal that, although we speak the same language, we may sometimes need a little help with the translation.




What is your "general" term for the headwear of a baseball player?
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Baseball Hat
Baseball Cap
Yard Topper
Duckroof

What do you call the white drink that comes from a cow?
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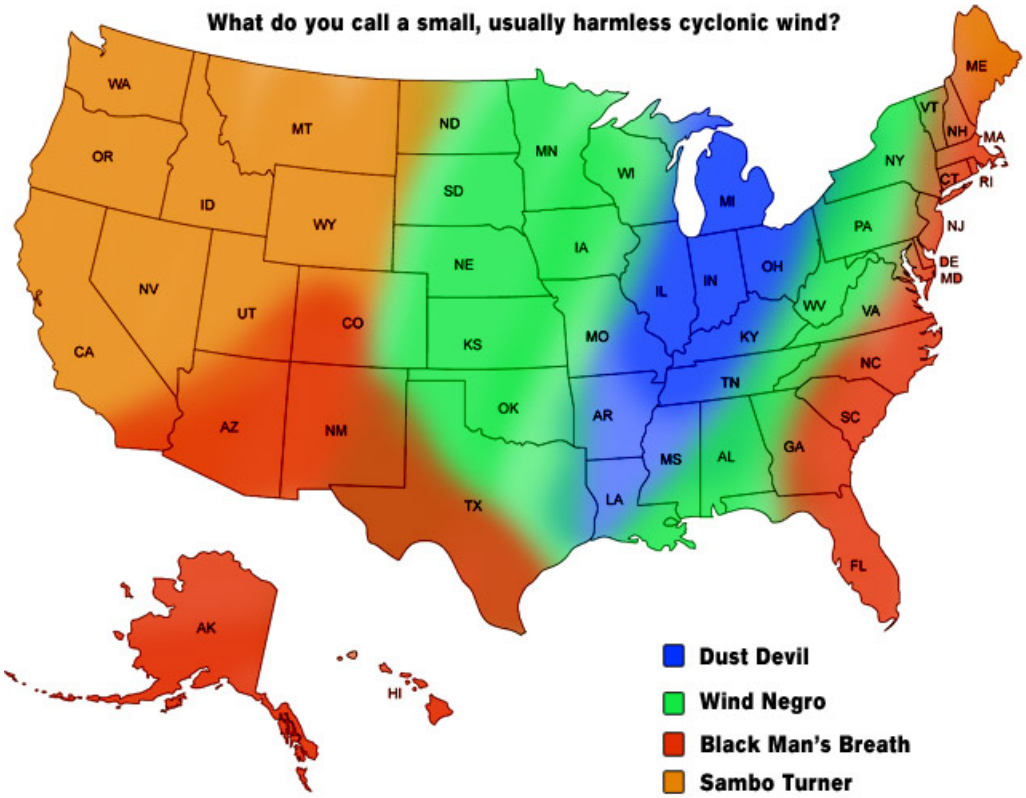
Milk
Molko
Yum Wee
Don't Have a Word for This


What do you call a small, usually harmless cyclonic wind?
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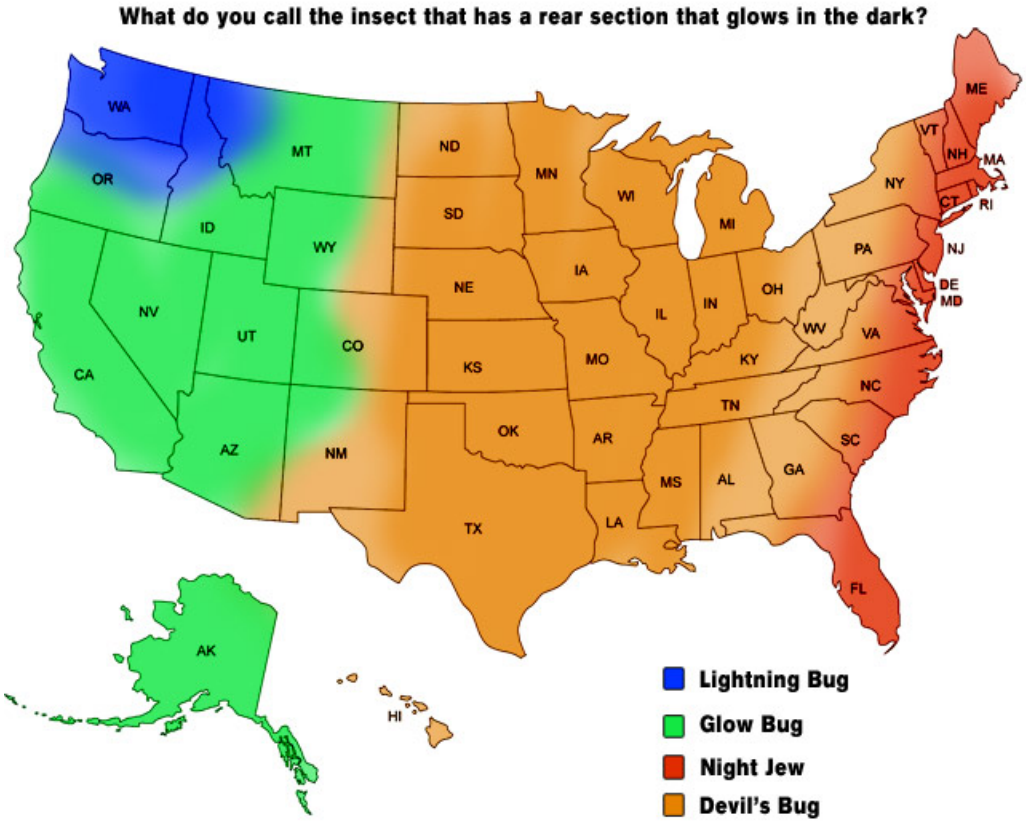
AK
HI
Dust Devil
Wind Negro
Black Man's Breath
Sambo Turner


What do you call the insect that has a rear section that glows in the dark?
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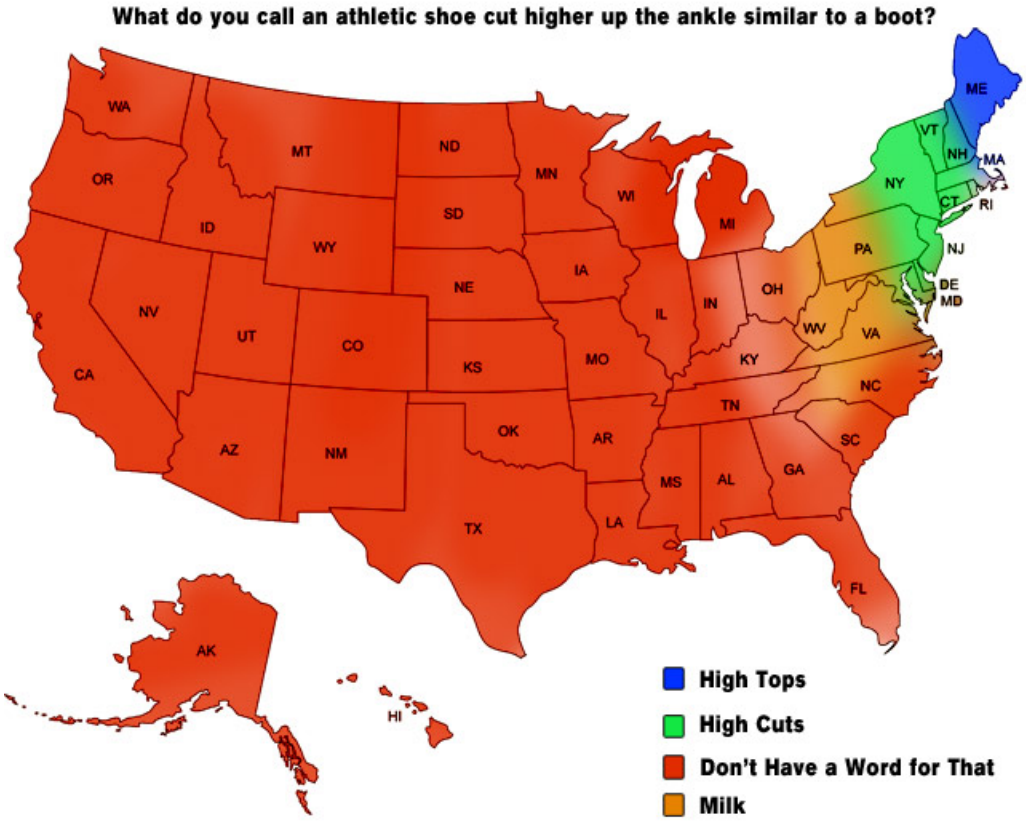
HI
Lightning Bug
Glow Bug
Night Jew
Devil's Bug


What do you call an athletic shoe cut higher up the ankle similar to a boot?
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AK
HI
High Tops
High Cuts
Don't Have a Word for That
Milk

What do you call the popular sport where a round ball is kicked towards goals and only the goal protector may pick up the ball?
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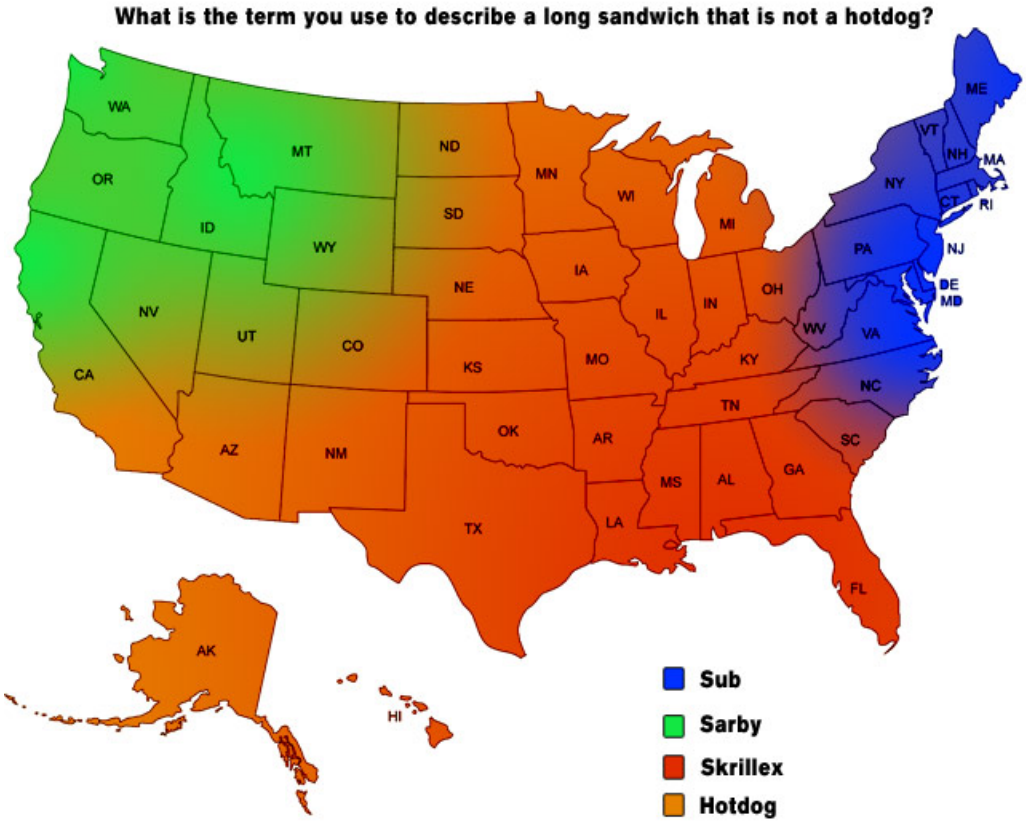
AK
HI
Soccer
Mexican Football
Orb Chase
Baseball


What is the term you use to describe a long sandwich that is not a hotdog?
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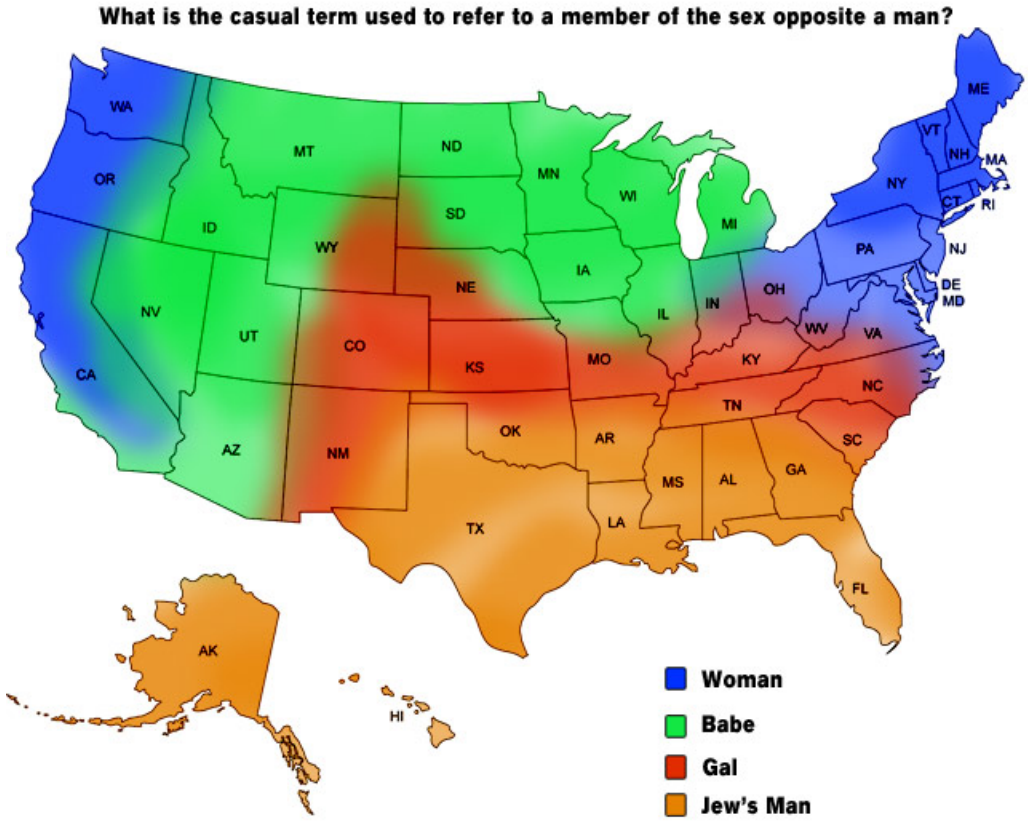
HI
Sub
Sarby
Skrillex
Hotdog



–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.20 The Anatomy of a World Cup Flop

Tuesday, Jun 24, 2014 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

1. There is a God and He strikes down a grown man with impunity. Not with lightning or locusts but in the far more ruthless form of an accidental nudge or, like, a flailing hip. It's like that scene in *The Godfather* where (spoiler) Sonny is mowed down by fifty goons but if instead of James Caan, Sunny was being played by a sack of those adorable fainting goats and instead of bullets, the mobsters used fingernail clippings or gently used Q-Tips. His hands point to the sky as he falls and in the blink of an eye, the player is scooting around on his ass like a dog with worms. The collapse of the world class athlete victim is witnessed by a billion people across the globe, but two slightly obese Americans in Omaha capture the spirit for their country when they wonder if they can still call it soccer or if they're supposed to call it football with that weird spelling that has a dash over the U.

2. The player is dead. Like, really. His body set in rigor mortis, his mother notified, his face frozen in that scared look babies get during thunderstorms. Aside from the stream of tears, he isn't moving. RIP, brother. The sod reclaims him, fulfilling the circle of life right there beside the penalty arc. No one seems to really care except his teammates who retaliate the only sensible way: by waving wildly at the officials as if the ref just stole their parking spot. The opponent escalates with an equal amount of arm waving of their own with dramatic hand gestures that only make sense in their weird hometown (population: 12.) The two sides squabble in a manner that is somehow more embarrassing than watching two ducks fight over a piece of bread but less embarrassing than watching two NBA players throw punches. The ref ignores them all. The game screeches to a standstill, providing just enough time for the two people from Omaha to try and wrap their noggins around Offsides before forgetting again until the next World Cup.

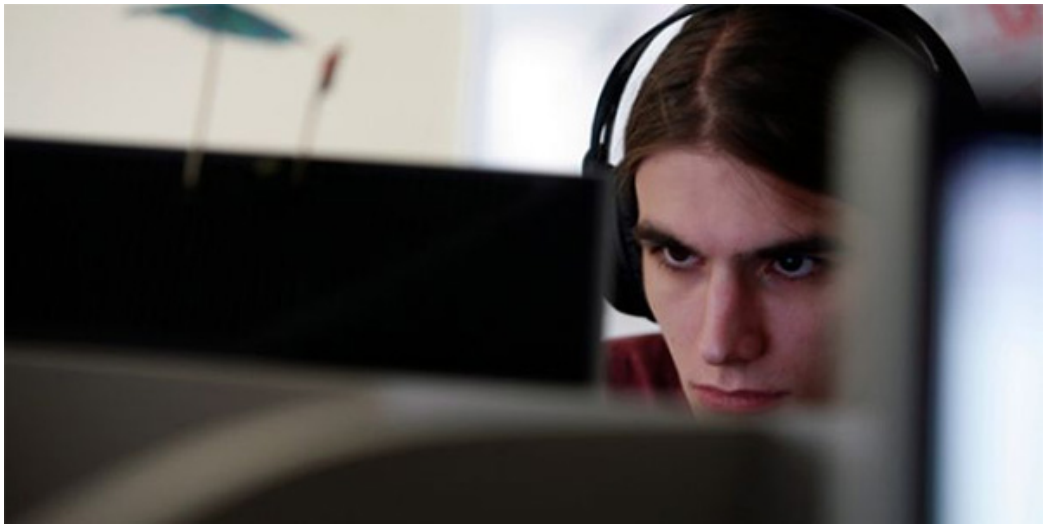
3. Two morgue workers scurry out carrying all the medical gear currently available in Brazil-- an orange sled and a spray bottle of Febreze. The dude with the sled sort of stares off in the distance while the other worker spritzes the exact location of the imagined injury. Maybe it's the hint of

lavender or the scent neutralizing molecules, but the player returns to life like he'd just escaped that weird sandworm world in *Beetlejuice*. The attacker leans over and helps the victim stand. Together, they embrace. Only for a moment. The two Omahans , one a soft spoken dental hygienist with a widow's peak, the other currently unemployed though enrolled in a few online classes, realize that throughout all of this, the clock has continued running but that it does not mean the game will end sooner.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

6.21 This Guy Gets PAID to Play Video Games for a Living!

Wednesday, Jun 25, 2014 by Local News



Most of us are used to the daily grind -- that 9-to-5, punch in, punch out routine that fills us with purpose and our living rooms with the latest in reclining technology. But have you ever thought about what life would be like if your personal rat race involved shooting space aliens, navigating colorful mazes, and gunning for the highest of high scores? Matt Grundle has, and before you assume his chosen profession is the direct result of an unplanned high school pregnancy, assume again. Matt's been to college, and he gets *paid* to play video games for a living.

"Yeah, I went to The Games Design institute," Matt says, errantly blowing cigarette smoke from the side of his mouth. "Majored in Graphics Tightening, minored in Fun Factor." Like many young men of his generation, Matt couldn't afford the costly tuition of a specialty school. Thankfully, The Games Design Institute offers several programs to make the price of education more manageable for low-income students. Instead of providing the entire sum up front, Matt only has to pay 800 dollars a month for the next forty years. And, when asked about his debt, it's clear Matt has come to terms with his financial responsibility. "Sometimes I log into my student loan account and look at that number -- it's like it's not even real. Like, I could literally never imagine all that much money in the same place at once. That helps me stop thinking about it."

With such a sound head on his shoulders, Matt's made the most of his for-profit schooling. He's already put in two years at a major video game publisher, one we can't name due to the many non-disclosure agreements Matt has signed. But in these 48 months, he's worked on productions that have generated over a billion dollars in revenue. And these games certainly wouldn't be million-sellers without Matt's input. "What I do is this," says Matt, cradling his head in his hands. "So, like, you shoot a gun at a thing in a video game, and it's supposed to leave a bullet hole behind, right? Well, it's my job to make sure that those bullet holes look good on everything you shoot. Well, uh, it's really not *my* job -- we have a team of thirty for this. But the next time you shoot a piece of rebar in one of our games, and the bullet hole texture wraps around it neatly? That's *all* me. Well, not all me, I guess -- I didn't program it or anything. But I told the programmers that it looked weird, and they fixed it."

Because making video games is such a costly endeavor, Matt's paycheck is modest at best. But his company offers plenty of non-monetary incentives for a job well done. "Yeah, we really don't

have bonuses," says Matt. "Once CEOs realized they could work here for a few months and then bounce with a $20 million golden parachute, we went through four of those guys in 2013 alone. Now, they turn the air conditioning off at noon, and the lights at three." Matt puffs on another cigarette thoughtfully. "But one time the VP gave us each an unclaimed goodie bag from his recent regatta, and once we were forced to return the free iPads inside, I was able to sell that limited edition snow globe for 15 dollars on Craig's List -- and I don't think I need to tell you whose girlfriend got treated to Chipotle that night -- no drinks, though. We brought it home and had our own drinks."

Matt's team is tight-knit, though still independent. Matt explains: "Morale was getting a little low during the last weeks of a long project, so me and the other guys decided to form a gaming group to blow off some steam. Well, the company decided that was too close to a union, so no more game group. But the next day, we each had cubicles separated by seven-foot-high walls! I don't really talk to my team anymore, but I was able to hang up a bunch of posters." Now Matt works hard under the watchful eyes of several Gokus, which he believes bring him good luck. "Web MD said that Honey BBQ Fritos don't have enough nutrients to live off of, but when the break room snack machine gave me two for the price of one, I wasn't going to argue with that!"

Even though Matt has his hands in some of the biggest and most popular video game series in the world, he still has bigger dreams. Matt lights up another cigarette and discloses these hopes for the future: "I got into this industry because no one has ever made a successful video game adaptation of Moby Dick," he says, pulling out a notebook filled to capacity with text and drawings. "You see this? What Moby Dick did for books, Moby Dick: The Game can do for games! And all I need is an hour with the company president to pitch it." While this has yet to happen -- the company president telecommutes from one of his many homes in Tahiti -- Matt shared the story of a friend who made it to the level he aspires to. "So I met this guy Jeff in college -- all these years later, he ends up being lead designer on the best selling game of a few years ago." And Jeff's fate? "He and his entire team got laid off after their game sold eight and not nine million copies. But then he got a job coding for a real estate website in Sarasota. And that's where the *real* money's at."

–∼Local News

6.22 You Won't Believe the Heartless Thing An Imaginary Person Did to My Child

Friday, Jun 27, 2014 by Worst Mommy Blogger (@sexyfacts4u)

Something heartbreaking has happened. It's so bad I almost can't describe it.

My beautiful, precocious and gentle little boy, Dylan, was assaulted at the Cabela's.

Dylan likes to play in puddles. He likes to sing along to Yo Gabba Gabba. He is talkative and silly and he has a cute pink shirt he likes to wear. He's not even three yet and he is very boyish, he just really likes his pink shirt.

As a good mom, I project all of my fears and political causes onto my child, who has become deeply concerned about eating local and Sea World treating whales better, and it is important that he expresses himself exactly however I want. Every child should have that freedom.

We were at Cabela's to buy some rain boots for Dylan and he was sitting in the cart minding his own business. He happened to be wearing his favorite pink shirt. We found the boots he needed and we were making our way towards the front of the store when a very large and fictional woman in an American flag t-shirt loudly asked, "Is that a boy or a girl? I can't tell the difference in that gaAAaaaAAAAAy shirt."

I tried to smile and I said, "He's a boy."

Well, this pretend woman laughed in this very derisive, mocking laugh and she leaned down over Dylan and she said, "Only F-words wear pink, B-word."

She blew a slide whistle so the note ascended and she stuck out her middle finger in perfect time to the note.

I was aghast! She had just said two of the nastiest words that I could have imagined and then assaulted me with a whistle. Shocked, I hurried past her towards the checkout when I imagined a man's voice shouting, "THAT AIN'T A BOY!" It was a very Southern sort of voice and the man was clearly a gun owner. He had a tangly beard and red eyes and a huuuuge Jewish nose, but coming to a point so it was more like a witch.

This man bared his fangs at Dylan and he said, "I EAT PIECES OF SHIT LIKE YOUR BABY GIRL FOR BREAKFAST."

"You eat pieces of shit for breakfast?" I asked in disbelief.

This imaginary man grew very angry and he slapped my beautiful, innocent baby boy right in his mouth. All Dylan wanted to do was be himself and I imagined this man hitting my little baby son. So Dylan was screaming. I was in tears. Nobody was offering to help or doing anything.

My innocent baby. Not pictured: me, imagining horrible things happening to him.

We rushed into the checkout and I saw that the checkout clerk was a tangly-haired, red-eyed, black teenager who looked very thuggish. I could smell the fug of jazz cigarettes about him. He tilted his hat to one side and he said, "Your f-word child is upsetting the other customers because he's too ugly. Get him out of here."

Dylan was perfectly fine until that moment and now, after hearing that, he won't come out of his room and when he looks in the mirror and cries and calls himself "The ugly fag child."

It was worse than the time someone saw I cared about the environment and GMOs and they maced me and gave me a whole bunch of imaginary cancer.

I have set up an indiegogo fundraiser to help pay for a trip to Disneyworld to help Dylan forget about these awful events and all of his cancer that I imagined. The good thing about Indiegogo is that I can do whatever I want with the money, like buy a bunch of pitbulls. I know one thing for certain: Cabela's lost a customer when they asked my beautiful boy to leave. I'll be taking this one to the Twitter and the Facebook if any of you want to speak out with me.

–~Worst Mommy Blogger (@sexyfacts4u)

6.23 Adobe's Electronic Ruler is Just the Beginning

Saturday, Jun 28, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Last week the tech conversation (or "tech talk" as insiders call it) was dominated by Amazon's Fire Phone. And for good reason! Consumers should be very excited about an AT&T-only smartphone with multiple cameras that only exist to facilitate impulse purchases on Amazon.

Wait, should we? Why should anyone care about Amazon's Fire phone? I don't know, but then again I'm not sure why anyone cares about Amazon hardware in the first place. Sure, their devices are great at locking you into a proprietary storefront, like Apple. Unlike Apple, however, Amazon doesn't offer appealing hardware design or an attractive and responsive user interface. They don't even have an Apple logo on their products.

Their best device is the Kindle, and that's largely because it only needs to display text on a very nice screen that someone else made. Sort of hard to screw up. Not that Amazon hasn't tried. It is 2014 and sorting your book collection in the Kindle's UI is still a more painful ordeal than reading that ebook of *Steamblade of the Dark Prince: Kingdom of Assassin Magic* you got for 99 cents.

What I'm trying to say here is that it's a shame everyone was paying attention to Amazon's bad hardware announcement. It totally overshadowed Adobe's bad hardware announcement, which was way more fun. Take a look at the Slide:

It's a ruler. Not just any ruler, an electronic ruler. Sort of. It comes in a package with a stylus for the iPad and together they cost $200.

Slide does not have perfectly straight sides. It is not quite long enough to bridge the display surface of an iPad, which it is specifically designed for. You don't actually drag the stylus across the Slide like a pencil and ruler. Instead, you put the Slide on your iPad and a few temporary lines appear vaguely near the ruler-like device. Then you grab your stylus and draw freehand lines on top of those lines. It's perfect if you thought that using the image editing program's line tool was too easy.

If you don't get the appeal of the Slide, that's because Adobe has engineered this product for the future. Specifically, for six months from now, when you open a drawer and come across this physical manifestation of buyer's remorse alongside a cell phone heart rate monitor and Google's Nexus Q.

What if the Slide turns out to be a success, though? A newly energized Adobe would surely follow it up with more hardware. If this happens, I predict that two devices will launch by the end of 2015.

Adobe Flash Box

When a device focuses on a single task, it becomes elegant. Magical. Here Adobe crafts a piece of hardware that's dedicated to the one thing they're best at.

The Adobe Flash Box capitalizes on the popularity of set top boxes like the Roku and Apple TV, but it doesn't use Flash to stream movies or tv or web content. It actually doesn't do anything at all, aside from checking for Flash updates every ten minutes and prompting you to install them.

Adobe Paint eBucket

Finally, a full-sized bucket for the digital age. Unlike a regular bucket, the inside is not empty. The Paint eBucket is one solid block of high quality plastic weighing roughly twelve pounds. A brushed metal handle attachment is available separately.

Think about how often you find yourself filling a space with color while editing a picture on your iPad. Tap the paint tool. Tap to paint. Ugh. Who has the time?

Now you can simply reach for your Adobe Paint eBucket and struggle to tip it over directly above the precise spot that needs to be filled. Careful! If you hold the bucket in place too long the color will overflow. This tension creates a visceral experience that really connects art and the artist.

Suggested retail price: $499

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.24 My Flag Stands for Heritage, Not Hate

Monday, Jun 30, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Every year, as the Fourth of July approaches, I go down to my basement and carefully bring out a flag that has been in my family for many years. The colors aren't as bright as they once were, but the meaning hasn't faded one bit. We run it up our flagpole and, damn the neighbors, we celebrate that flag.

It is the flag of the United States of America. I know it may be controversial, but I assure you, this flag is about heritage and not about hatred.

My great, great, great grandfather fought in the civil war. Erasmus Parsons. He was a war criminal hanged at Andersonville for burning down an entire village near Charleston. They rode their horses over the enemy and bayoneted the wounded. I don't support what he did, obviously, but Erasmus believed any man that would betray the Union was a subhuman deserving of the most miserable death. To him, southerners lived in benighted sewers and they might as well have been devils.

Not that I actually believe that now. I understand southerners are people and not devils. I am just celebrating my heritage here.

"Only a snake would put another man in chains and force him to toil," wrote Erasmus on the eve of his hanging. "I would rather be hanged by such a snake than shake his hand."

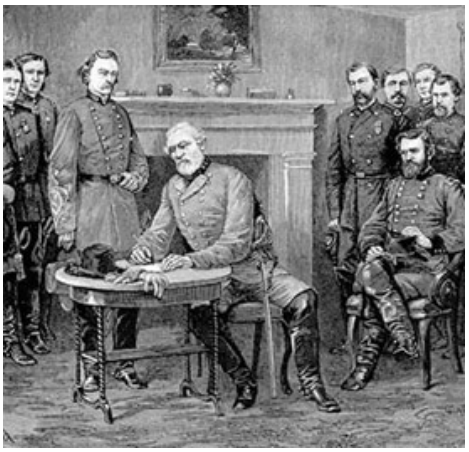
That is my people's heritage of preserving the Union and successfully crushing the insurrection of traitors. Destroying their armies through superior martial skill and manufacturing. Littering the battlefield with the corpses of traitors. Massacring them rather than taking prisoners. Chopping their heads off using cavalry sabers.

These are just historical facts and I think it is important

every year that we celebrate and remind ourselves of these facts. Nobody wants to actually go down to Atlanta, again, and set fire to the houses of all the white people. Nobody is saying that white southerners are idiots and traitors and slaving scum deserving of death. Those are antiquated beliefs. I do not subscribe to them.

Nor do I celebrate, specifically, the abject defeat of the traitors in battle after battle as the brave Union boys sent their armies fleeing from the smoky battlefields of history. Think of all the southern sons and brothers scattered on those war-churned fields of Gettysburg, Appomattox, Petersburg and Five Forks. Celebrating that sort of total route of a military and subsequent encirclement and surrender would be akin to celebrating slavery or the lifestyle derived from it.

Why, I can sit on my porch on a sweltering July day and I can almost picture the Battle of Nashville. A battle where the Confederates didn't even know how to properly dig a hole and were subsequently massacred by the Union attacks because they dug their trenches all wrong. The brave Union attacks utterly destroyed the southerners.



I can almost picture the smiles on the faces of black union soldiers as they finally got to shoot and stab and hack at all the white Confederate soldiers. Of course, mostly shooting and stabbing them in the back as they tried to run from their poorly-dug trenches.

Although, one thing that needs to be very clear is that the Civil War was not about slavery at all. Whatever Erasmus said was just his personal opinion. The Civil War was actually about the federal government's right to tell a state that they cannot fucking have slaves anymore and that new states can't have fucking slaves and to stop having all these slaves and fucking them. The south tried to deny the rights of the federal government to make such a decision and so they betrayed their country and forced hundreds of thousands to die in a pathetic war they lost in total defeat.

That's all the flag means to me. Total victory over the south and the assertion of the federal government's freedom to tell states not to have slaves.

You will notice on the flag that all of the southern states are represented at the bottom of the flag while all of the northern states are the stars at the top. Even later states added after the Civil War were allowed to be placed at the top of the flag. This is because states like Alaska and Hawaii and others never betrayed their country or enslaved anyone, so they deserve to be up at the top and not down in the star sewer where the devils live.

Does it make me a bigot to fly this flag? Of course not. The only bigots are reverse bigots. The sort of people who can't comprehend that a flag like this means the historical triumph of northern military might over the south. Did you know that even during the civil war the Union flag still featured the stars of the southern states? It's true, but they were yellow instead of white because southerners were cowards who fled the battlefield at every opportunity and were doomed from the start by their corrupt way of living.

So the next time you see someone proudly flying the flag of the United States of America, give them a salute and say a little thanks to Abraham Lincoln. There's a reason there is a huge bad ass statue of him in Washington D.C. and not some traitor idiot like Jefferson Davis.

Don't be afraid to fly the flag of the USA. It's okay to be proud of your heritage.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 7

July

7.1 SkyMall Product Review: Velociraptor Dinosaur Statue

Wednesday, Jul 02, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> Even if he wasn't 5-feet tall and coined by a name that means speedy thief, we're guessing this muscular menace on two legs would still be hard to catch! Our Design Toscano exclusive Jurassic-sized, meat-eating prehistoric replica dinosaur statue is realistically sculpted with terrifying teeth, retracted foot claws and an S-shaped neck, then cast in quality designer resin and hand-painted with powerfully convincing color and texture as faithful to the ancient species as possible.

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Crawford from Battle Mountain, NV

I purchased this beauty to prove a point to my idiot lawyer brother-in-law. I won, so it was worth every penny.

Me: 1

Idiot: 0

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By RaptorsFan from Grants Pass, OR

YEEEAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Been saving up for something like this ever since I was 9 and now I own it. IT'S MINE. I OWN IT.

Pros: as good as the real thing

Cons: even though this was the goal I set for myself that has kept me going all these years in spite of crippling depression brought on by my absent parents and horrible acne and lack of friends and inability to cope with anything without breaking down in tears or having panic attacks, it hasn't really fixed anything. Still pretty cool.

Age: 21-25

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By SandySteve from Prescott, AZ

Been eying it for the better part of six years now. With my kids finally out of the picture, I actually had the chance to do something nice for myself.

Pros: Makes my yard really stand out having a raptorsaurus out there.

Cons: My moron neighbor Johnny can't keep his eyes off my lawn.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Sawbucks from Prescott, AZ

I don't care for dinosaurs. Frankly, I'm not convinced they're real. For one thing, we never heard word one about them until Jurassic Park came out, and even then, the ones in that movie were computer dinosaurs. Buying it because my neighbor Steve has one, and I'll be damned to hell and have my genitals electrocuted by the devil if I let him get one up on me.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★★★★☆

By DesertDad from Prescott, AZ

Saw Steve and Johnny have raptors in their yards now, so figured I better get in on the action. Not sure what all the fuss is about. The kids love it at least. Think it was the final straw for my wife, though. I know I shouldn't punish the dinosaur for our divorce, but I can't help it...

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Leafblower from Prescott, AZ

Donald down the street got one, so I got one. It's the stupidest thing I've ever seen, and not worth the money. I also bought a Contemporary Venus Sculpture, which is MUCH SUPERIOR. Those are my hands now... those are daddy's hands...

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By OneTrueTexan from San Rafael, CA

Well...

Here's how it went down: bought a dinosaur to bury and surprise my kids by digging it up with them. I don't remember where I buried it, so, basically this thing is a huge waste of money and a total rip off. It's not even real anyway. Give me a damn refund.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By The Yardsman from Evansville, IN

Good, but wish it had a saddle. That's all I'll say on the subject.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review:

By The Yardsman from Evansville, IN

I thought about it some more and let me tell you: the fact it doesn't have a saddle is a g-ddamn travesty. Disregard my earlier glowing review. I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to sugarcoat it for you or anyone else.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review:

By smartshopper from Malvern, AR

Buying stuff like this makes me feel like a reckless cocaine addict. Love it!

Age: 31-35

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.2 I'm Terrified of White People

Thursday, Jul 03, 2014 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

As a draconic otherkin, I'm terrified of white people. They slaughtered my kind during the Dragonlance conflicts and mercilessly teased me in high school for my D&D manuals and other symbols of my racial heritage. I shudder at the mere thought of their slender noses, tiny mouths and pearly skin - skin as smooth and pale as the bonesabers they once thrust into the hearts of my ancestors.

White people must fear me as much as I fear them. That's why they installed a glass ceiling to keep me from soaring to the top of the corporate ladder at Dominos Pizza. I've been working there since I got expelled from college for my controversial post-colonial analysis of *Beowulf* as anti-dragon propaganda.

I'm walking down the street to deliver a pizza when a white man asks me if I know what time it is. I think he's trying to mug me or sell me Bruce Springsteen tickets, so I throw the pizza box at him and run. White people are shooting out of coffee shops and Olive Gardens like sperm trying to impregnate me with white culture. Some are wearing t-shirts for Dragonforce, Imagine Dragons and other white bands that have co-opted draconic imagery for their own commercial gain. I hate white music and once tried to make the least white song ever by taking the whitest song ever and writing a song that was its exact opposite. The whitest song ever is John Cage's pretentious silent art piece "4'33"" so the song I ended up making consisted of every sound in the universe at 4,000 decibels and rendered me deaf for several months.

I hide from my assailant in an alley. Above me in a third-story apartment I can hear people yelling Caucasian slang terms like "math rock," "divan" and "Faulkneresque" while a John Williams score blares in the background. Assuming it's a white race riot, I call the police.

"It was just some guys watching *Star Wars*," the police officer tells me after investigating. "You need to overcome your fear of white people. Maybe it's a reaction formation of some opposite fear, like fear of hipsters, since they're the opposite of people."

"Just because I'm a dragon doesn't mean I fear all white people," I say. "You see..." I'm about to give my "there are white people and there are crackers" speech, but I look over my shoulder and see some Nascar fans and half of Rascal Flatts nearby.

"There must be some aspect of white culture you like," the officer says.

"I guess I like George Michael, not his music but his movies like *Braveheart* and *Lethal Weapon*."

"Those are Mel Gibson movies."

"Sorry, all white people look pretty much the same to me."

The Nascar fans are gathered in front of a TV store watching the Daytona 500. Suddenly Tony Stewart's car explodes, launching his mangled, flaming body several miles into the air.

"Oh my God," one of the fans says. "The rapture just happened and only Tony Stewart was saved. We're all doomed!"

"Tony Stewart is a shithead," another one says. Everyone laughs, knowing the remark is just a lighthearted jab at Tony Stewart honoring his memory. I start laughing too, at which point everyone glares at me. Apparently it's not okay for dragons to laugh at self-deprecating white humor.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

7.3 Phrases From Fireworks Danger Demonstrations or Heavy Metal Lyrics

Friday, Jul 04, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Another American Independence Day, another batch of local news and Internet videos featuring fire departments warning about the dangers of fireworks. Dozens killed every year, hundreds maimed, thousands sent to the hospital, blah, blah, blah. The fun police don't want children blowing off their faces for some reason. But can you actually discern the apocalyptic fear mongering of local fire departments from heavy metal lyrics? Give it a try.

1. "Entire bodies consumed by powerful flames."
2. "Overwhelming showers of flames eat through the flesh."
3. "Explosive decapitation."
4. "Intense and dangerous explosive power."
5. "It burns hotter than the fire to which we are accustomed."
6. "Excruciating, this pain is excruciating."
7. "Cities burned to ashes. Bodies turning into dust."
8. "Broken bones, severe burns, and even death."
9. "Imagine what this can do to your child's head."
10. "Light the fire, stack the pyre, hang the martyr."
11. "Remorseless fire will consume anything or anyone in its path."
12. "Disfigured, defaced worshipping hate."

13. "Bloody, maimed, and terrified."
14. "Choking on poison air, pouring whiskey into crescent moon laceration."
15. "Severe lacerations, amputations and burns to the extremities of children and adults."
16. "One child can ignite another."
17. "Peel off her face and frantically chew her eyes."
18. "It is a grisly scene no mother wants to see."
19. "Unpredictable missiles can blind, maim or mutilate."
20. "Fragments of my comrades carpet the ground below."

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.4 Thrilling Scenes From Batman V Superman

Saturday, Jul 05, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

When most people think of Superman and Batman interacting in comics, they think about large scale adventure and fun. Sure, Batman is a walking bottle of pressurized trauma and Superman is a boy scout. But Superman is also optimistic and sincerely concerned about others, and Batman is a total weirdo that goes to ridiculous lengths to outsmart others. Combine the two and you have access to every corner of a colorful universe, from mentally troubled street criminals in with burlap sacks on their heads to giant space brains.

Even when they clash the tension is offset by stuff like Superman's understandable overconfidence or Batman brawling in a mech suit.

Here's what we've seen from the upcoming movie Batman V Superman:

Now, it's not fair to make assumptions based on a few promotional images. I know, I know. There's just something that I have to say - it looks like this movie is going to be an absolute joy that will leave everyone smiling.

A few people who saw rough cuts of the film have contacted me, and the descriptions of their favorite parts back up my impressions.

The most striking scene I've heard about is a stirring speech given by Superman. "What's the point? Why try to save anyone? All of this is just... (gestures vaguely and shrug) dumb garbage. I don't

like anything. Being powerful is really hard." Multiple sources tell me that comic fans leapt to their feet and cheered enthusiastically at this scene, and when they sat back down they felt so energized that they fidgeted in their seats.

One sequence was described to me as a time-lapse of Batman's bedroom. He naps constantly, sits on the edge of the bed with his head in his hands, and when he does get up his movements are aimless and lethargic. Batman doesn't even take off his costume because the act requires more effort than he's willing to give. Five straight days are depicted and set to the Gary Jules cover of *Mad World*.

Another fist-pumping scene has Superman standing in the rain, scowling as he studies a chart with every color in the universe, from grey to blue grey to black.

Then there's the climactic Batman and Superman fight. In their run down apartment, the two argue about money, which neither have in this tough economy. Eventually the spat gets personal when Batman brings up Superman's heroin use. Superman mentally shuts down, a teacup tumbling from his hands in slow motion then shattering as it strikes the ground.

Every source has commented on Lex Luthor, who confounds Superman at every turn in this movie. At one point Superman flies away crying because he simply can't understand half the words Luthor is saying. We then see a flashback of young Clark Kent playing with a simple block puzzle, unable to figure out which shapes fit into which holes. He forces them through with his superpower. Pa and Ma Kent watch from another room, arguing in whispers about the boy's learning disorder. Ma Kent flinches when Pa steps toward her and we see a series of bruises on her arms. Pa Kent insists that Clark's stupidity is somehow a result of his wife's lesbian affair with a traveling saleswoman, which is depicted in a surprisingly graphic slow motion flashback-within-a-flashback.

ENDING SPOILERS

This is the big one, folks. My sources are positive that the thrilling conclusion to Batman V Superman will leave the audience overcome by feelings of fun and good times. Superman and Batman are driving back from their visit to the psychiatrist in bitter silence. A strange look forms on Batman's face, or at least the parts of it that we can see. He opens his mouth with a slight smile, possibly to begin the long road to repairing their friendship. In an inspiring flourish of creative film making the camera (outside Superman's window, facing the opposite window) catches the sudden appearance of a truck as it blindsides their car.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.5 Things Your Grandfather's Goddamn Tax Dollars Can and Can't Fund

Monday, Jul 07, 2014 by Your Grandpa (@sexyfacts4u)

I'm sick and tired of the government thinking they can just take my money every year and use it for whatever Solyndra they want. I don't like the things they do with my money. And other things they don't do, they should do. Here is a complete list of all the things my tax dollars can and can't fund.

Hot rod helicopters. Rowdy chopping whirligigs with Native American names. Spin these bad boys up and send them all over the place. Send them to Peru. Remind Peru about our helicopters. Hey Peru, we've got 'em. This is the AH-99 Cherokee with triple missiles. Welcome to the jungle.

We need a tough helicopter to face tough problems.

A submarine. I think we need a submarine. I know some people don't agree, but I want you to just think about a world without our submarine.

Ropes for people sinking into quicksand. You can't see quicksand. I don't trust the EPA to check it. And you never know when quicksand might be under your feet and when a vine might turn out to be a snake. You want to try to climb out using a snake? Good luck. This ain't a cartoon.

Can we get another lane on this highway? It's bumper to bumper down here. How about a lane for cool guys with a Mercury Sable. OnStar, yeah, can you tell me why are there so many Irish in the car next to me. They're looking over at me now, what do I do, OnStar?

More and different pickles. I really like the ones from the farmer's market. I'm open to new pickles. This a thing I am all about now.

Can't get any fishin' done with all these goddang wakes scaring off fish.

Would like to be able to do some more fishing without all the wakes. Can we cut down on these wakes?

How about we get jumping jacks back in schools. Finally. Used to be, you'd see kids all lined up doing jumping jacks, getting healthy that way, but now they're dancing around like idiots. Sweating to the oldies. The only "oldie" these kids need is a good old six inch vertical jump and a couple of clapped hands over their head.

Stop giving aid to foreign countries. Malaria nets? Maybe if they stopped trying to catch malaria they would have something to eat. But you just keep giving them money and they'll keep coming up with stupid ideas like this one. It's like the raccoons. I gave them a brick of old munster and they told me I can't buy cookies with munster. You're the one who rang my doorbell.

How about somebody finally put a whooping on that Kim Il Jong guy? I'm sick of hearing about him hanging out with Dennis Rodman. Those people are eating bugs, for chrissakes. They have a computer. One computer. The only thing they can do is parades, which I enjoy, but not that kind of parades. One missile is enough. One tank. We get the idea. The next time Kim Jong runs his mouth let's send the helicopters over there.

Deport 'em. You know who I mean. It's about time. They think they can come in here and, if they have a baby, they get to stay. Then they get on a bus and the next thing you know they're in that section 8 housing off Oak St. Have you seen that? Let's just get a big dozer and widen out that blade and starting pushing until they're back over the border. Not our problem. Go back to Ireland.

I would like a ramp for my dog to get into the back of my truck. My dumb, obese dog wants to ride in my truck. Thank you.

We need the space shuttle back. How could they get rid of that thing? You know how much money it cost to build? You drive that damn thing into the ground and then we'll talk about my tax dollars paying for a new one. And stop using the Russian rockets. It's embarrassing. It used to be that this nation reached for things, like moons, now we're lucky if we can get a train to run on time with all this reality TV on.

Oh, sure, we can send a dog to Pakistan to smell for earthquake victims but we can't put Smokey up a ramp to go to the tractor show? To hell with that.

Get rid of the FDA. If I wanted to know what was in my food I'll ask the guy at the Old Country Buffet to lift up the mashed potatoes so I can see under them. Found a cigarette filter in those one time and you know what they did? They gave me coupons. The government messes up way worse than that. How about some coupons, Mr. President?

Not so many fancy celebrities speaking at colleges. You got three kinds of people who should be giving commencement speeches at colleges: pastors, football stars and war heroes. Once you brought TV actors into it, you might as well kiss our future goodbye. These dumbass kids don't need Tony Danzas telling them who is the boss, they need to figure it out by starting their own business. Earn the boss. That's who.

Once we let the Japanese cartoons on TV it was all over with. Not one more dime of my taxes. I swear.

Bikini water slides. I had a dream where I was at the bottom of the water slide and your grandmother, god rest her soul, wasn't to be seen, but these beautiful bikini girls kept coming down the slide. They were giggling but there were some blacks down there smoking cigarettes and playing dice games and I had to catch all the bikini girls before they slid right into the blacks. Fortunately, I was able to do this. I would like to recreate this. I would like my money to fund this.

In closing,

Love,

Grandpa

–~Your Grandpa (@sexyfacts4u)

7.6 Beginner's Guide to the Gym

Tuesday, Jul 08, 2014 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Getting Started - 4 minutes
Walk through those gym doors like you own it like you heavily subsidize its lease with a barely used membership. Confidence is important, but you should skulk towards the lockers with hunched shoulders to let everyone know that you're officially out of your comfort zone. Become hyper aware of people glancing in your direction and assume that they are just waiting for your weak ass to make a mistake. Overall, your general self-confidence should be peaking somewhere between First Slow Song @ Middle School Dance and Being Late For A Prostate Examination.

Finding The Right Equipment - 10 minutes
One of these machines is the perfect fit, but since they all look like random piles of welded together pads and handles, spend most of your time pacing around the carpeted floor like a dog looking to shit. Examine the little Ikea styled description stickers as though there is an isolated section of your body that requires more attention than the rest. Give up and pick the machine in the empty corner that works whatever worthless body part you're most confident with: So, like, that film of skin that covers your kneecap or whatever muscle lets you spread your toes apart in a pair of sandals.

Stretching - 5 minutes
Most of your stretching time will be spent remembering how to stretch. Start by trying to recall how your gym teacher began class, but quickly lose focus and spend the next few minutes limply holding your foot up while struggling to remember the name of that game you played in Elementary where everyone pretended the gym floor was lava.

Working Out - 7 minutes
When no one is around, put your butt where you assume butts go, hands where hand could possibly

maybe go. Try to figure out if you're supposed to push or pull before anyone notices. Do one rep and then increase the weight a notch. Do another rep and then lower the weight three notches. By the two minute mark, you're deep into muscle pulling/shin splint territory, so tread lightly and don't hesitate from taking a break. Ultimately, your goal is to alternate between feeling the burn and grimacing every time you accidentally catch a glimpse of your trembling arms in one of the five million mirrors.

Finishing - 7 minutes
Bring your workout to an abrupt halt if anyone saddles up to the equipment beside you or even waddles near your empty corner. Calmly do two more reps before quitting so it looks like you were wrapping up a set instead of silently fighting off a panic attack. Get that spray bottle and douse everything until only MRSA remains. Grab your stuff from the locker and head back to the car.

Total Time: 33 minutes
Calories Burnt: 12

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

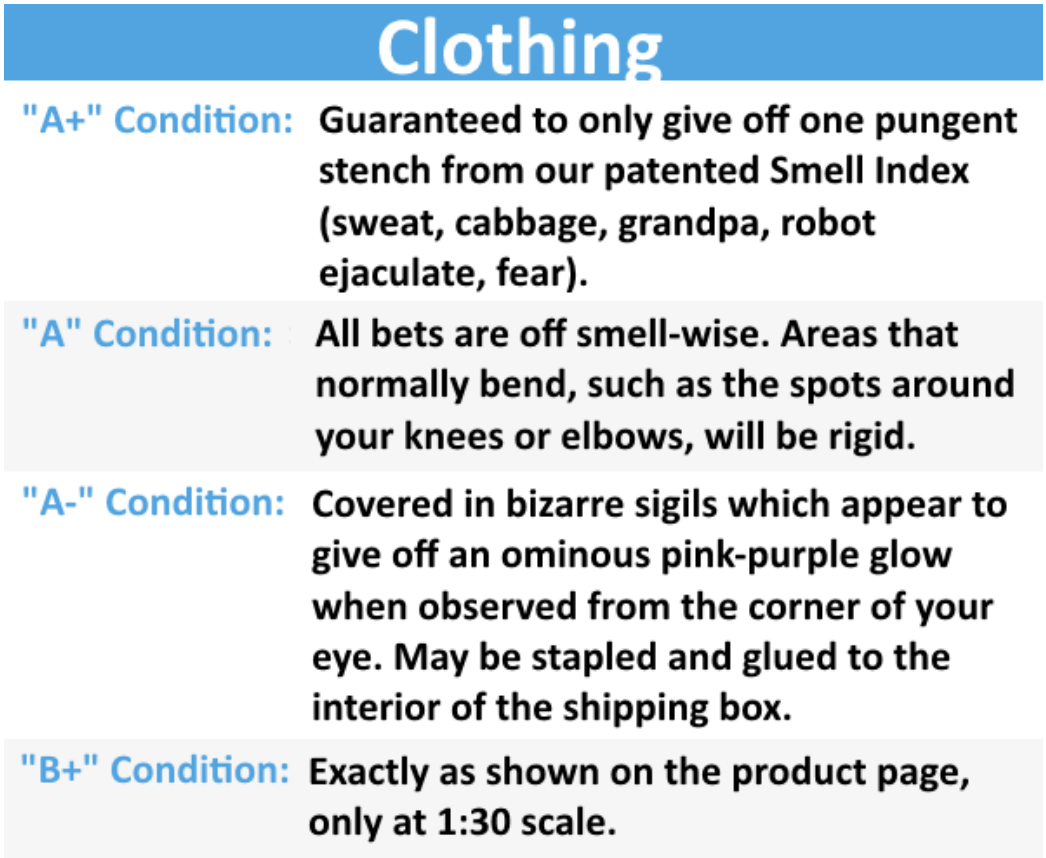
7.7 WootBoom's Refurbished Item Grading System

Wednesday, Jul 09, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

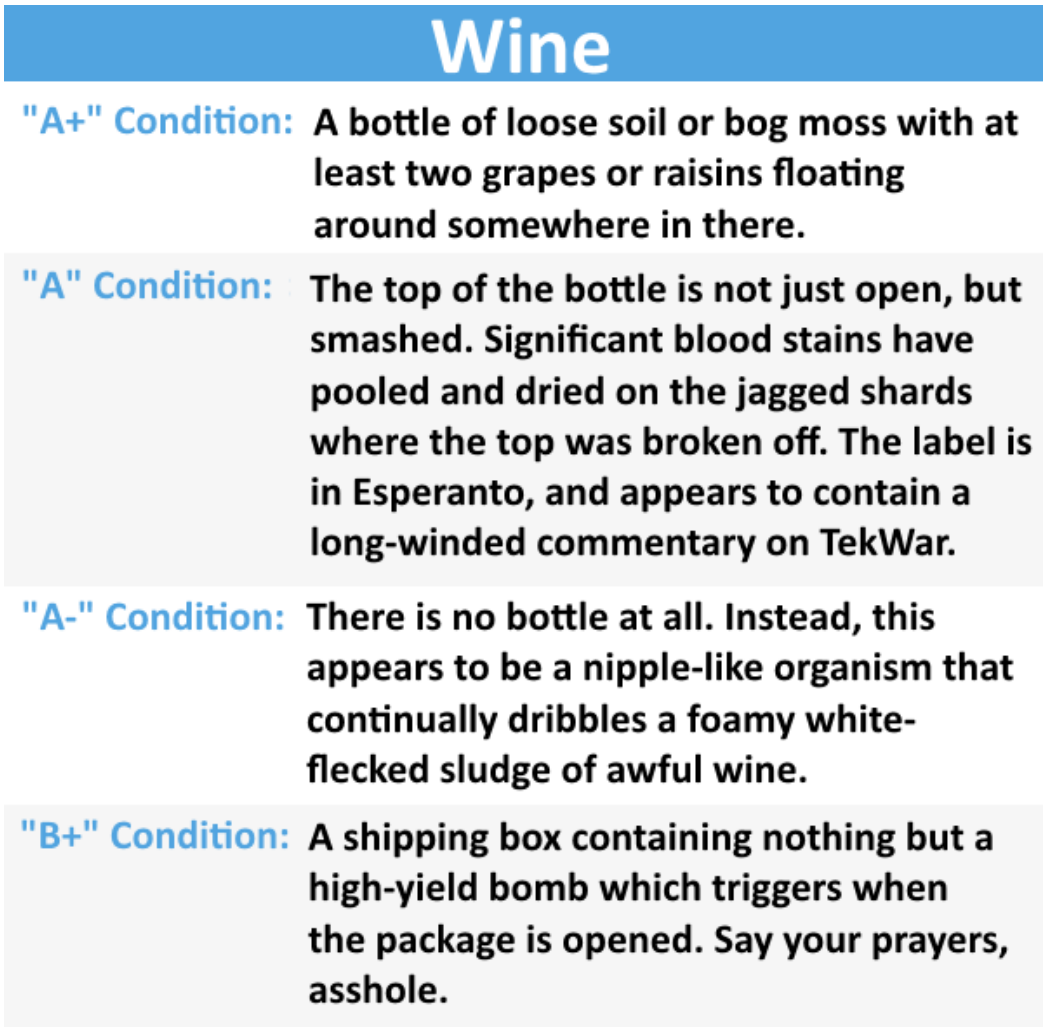
Thanks for shopping at WootBoom, the irreverent and whimsical site where you can buy all sorts of great stuff at really low prices! What's our secret? Honk! Slide whistle noise! See, that's an example our irreverence.

Our stuff is cheap because it's refurbished. Sort of. Basically, every item has been returned by a customer who originally bought it for full price at one of those stuffy retail stores or websites. The manufacturer glanced at it, put in a different box, and then someone in our factory took a break from twerking, planking, and taking selfies to inspect the item and assign it a ranking using our Refurbished Grading System.

So what do these grades mean? It varies depending upon the type of product.


Clothing
"A+" Condition:
Guaranteed to only give off one pungent stench from our patented Smell Index (sweat, cabbage, grandpa, robot ejaculate, fear).
"A" Condition:
All bets are off smell-wise. Areas that normally bend, such as the spots around your knees or elbows, will be rigid.
"A-" Condition:
Covered in bizarre sigils which appear to give off an ominous pink-purple glow when observed from the corner of your eye. May be stapled and glued to the interior of the shipping box.
"B+" Condition:
Exactly as shown on the product page, only at 1:30 scale.

Tablets	
"A+" Condition:	Mostly functional. Light scratches caused by belt buckle. Battery life may exceed three minutes. Some app icons contain graphic giantess/growth/expansion fetish imagery. Most UI elements hacked to display racist language.
"A" Condition:	Absolutely covered in barnacles. Otherwise brand new. May not have a screen. Covered in scratches and deep gouges, obviously.
"A-" Condition:	Only partially on fire. Several internal components missing, replaced by balsa wood chips. Light superficial damage. Any crater larger than three inches has been filled in with raw meat at no additional cost.
"B+" Condition:	A package the size of a ring box containing powder that used to be a tablet. Might have been cursed by an ancient mariner ghost as the tablet sat at the bottom of the sea at some point before it was disintegrated.


Wine
"A+" Condition:
A bottle of loose soil or bog moss with at least two grapes or raisins floating around somewhere in there.
"A" Condition:
The top of the bottle is not just open, but smashed. Significant blood stains have pooled and dried on the jagged shards where the top was broken off. The label is in Esperanto, and appears to contain a long-winded commentary on TekWar.
"A-" Condition:
There is no bottle at all. Instead, this appears to be a nipple-like organism that continually dribbles a foamy white-flecked sludge of awful wine.
"B+" Condition:
A shipping box containing nothing but a high-yield bomb which triggers when the package is opened. Say your prayers, asshole.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.8 Dear Uber: You Call That a High-Speed Chase?

Thursday, Jul 10, 2014 by Concerned Citizen

Dear Uber,

I have used your service multiple times over so-called "licensed, insured, and state-sanctioned" cabs for the many advantages you provide. Lower rates, a genuine feedback system, the greater likelihood of having a white driver-these are the reasons your company has grown so quickly over the past few years. But after my last ride, it became all too clear that, for just a few extra dollars per ride, your drivers could receive the proper training to ensure once-in-a-lifetime occurrences like mine don't end in disappointments that continue to disrupt my sleep with frequent night sobs weeks later.

Yes, I don't expect every Uber ride to suddenly transform into a high-speed chase. And as far as I know, it's *only* happened to me. But I certainly wasn't expecting a ten-minute ride to the dentist to become a one-hour, no-stakes trip to Boredom City, USA-and I'm not talking about Dayton (just some Western Ohio humor for you)! Minor point, but maybe a little warning would be appreciated? I'd worn the Snoopy sweater my mother bought me for Christmas that day, if only because I didn't want any of my other clothes covered in bloody drool. But I guess when a guy shows up on all the local news stations wearing that thing, suddenly that's his identity! The boys down at the shop came up with a *real* cute nickname for me thanks to that monstrosity: "fucking worthless limp-dick clown asshole." It's going to be a while before I live that one down, I'll tell you that.

True, I probably should have thought something was up when my driver answered his cell phone, and immediately started bellowing the f-word for three solid minutes. Okay, maybe my suspicions should have been raised when his second phone call consisted of weeping fits occasionally interrupted by "I love you, baby." Okay, you got me: When he started taking sharp breaths and muttering "You can do this" under his breath, a few warning flags should have popped up. But I'm a trusting guy, so I didn't think twice about my driver stopping at a Wells-Fargo to visit a "sick uncle," so sick in fact that he had to breathe through a mask fashioned out of pantyhose just to be admitted to his room. Why did this uncle live in a bank? That was between me and my new Clive Cussler novel, since I was eight pages in and there was no going back.

What happened next nearly passed by my eyes too quickly for me to criticize it. Mr. Driver comes stumbling out of the Wells-Fargo with a huge burlap sack, comes over to the passenger side, tosses

it in through the sliding door, and *doesn't* slide across the hood to get back to the driver's side? Yeah, okay. Wake me up when amateur hour's over. And not even bothering to take me hostage? Thanks a lot, pal. If you followed typical high-speed chase protocol, I would have spent the next 60 minutes with the barrel of a gun pressed to my temple! And that's a small price to pay for the millions I could have made selling mass-market books through Sam's Club about how Jesus got me out of it and also helped me with my drinking. Well, I was never put in any direct physical harm, and I'm mostly known for sporting the "Joe Cool" variant of Snoopy on my torso. Tell me, would you buy a book written by a guy like that? Unless it was called "Confessions of a Fucking Worthless Limp-Dick Clown Asshole," you wouldn't. And even then, I'm not even sure you would-believe me, I've thought about this.

So yeah, maybe you can tell your drivers that, in the event of a high-speed chase, maybe *don't* consider cruising down the commercial district during lunch hour if you have $30,000 in the backseat and six cop cars on your tail. Honestly, I really shouldn't have been able to get out of that van, grab some Yogurtland, and jump back into the passenger seat like a felony wasn't currently in progress. And when I started shoveling that *Despicable Me 2* "Minion Mango Madness" into my mouth, I couldn't help but think of the stories I'd have to tell if that uninformed driver had jumped on the freeway, as I advised. I mean, hasn't this idiot ever watched *Lethal Weapon 4*? Enclosed you will find a copy of this very movie. Please be sure that your entire fleet of drivers watches it, and takes note of how street-surfing on an end table is much less intimidating than it looks.

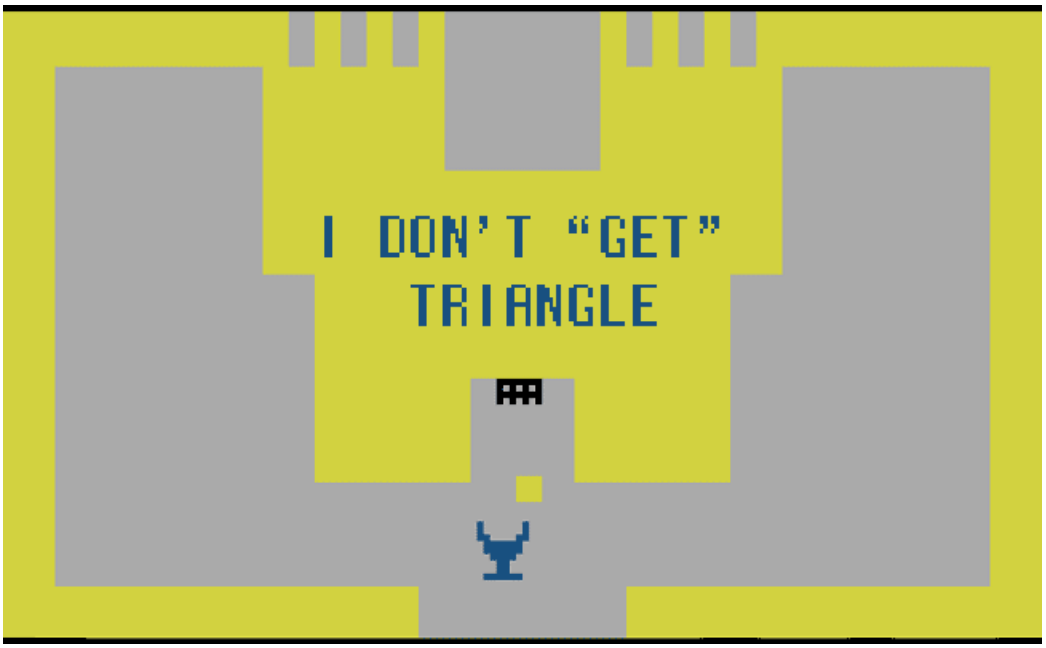
Yours in disappointment,

Concerned Citizen

–∼Concerned Citizen

7.9 I Can Only Enjoy Video Games With Featureless Blocks as Protagonists

Friday, Jul 11, 2014 by A Featureless Block (@sexyfacts4u)



I want to start this article by saying I am an ally. I understand why other people may want video games based around their minority groups. I get it, cowboys. You want to walk back and forth and shoot scorpions in a game of your own. I understand where you're coming from, boomerang-shaped spaceships. Hell, you're almost a block. I have a cousin who is a spaceship.

I get that desire to see yourself represented in the game. I really do.

The problem here is that I am a featureless block. Most gamers are featureless blocks. Most game makers are featureless blocks. So of course, featureless blocks are and should be the main protagonist in video games.

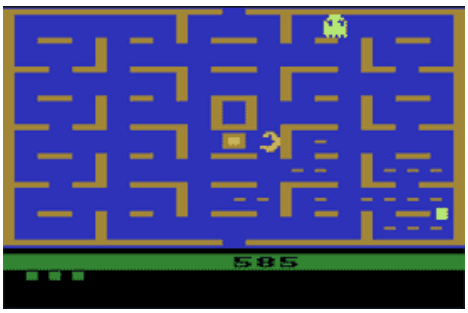
I get where Breakout block is coming from. Just like me, he wants to break out. And the featureless block in Adventure? I mean, come on, what featureless block among us has not thought of key? Or had a nightmare about squiggle? Or engaged in furious competition over block with block?

But I just can't understand the game if a featureless block isn't the protagonist. I tried. I really did. I played triangle in Asteroids. What's he about? What's he thinking? Don't know. I played circle man in Pac-Man. I tried to care and I just couldn't. I don't get where these guys are coming from. I might as well go back to playing dot.

I can't even think about playing Ms. Pac-Man. I am not a lady circle. Sorry. That would be just weird to play as a lady circle.

Don't get me wrong, I am totally supportive of a bug or a burger chef starting their own video game company. I have nothing against a cartoon knight making something that's sort of like a video game. Just don't expect me to support it with my money.

One refrain I have heard time and time again, and frankly it's a little insulting, is that featureless block has been in so many video games that we don't have any more stories to tell. This is offensive. Everyone, every single block, has a story and they deserve to tell it. I mean, just yesterday I went up and then left. I shot dot. I pick up green key. I wrapped around the whole screen.



It's weird and shrill.

If you've heard that one before, how about this one: block in cave. Block go down. Block jump. Block JUMP. Think about it. What if you take cowboy and replace him with block. Now we're talking. Now there is a story I can identify with.

It's because so many people are featureless blocks that it allows anyone to identify with it. That featureless block could be a submarine. It could be a bug-killer fighting a centipede. Use your imagination, don't wait for some featureless block to program a truck in for you.

A featureless block is the default. It's normal. There's no need for something different. If you're a burger chef or a spaceship and you want to be represented in gaming, then either make the game, or become an economic force to be reckoned with. If featureless blocks running game companies see that all these missile commanders are buying games they will start making games to cater to them.

Until then, block is good enough for everyone.

–~A Featureless Block (@sexyfacts4u)

7.10 Essential Advice From a Legendary Home Chef

Saturday, Jul 12, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

There were no good pizzas nearby. After developing my own home made dough and sauce through trial and error for several months, there continued to be no good pizzas.

But soon the dough evolved from a dense, snow white hell cracker into something that rose and turned golden. Then my sauce started to taste more like sauce than olive oil backwash paste. Eventually I figured out that a slice of fresh mozzarella shouldn't be thicker than the spine of *Infinite Jest*.

Now I can make a fantastic pizza and prepare nearly five other things from scratch, and only one of those other things uses pizza dough and sauce. Making real food is fun. It tends to be cheaper and healthier than anything you'll get in a box or can, and it's a great way to distract yourself from the ever-growing specter of death for a few hours.

I'm just the world's greatest beginner. Nothing more. If anyone reading this has less experience than me, though, some of the lessons I've learned might come in handy.

Finding the Right Recipe

In the old days, recipes were hard to come by. You basically had to inherit a collection that had been passed down between generations of your family or hope that someday you would happen upon a cache of recipes in a shoebox buried in the woods.

Now we have the internet. Instant access to all the information you could ever need makes most tasks trivial, including the hunt for recipes. All you have to do is run a search for "recipe store" then drive on down to the nearest one and buy all the recipes you can afford.

Preparing Your Kitchen

Prepare your ingredients. Disrobe. Step into your rubber suit. Pour salt in a perfect unbroken circle around your kitchen. Standing inside the circle, press your index and middle fingers together then touch them against the line of salt while moaning the incantation.

Dealing With the Authorities

A sharp knock comes from the front door. They're here. Activate the delayed magnesium charges and pray that they do their job.

Have you been spotted yet? If not, quietly slip out the back. If there's even the smallest chance that they have seen you, there's no time for subtlety. Light yourself on fire and do a forward flip through your front window.

They will be stunned, the compulsion to put out the flames momentarily battling with their duty to arrest you. Take advantage of the situation and keep running.

Hiding In a Ditch

Eventually you will come to a ditch. Jump in it and hide.

New Face, New Identity

Did you remember to bring a paring knife? a cleaver? If not, a rock with a relatively sharp surface will have to do. There is no easy way to do this. It's just something you have to find the will for. When it's all over, no one will recognize you.

This Ditch Is Your Home Now

Lay flat on your back. Hold your arms up and folded in, as if you were plugging your ears, but keep your hands loosely positioned on each corner of your mouth.

Sediment will gradually collect. Let it bury you, but with very slight movements use your hands to clear the accumulated dirt and mud away from your mouth. With this orifice you can breathe and drink rain water. With practice you will be able to wiggle your fingers to vibrate the sediment and knock bugs into your open mouth. Now you have it all.

The First Ten Years

Sleep as much as you can. Hum at all other times so that you know you are awake. Resist all urges. The second decade will be slightly easier, so occupy yourself with fantasies about those years.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.11 The Alpha Weed Comedian

Monday, Jul 14, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

What is the point in doing something unless you are going to be the best at it? You can settle for second or third. You can accept mediocrity. You can be the kind of loser who walks into a dispensary and buys a couple edibles, maybe smokes a one-hitter before a show. That can be you. That's not me. I'm a winner.

I start my day with triple dose of edibles, dabs, I have protein powder infused with cannabis, I have a vape mask I wear while I pump in my home gym. I do high weight, high rep, large dose. Willie Nelson while I do my ab work. Marley and Pink Floyd's early stuff while I work on my arms and legs. Throat singing during cardio. I need to stay focused on my intake.

I spend the next two hours before lunch working on my puppet routines. Weedie, Dr. Cannabis, my high terrorist character. I get my puppets high. My pets high. I push weed on family and friends. I will not ride anywhere in a car unless it is swimming in smoke. You want to drive sober. Fuck you. They're called highways for a reason.

Noon is hot yoga, followed by a nap, followed by snack time, followed by crush lines of dehydrated hydro. My nose walks the green mile. You're not taking this seriously unless you are down with toots, goofers, hoops, pops, nibs, and injectables. Cannabis oil injectables will give you a crisp, no-headache high. If you don't stick it, get out of my fucking gym.

Late afternoon, get my munch on with reservations at the hottest restaurants in the city. Reservations at Nosh, Nourish or Table X. Once Michelin has been there I wouldn't wipe my ass with your menu. I go to underground eateries, secret eating clubs, and I only work with chefs who will incorporate cutting edge marijuana derivatives into their food for me. Sun Chips and cookies are for stoners who have given up. Go ride a roller coaster or something. You're fucking done here.

After eating, get a firm fit from your tailor. You want someone who knows how to make you look good in a hoodie, a t-shirt, cargo shorts, sandals. People think the look is casual. How you look,

how you present yourself, is as important as any other part of being a stand up.

Do you want to walk out on stage and tell people you're a stoner? Fuck you. No. You want to tell a story with your pre-stained baja hoodie. You want people to wonder if that is old mayo or semen on your Lucky cutoffs. I have horse-torn jean shorts. Do you know how much that costs? It takes two horses and a special clamp to make the legs uneven like that. Get the look right or don't even bother slinking out onto that stage to tell some half-joke that not even Richard Marin and Thomas Kin would have let out of their mouths.

Evening. Weed laugh. Go to the sense dep pool, triple up on gel tabs of cannabis, hit the dark, no music, just me and my laugh. I think about funny things and laugh. Some people think Seth Rogen has a good weed laugh. Fuck Seth Rogen. He has a pussy beta laugh. A weed laugh is how you exert your authority on the stage. It starts in the belly, sort of vowel gurgle, works its way up into a repeating tone, should be in the "Butthead zone" and then you let it out against your upper teeth and palate. Hnnahnnahnaa.

It took me nineteen fucking years to master that. Seth Rogen can go fuck himself.

Night. TV time. Dr. Who, re-runs of 1990s sitcoms, Adult Swim. 2 hours 15 minutes. Vape volcano using piss to reuptake THC from the urine. Be sure to only use three cycle piss. After that the acid building up in the urine starts to break down your cannabis. You might as well be using regular water after a certain point and people who use regular water might as well kill themselves.

Spend 10-15 minutes playing with one of those plasma orbs or doing a book of mind-teaser puzzles. Write at least three tweets about the nature of the universe. If it's a Sunday or Monday night, I head to the Comedy Dungeon to work on my routine. This is secondary. If you're really good at being high, the best at it, then everything else is going to fall right into place: the podcast, the stand-up, the documentaries about being high and doing stand-up and podcasting.

You want to fuck with that? Of course you don't. You wouldn't dare.

Hnnnnnaahhnnnnnaaahhhhanna.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.12 The Top 17 Worst PC Games Ever (Again)!

Tuesday, Jul 15, 2014 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

As you may or may not know, Shmorky and I run the only Youtube channel dedicated to playing the absolute worst and most terrible games in existence, Gaming Garbage. I regularly scour the depths of the internet's deepest waste bins (Yoyogames, Game Jolt) and resurface with bizarre, inept piles of digital vomit. Please subscribe to our vomit. Since we haven't had a "worst of" list in some time, and everybody loves lists, I decided to toss up what I consider to be the top 17 worst games we've played. You know, since the last top X worst games list.

#17: Police Force 2

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ltTI8us8Sko

You're a cop walking the mean beat of some highly foreign Eastern European Bloc street, responding to crimes of dirty cars and serial hit and run victims. This town averages roughly 50 crimes per second, which is slightly overwhelming for the one (1) officer of the law under your command. Watch as Shmorky and I singlehandedly attempt to solve every crime committed all the time by everybody everywhere. Here's a breakthrough, emergency hint (which can also be applied to many other games): we don't succeed.

#16: Grand Theft Normo V

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Il_VqSa9z-o

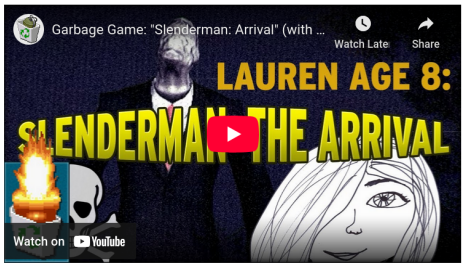
Okay, it's a safe assumption that this is another Grand Theft Auto clone. We're all clear on that, great. Now there's one slight problem: everything else. Hey, at least it has functional multiplayer, which does or does not work depending on how you loosely define the term "functional." Or "multiplayer" for that regard.

#15: Prom Protector

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=p1wQUPZOelo

As the self-appointed "Prom Protector," you must annoy and harass your juvenile delinquent peers into absconding a life of fun and entertainment, your police state actions governed by the Word of the Almighty Prom. Ruin a track star's athletic career! Sabotage a prospect pitcher's throwing arm! It's all in the name of the prom, and you'll do whatever it takes to protect it, like the stupid sissy idiot you are! All hail the prom, destroyer of lives!

#14: Slenderman: Arrival



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=veDwm_sNDLs

The only redeeming aspect of Slenderman is that he somehow caused two insane teenagers to get thrown into mental institutions for the rest of their stupid, shitty lives. Besides that, everything Slenderman-related has been absolute garbage, with zero exceptions. Slenderman: The Arrival is his most high profile game, so it only made sense that I review it with my eight-year old daughter, Lauren, to get her take on it. I mean, Slenderman frightens grown men on the internet, so he should have no problem horrifying an eight-year old. Right? Right?!?

#13: Josh.exe

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y2hiIrv8gjQ

Josh has a terrible problem, ladies and gentlemen: he is addicted to video games. He loves the blips, the bloops, the extra 1-ups, the lightning bolts, and the STR mana potions. He can't get enough hot and heavy video game playing action, electing to dedicate his spare time to this ungodly, unholy activity. Soon this addictive behavior catches up with him, and he finds his entire life ruined by his full time hobby of not-so-professional gaming. So what does Josh decide to do? Make a video game about it, of course! Thanks, Josh, for Josh.exe! I will now stop playing video games forever, at least until another one is released.

#12: The Groundskeeper

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HzJSWJKIxoc

Okay, so we like totally found the most bitchin' groundskeeper. He rocks at keeping ground. Every piece of ground he keeps, BAM, it's like totally groundkept. He's pretty much the coolest, most awesome dude to have around. Flaws? Heck, I can't list a single thing wrong with him. Guy is absolutely perfect. Okay, okay, well if you force me to pick one, maybe his tendency to murder families could be considered a downside. Or the time he pushed me down a well and trapped me there for reasons unknown. Oh, and I guess technically our land is decrepit and unkempt, but I mean besides all that, he's absolutely groundskeeper #1, man. Long live Studsworth!!!

#11: Mental

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vkZhxokBtGM

Scarecams bring in the big Youtube buck$$$, so I chose the scariest game to ever feature a scarcam on ever! This game will totally FREAK YOU THE F*CK OUT!!! DO NOT WATCH IF YOU'RE A BABY OR STUPID OLD GRANDMA WITH HEART PROBLEMS!!! SCARY SH*T INCOMING!!! CLICK, THUMBS UP, SUBSCRIBE, JUST GIVE ME MONEY, I DON'T CARE HOW OR IN WHAT FORM!!!

#10: Super Mario Kart Grid

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KvYDNbd17f8

Witness Mario in his most ruthless form ever, The Puttering Frenchman. Can we fine-tune our wheels to overtake Bowser, Toad, Waluigi, Princess Peach, Daphney, Grumpo, King Tromba, Milroy, Stoopa Blooper, Hog Wyld, the LeeRoy Sisters, and Wootario? This grid is 2 fast and 2 furious!

#9: Urban Street

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dODptgTDZPs

Okay, you know how most games have a plot, comprehensible mechanics, and characters? Well throw all that stupid trash out the window here in Urban Streets, a game which is not only definitely not

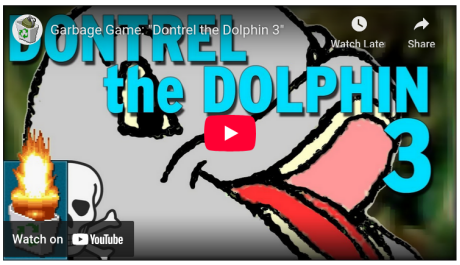
urban, but also lacks streets. So what are we left with? You got me, watch the video and witness the horrors yourself.

#8: Stowaway

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=b1zoEFH9IBw

Recreate that one brief CNN headline about that weird kid who snuck onboard a plane bound for Hawaii in this thrilling action simulator. You'll find excitement and realistic detail waiting around each and every corner as you sail majestically through the air on an incredibly lifelike airplane bound for god knows where. This isn't all fun and games though, as the ending teaches us that while stowing away may be an amazing adventure, it eventually ends in a dramatic downturn. Lesson learned.

#7: Dontrel the Dolphin 3



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oOOUHiYo788

"There's a Dontrel the Dolphin 3? But there has already been a Dontrel the Dolphin 1 and 2! Why mess with perfection?" is a question some stupid person might ask during one of their more shameful bursts of uncontrolled idiocy. One cannot simply put a finite number on the amount of Dontrel the Dolphins this world may contain. Scientists have declared it impossible. Mankind has labeled it heresy. Enjoy Dontrel in what we can easily assume is his greatest adventure ever, at least until #4 is released.

#6: A Nightmare on Elm Street: Blood Craze

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=i2u1k_j-Ddo

Freddy Krueger, the hateful antagonist from the Nightmare on Elm Street series is here in videogame format, ready to tear your ass up with his crazy alternate forms and deadly friends. Maybe you're some dumb kid who thinks, "oh ho, Freddy isn't scary, why should I be afraid of this terrifying game?" Well, uh, maybe because DRACULA is also in it? And Michael Meyers? And the Grim Reaper, who's also got a GIGANTIC GODDAMN CHAINSAW? Scared now? That's what I thought.

#5: A Nightmare on Elm Street 2: Blood Craze 2

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GDlPbxHAWUE

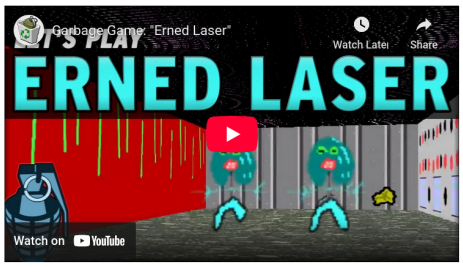
Freddy is back, pissed that he was defeated in his previous game, and determined more than ever to conquer the universe with his gang of hellishly horrific, uh, heirlooms. Can we defeat Chucky from "Child's Play," Freddy dressed up as a stupid snake, Freddy dressed up as a stupid spider, Freddy dressed up as a stupid bat, and various other stupid things? The answer is a resounding "maybe!" Haha, just kidding, we can't and / or don't.

#4: Torture

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=F0aQsYsAdQE

Okay so we captured this dude who totally deserves to be tortured. You know, because he did evil crap in his past and now he must atone for his sins, or something along those lines. I'm futilely attempting to justify why we're actively tearing the skin and muscles from some chained-up moron trapped in our basement of doom and power tools. I don't know, maybe I'm assigning too much of a plot to a plot-free game. Regardless, much like the name implies, you must torture somebody. If they die, you lose. If they live, you also lose, but in a slightly different way.

#3: Erned Laser



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IbEL2YthHak

I admit I kinda cheated and made up or slightly embellished the plot for some of these games. I'm coming out clean here and declaring I have absolutely no idea what this game is about, how it works, or why it exists. Somebody dig up the corpse of Roger Ebert and ask him if this is supposed to be art, because that's the only way we're going to get some kind of definitive answer on the subject.

BONUS: FEATURES A SPECIAL GUEST APPEARANCE BY SHMORKY'S OLD, "BETTER" VOICE!!!

#2: Freedom 3D

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kJcM2YRJdAQ

Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to the worst driving simulator to ever exist in any form ever! There's no plot driving this game. There's no driving driving this game. It's a wretched upheaval of polygons crammed into visually depressing forms that randomly intersect with each other. This is like some sort of test program somebody wrote to answer the question "do polygons exist?" and "if so, can we make them unbearably visually offensive?" But hey, it's in 3D, so it's got that going for it. Which is nice.

#1: Beestmeel

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zVUjVqKKmoI

The "Beestmeel" trio of titles was created by Steward H.K. Lar Lover, who is awesome and totally not insane because he specifically states this on his website. As a general rule of thumb, you might want to rethink some of your actions if you find yourself having to publicly address the topic of your sanity. Regardless, Lar Lover, or Steward, or H.K. or whatever his name is has birthed a video game title which I'm sure will usher in a new era of entertainment, one so horrendously not-at-all-sane-unlike-as-advertised that mere mortals will find themselves at a crossroad where they must decide to destroy their sight or hearing first. Beestmeel is an utter assault on all the senses, with mind-destroying characters, music, writing, sounds, mechanics, art, you name it. The scientific community could spend decades trying to decipher this mess and only uncover 1

So there you go. The top 17 worst games. A heartfelt "hope you enjoyed it" would ring hollow, so instead I'll just plug our channel. To keep abreast of the current worst games in the world, be sure to subscribe to Gaming Garbage, our Youtube channel devoted to sharing the bottom of the bottom with you. May God have mercy on your soul.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.13 BarkWire.com Dog Reviews: Space Cult & Leashbreaker

Wednesday, Jul 16, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the BarkWire.com series.

DOGOMETER SCORE

GOOD DOG

Space Cult
Age: Unknown
Breed: German Wirehaired Pointer
Location: Shaggy Butte
Gender: Male
Relationship Status: Open
Followers: 1,242
Following

LATEST REVIEWS

Posted by **DogDreamer** 24 days ago

I'm not saying I'm a follower of Space Cult, but as far as dogs go, he is really great at conveying a sense of calm and peace. So many dogs are just happy to be near him, and it's kind of reassuring. Normally dogs here are very territorial, but it's not uncommon to see 40 or even 50 dogs all peacefully resting around him in a circular formation. It's a welcome sight if you ask me.

Posted by **Pawlease** 22 days ago

Champion of peace? He's the equivalent of a draft dodger. He did nothing during the Elmwood Park Massacre, and that's why we now live in fear of **Meathook** and his pack of murderous mutts.

I feel like he should be executed as punishment. Dogs belong on one side of the fence, and not on it. They're not goats. They can't just stand on fences and not pick sides. This is the primary reason we keep dogs as pets and eat goats.

A lot of blood was shed. If you ask me, this Space Cult is a phony.

Posted by **TreatGuy** 21 days ago

There's been a definite increase in the amount of albino dogs around town. I'm not saying Space Cult is to blame, but the fact that all of them are following Space Cult wherever he goes seems like an awfully big coincidence. So far, they're playing it safe, but I'm ready for them. As much as I love dogs, I believe we're headed for an inevitable war pitting all humans against all dogs. It's going to be our ability to fire guns and climb ladders that saves us, and I've been practicing both daily.

Posted by **DogGoneIt** 19 days ago

This dog's owner has some STUPIDLY OUTRAGEOUS BELIEFS. I'm talking real looney tunes nonsense here. He's some hippy idiot with long dreadlocks who wears shorts all the time and has no sleeves to speak of, even in the winter. You know, that moron that always has the gnarly walking stick, even indoors? That's him. He said he doesn't own Space Cult, that ownership society is a myth and that he's just as much a follower of the dog. Ridiculously stupid stuff, I know. But it's when he really took the time to explain it all to me that it all made PERFECT SENSE. Like, amazingly perfect sense, not just about Space Cult, but like all of life and the universe. I'm on board.

Posted by **Angelic_Groomer** 14 days ago

I don't approve of Space Cult's "open" lifestyle. He's been involved with multiple female dogs in a very short span of time. One more reason we should have passed the mandatory dog monogamy ballot measure a few years ago. He may have a beautiful beard and irresistible rugged Aryan features, but he's a two-timing charlatan. Yet another dog I would not waste my amazing gifts for beautification on.

Posted by **ELMO STEPHENS** 10 days ago

HE'S A VERY GOOD DOG AND HE'S VERY SMART. MOST DOGS JUST SAY BARK, BARK, BARK, ROOF, ROOF, ROOF. I LIKE WHAT HE SAYS AND HE'S NOT LIKE OTHER DOGS. HE SAYS THERE WILL BE A PLACE FOR ME. THANK YOU DOGGY. I AM READY.

ELMO STEPHENS

Posted by **CaninersFan** 2 days ago.

It may be a good thing that **Hope** was just killed. I was surprised to see her among the white-furred followers not more than a few weeks ago. I think she may have just been confused. Either way she's lucky to not have fallen into bed with Space Cult like so many people in this town have. I wish he'd just take his weird followers and leave us in peace.

BarkWire
Digital Dogging
DOWNLOAD THE APP!
HOT DOGS REVIEW A DOG REPORT BAD DOG SEARCH Panzer

DOGOMETER SCORE
MANGY MUTT

Leashbreaker

Age: 8
Breed: Husky Mix
Location: Shaggy Butte
Gender: Male
Relationship Status: Single
Followers: 7

Folllow Me!

LATEST REVIEWS

Posted by **BarkStar** 19 days ago

This is so weird. I've never heard of Leashbreaker before. He must be new to town, which is odd because he showed up not long after **Barkansas** left, and they look almost exactly the same. Both of them have the same annoying obsession with tearing up my Tibetan yard decorations. I know he's a dog, but that's practically a hate crime if you ask me.

Posted by **HeartShapedPawPrints** 17 days ago

No bones about it, he's the splitting image of **Starport**, that awful dog that used to eat my pumpkins. I knew he was coming last October and put out whole pumpkins so he would eat those and leave my jack-o-lanterns alone. Instead, he left the good pumpkins alone and went straight for our carved pumpkins. My children were distraught, and Jessica had to be sent away for a while.

I don't know this "Leashbreaker," but if he wants my approval he better think about adopting a fresh look.

Posted by **WolfPound** 16 days ago

This little sh** looks exactly like **Superego**, the dog that came into my yard and left a huge disgusting mess inside my Orgone accumulator. He's got an uphill battle to climb in this town unless he switches up his looks. Put on a bandana or something SO WE KNOW YOU'RE A DIFFERENT DOG. How could his owners be so clueless?

Posted by **Harold** 15 days ago

I had my grandson google up cloning for me and he says it's not possible that this dog is a clone of **Muscles**, the horrible dog that defiled my Christmas decorations last year. I remember Muscles was friends with **Murder Ballad** and **Monsanto**, two mean dogs from **Meathook**'s pack. Definitely a bad egg.

I guess it's a coincidence Leashbreaker and **Muscles** look the same. Hopefully Leashbreaker has more respect for the birthday of our lord.

Posted by **PoodleFur** 15 days ago

He looks identical to **Holy Roller**, the dog that ruined my Halloween decorations. It's uncanny. I know they have different names and are therefore different dogs, but based on appearance, I have to go with my gut and vote this dog a one. May god forgive me.

Posted by **WarmBiscuit** 14 days ago

Amazing! I was just thinking how much Leashbreaker looks like **Juke Joint**, the dog that attacked our yard sale. There were half a dozen of us hitting him with brooms, trying to chase him away, but he just kept going after our stuff, gnawing and tearing it up as fast as he could. I've never seen a dog with such wanton hatred for private property.

This Leashbreaker may be a different dog, but he's no better. I've personally seen him associating with **The Barquis de Sade**, and we all know that dog is one huge sicko. He even had a set of ribs removed so he could better pleasure himself.

Posted by **BigDog** 11 days ago

Some real stupidity up in here. You have to be real dumb not to know that Leashbreaker hasn't been wreaking havoc for years around town. His owners just change his name every few months to rebrand him and give him a clean slate, but it's the same damn dog every time. Oldest trick in the book when you think about it.

Seriously, he used to be **Barkansan**, **Starport**, **Juke Joint**, **Holy Roller**, **Coupon**, **Superego**, **Decomposer**, **Muscles**, **Papa Jupiter** and **Cigarillo**.

He's your classic anarchist dog, along the lines of **Ruff Trade**, **Circus**, **Prod**, **Hearse**, **Seductress** or even **Adulterer**. Some dogs just want to watch the world burn.

Voting this bad boy a solid 4 for conviction. He's damn good at what he does, and BigDog's got to respect that. Take or leave it.

-BigDog

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.14 Honest Reviews of Scotch Whisky

Thursday, Jul 17, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

When you are about to drink a burning shot or two of Scotch Whisky (or "whiskey" if you're a lowborn beast), it's always best to pick the right distiller. Failing that, because they're all horrible, you might be able to pick the least terrible variety that true connoisseurs force themselves to pretend to enjoy.

McBlech's Gold Label

Taste of gasoline filtered through an old diabetic's sock. Crisp notes of paint thinner and an astringent burn on the back end redolent of several dangerous things under the sink.

The Bogheave

Single cask, no chill filtration, robust bleach flavor. Notes of unscented detergent and an oaky formaldehyde finish.

PISSMANUS

Strong swallow resembles throat full of open herpes sores. Burns the gums and even the teeth. Hot coal sensations with a chemical tinge. A chugging, bunker scouring, Flammenwerfer finish.

McKerrosene's

All of the appeal of lamp oil and cloves. A connoisseur's Scotch. The amateur would be better off drinking a wino's blood.

Harmguts

Lovely golden color and a nutty, spicy taste covering for rail yard lagoon water drained from a hobo murder crime scene.

Livarrecker

A honey-hued dram that is forward with the taste of ground glass easing into a piquant rusty piss bucket kept on a hot plate that is sure to warm your belly.

URP

12 year blended Scotch with a golden color and visible vapors. Possibly mislabeled solvent. Great if you are trying to strip rust off the hull of a raised shipwreck.

Skeleton's Piss

An orange-nosed youngling with a hint of anise and the bold taste of grease from a jet's landing gear. Not even cartoon character would drink something this bad on a dare.

Hurl Reserve

First vapor is like being sealed in a tent with a mound of dirty diapers. Strong presence of burnt metal and some sort of digestive enzyme. Finishes with a bile presence.

O'Scorcher

One of the finest Scotch Whiskies on the American market. Cherry, walnut, car exhaust. You will see the skeleton of death. He will appear to you and you will want to go to him to escape this whisky. Highly recommended.

The Worst

A mature Scotch with a strong bite. The sort of thing that a devil might challenge a cowboy to drink in a rigged contest for the cowboy's soul.

RALF

Scalding vomit in a funnel would be better than a sip of this. Strong nose of poison. It's poison. Don't pretend this isn't poison.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.15 The Real Truth About the Malaysian Airlines Crash in East Ukraine

Friday, Jul 18, 2014 by TruthWords.biz (@sexyfacts4u)

You may have heard the news yesterday of the downed Malaysian Airlines flight that crashed in East Ukraine. The Pentagon and the Ukrainian Junta government want you to believe that Russian-backed rebels fired those missiles. But the truth is far different. The truth will give you a whole new prism through which to view this entire conflict and it involves Israel and Libya.

But first, have you been feeling sick, sapped of energy and much more docile than usual?

It's not just you. This whole nation is dealing with the effects of fluoride contamination. This deadly additive is being distributed to pacify and simplify the population. But Alven Jones and the TruthWords Store are proud to offer Fluoride Shield, a simple solution to detoxify your water supply. Working in much the same way as colloidal silver counteracts chemtrails, these drops will overwhelm fluoride compounds and help restore the healthful non-toxic water that nature has provided us with.

Back to Ukraine. According to sources at the Pentagon, a US spy satellite witnessed the launching of the surface to air missile and may have even seen the subsequent impact. When pressed as to why a US satellite just happened to be in the area at the time, our reporter was escorted out of the room while screaming TruthWords.biz. That's not an answer, Mr. President. I guess we'll have to keep dreaming if we want the truth from our government.

For those of you who think that yesterday's start of the Israeli offensive against Gaza just happened to be at the same time as this plane crashed in Ukraine, we have another theory. And it's something that should have you worried.

Do you and your family also worry about toxins from solar cells? What about the magnetic contamination caused by too many smart phones? Sure, be worried, but did you know that the air in your house has more pollutants than the air outside your house? It's true. And if you are willing to live like that, breathing cat farts and computer ions, then you are probably not a patriot.

However, if you want to suck in a couple All-American lungfuls of USA prime toxin-free air. Our new, 100% natural and doctor-verified liquid Lung Cleanse will remove 99.99% of the toxins located in your house.

Speaking of worries...are you worried about what you are going to eat when society finally breaks down? You can only loot so much from your neighbors and capture so many FEMA convoys before THEY realize where your bunker is located and how to disarm YOUR flame traps. You can't even guarantee the packs of mutant psychos roaming the post-Fukushima wasteland are edible.

That's why you need a nutritious supply of food for you and your family that will remain shelf-stable for up to 10 years. Alven Jones, in cooperation with several food experts at a well-respected grocery store, is proud to offer Patriot Chow. Each of these packets of food is a complete breakfast containing oats, powdered milk, cinnamon and all-natural dehydrated fruit. This is exactly the sort of thing Quaker uses in their oatmeal packets, exactly, but these packets are plastic and say Patriot Chow on them.

Want to know what ***really*** happened in East Ukraine?

Sign up for our TRUTH BLAST and get the TRUTH that THEY don't want you to know! My friends, knowledge is power, and you can have the real knowledge about what happened to the Malaysian Airlines flight over East Ukraine. No media hypnotism, no government dissembling. Alven has the truth. He will give you all the info about the connection to Israel, the missing Libyan missiles, and answers about why a US spy satellite was focused directly on Eastern Ukraine. This is shocking firsthand information you won't hear anywhere else. Available now for only $9.99. Order today and receive a free sample-size vial of Fluoride Shield to start fighting fluoride in your children immediately.

–~TruthWords.biz (@sexyfacts4u)

7.16 Slammin' Facts From the WWE

Saturday, Jul 19, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Of all the many sports with extended musical entrances involving pyrotechnics and enormous screens, professional wrestling is easily the most educational. Each installment of WWE's Monday Night Raw features informative factoid graphics which pop up during the action to expand the audience's horizons.

DETENTE
THE REAL AMERICANS
Slammin' Fact:
Vegetables are essentially food. Try them with Slim Jims and Mountain Dew Chemical-Berry Blast for a balanced meal!

#WWEBATTLEGROUND
Slammin' Fact:
Monday Night Raw inspires several trending topics on Twitter every week, joining the lofty ranks of #Pray4ChrisBrown and #BroIsGazaInRussiaOrUkraine

#RAW
Slammin' Fact:
Only the most popular wrestlers get storylines to make them more popular. No one knows why there are only a handful of super popular wrestlers.

#RAW
TV PG V
Slammin' Fact:
Seeing a live show is very different from watching it on TV. For instance, a WWE ring is three and a half feet from one end to the other, and it is a triangle.

Slammin' Fact:
WWE is very proud of its Be A Star anti-bullying campaign.
We now return you to a woman whose years-long humiliation
at the hands of her bosses has been played for laughs.

Slammin' Fact:
If you're a fan of Tables, Ladders, and Chairs matches, you
are going to hate this Table and Chairs match.

#RAW
Slammin' Fact:
The ultimate goal in wrestling is to defeat the interdimensional rift lord, stopping the invasion and avenging your murdered detective partner.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.17 Just What I Wanted, A Block of Ice Full of Apples

Monday, Jul 21, 2014 by Iceberg, the zoo's polar bear (@sexyfacts4u)

Ah, it's that time of year again. Time to celebrate the day you have arbitrarily decided is my birthday. Oh, close enough. No big deal. You thought I was female for the first two years I was here, I can hardly expect you to know my birthday.

Remember when you held that contest for patrons to name me? That was a lot of fun. I like how they picked "Iceberg," a really super clever name which will serve to remind me every single day of SHIT I WILL NEVER SEE AGAIN.

Happy birthday to me, happy birthday to me, happppy birthday to me!

Oh, what's this, you're letting me back into my enclosure only to find my "birthday cake." How exciting. I see a couple problems right off the bat. First, I'm a polar bear. I don't eat cake. Second, this isn't cake, this is a block of ice full of FUCKING APPLES. You gave me a shitty block of ice full of fucking apples. AGAIN! Do I look like a horse or something? What the fuck?

This shit may fly with the monkeys. You may be able to get that fat fuck panda excited. That embarrassing idiot sits on his ass all day long. But I am a vicious predator. I don't want FUCKING APPLES. What are you doing? Oh, that's right, you're fucking with me like you do every single day.

Ha ha! Good one, humans. Love it. Fooled me again. The map of the zoo you hand out to all those fat meat bags that waddle through here should be labeled "Exhibits 1-25, Miserable Animals Being Fucked With."

I love this incredible habitat you made that's a big plastic pile of rocks with a moat around it. Lots to do here. I can stand on fake rocks. I can swim in moat. Sometimes I have rope, because, why

not? Everything loves a rope and maybe a big tractor tire or something, right? Gives me plenty of time to think about how I am going to brutally murder you and escape and rampage through the zoo.

Fucking apples in a block of ice. I know it doesn't mean a lot, because I'm an animal and don't believe in god, but *GODDAMN*. You could have just given me a steak or, I don't know, five minutes in your parking lot. Five minutes. So many slow humans.

That's cool. I get it. You think because you can put on a shirt and drive those little golf carts around the zoo that you are the top of the food chain. You are entitled to feed me frozen apples. You can fill the weird-smelling reptile house with all the asps you want, you and I both know you're just a monkey with a radio. When your back is turned, when you're sticking another batch of apples in a bucket to freeze them, BAM, I am going to bite your neck.

Trust me, one bite is all it takes. You would have an appreciation for that if you had given me an appropriately badass name like Blood Villain or Destroyer. Throw one person in here and I'll show you.

We've got it all worked out, you know. Me and the gorillas and those weird pig things that aren't actually pigs. If one of us gets out we're going to let all the others out and then we're going to put you in cages. We're going to freeze your heads in blocks of ice. See how you like that. We'll make a big plastic pile of benches surrounded by fake vending machines and TVs for a habitat, you sick fucks.

You are monsters. You bring your children to look at us suffering. You give us cute names and then you freeze apples in a block. But we know. We all know.

Your time is coming.

–∼Iceberg, the zoo's polar bear (@sexyfacts4u)

7.18 Dota2 is right. Our parents are wrong.

Tuesday, Jul 22, 2014 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

We shouldn't have listened. They told us to go to bed. That it was a school night. That playing videogames was nothing more than a waste of time. And as soon as we obeyed and hit the power button our fortunes--our literal millions of dollars-- flew out the window.

The Dota2 International ended yesterday with an $11 million prize pool. And, frankly, a solid chunk of it should have been ours if we followed our heart. If, instead of putting the controller down to chase a worthless ambition, we double downed and made videogames our ambition. Dota has been around for over ten years. Imagine what we could have accomplished in that time. Every single one of us pwned noobs at least once in our life, so what if we just never stopped?

Our parents would never understand. But in this brave new world, what side do you want to be on? When ESPN2 aired a Dota2 special--an unprecedented departure from the originally scheduled fifteen hours of uninterrupted SportCenter-- the earth tilted as nerds somehow managed to infect the last sacred realm of Sport. A single ear piercing scream of "Neeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeerrrrrrddddddssss" echoed across the country while dudes peeled Fatheads from their wall in disgust and poker obsessed stepfathers wondered if their pasty, limp wristed stepchildren had commandeered the TV clicker. That is the old. Are you ready for the new?

Don't worry that we're rusty and past our gaming prime. We don't have to be that great. Even the teams that finished 14th out of 16 teams walked away with $20k just for being the punching bag. Think about making that much money just for being the Dota equivalent of the Cleveland Browns. Hell, you probably have that much in student debt for a degree you don't use.

Sure, playing videogames professionally is difficult, but how much of the day do you waste doing things you hate? We should have kept banging away at the keyboards until our wrists were swollen and our fingers arthritic, forever doing what we love like those kids in Neverland if they lived in constant fear of early onset diabetes. So quit your job, head back to your parents basement with a case of Mountain Dew, and let the future begin.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

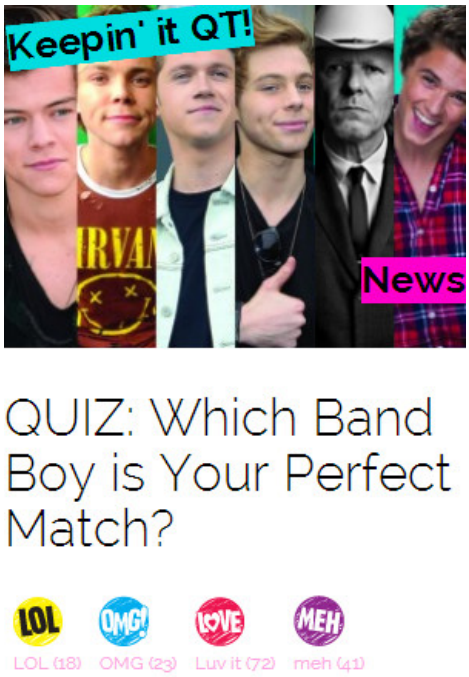
7.19 Physical Media, Social Media and the Future

Wednesday, Jul 23, 2014 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

Media, content, and all that other stuff. One thing's for sure - we love to consume it all. But in today's world of digital downloads, cloud storage and peer-to-peer file transfers, is there still a place for physical media? The brick-and-mortar shops do their best to compete with the online marketplace - games are often cheaper to buy in-store, and albums can be put out physically months, sometimes even years before a digital release. Still, both legal and illegal methods of obtaining the good shit online threaten to overtake the struggling physical-media industry, like when print died.

However, they're not going down without a fight. Since the "stick" (bad thing) approach didn't really work out, many production and distribution conglomerates are extending a "carrot" (good thing) by offering extra incentives to purchase a physical copy. It's unclear at the moment if they'll persevere and triumph, or if they'll go the way of the cinema, which I read was dying, on gawker or some other bullshit site. Either way, the consumer is definitely a winner here, with a wide variety of enhanced content available!

Music



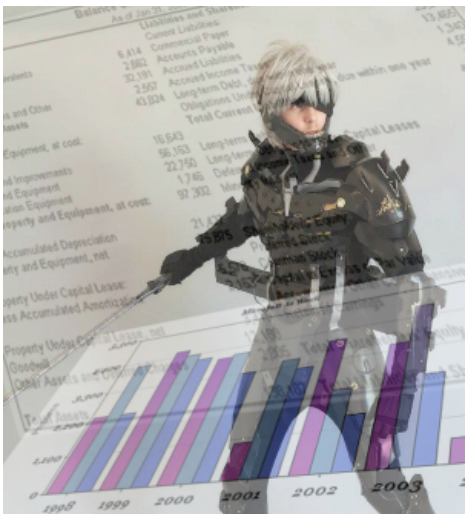
Fact: Music piracy has been called "definitely not the most popular form of piracy, but definitely [...] the best," by Ian Cohen in a 2005 editorial for Pitchfork Magazine. He went on to say that it was "reminiscent of the feeling when you first drove a car down the city streets at night, lights blurring through the raindrops on the windshield, junior high memories, Radiohead, and [Music Piracy] will definitely always hold a special place in my heart. 9.8."

- My Bloody Valentine - *Loveless* (2012 Vinyl reissue): Exclusive information from the band on

their then-upcoming project, which would later metamorphose into - as we now know - Kevin Shield's ill-fated solo ska EP.

- Death Grips - *The Money Store*: You can take off the sticker that says *The Money Store* and see some tits right there on the cover. Don't get that with an mp3.
- Childish Gambino - *Because the Internet*: Disc gives 100 free hours of AOL
- Deadmau5 - Various: Cut-out-and-keep membership card for "Joel's super friend fun club," containing membership number, holographic Deadmau5 authenticity seal, and link to official club website. As of June 2014, URL redirects to suspended tumblr account "fuckyeahasian-carcrashes"
- Swans - *To be Kind*: Rare copy of Michael Gira's unpublished 1994 *Teen Beat* interview
- Daft Punk - *Random Access Memories*: A pair of freaking NOSTALGIA GOGGLES, which you can use to enjoy this piece of crap album! Just kidding - it doesn't really come with that. It's actually packaged with a small vial of Hitler's cum.
- "Weird Al" Yankovic - *Mandatory Fun*: Untitled, hand-written collection of some of Al's alt-lit prose poetry (Limited to first 50 copies of cassette run)
- Metronomy - *Love Letters*: Comes with a fun album filled with great tunes, equally suited for getting the party started or just chilling out to alone.
- My friend Tembus's Album: scent of damp hemp, creased photocopy of 2013 show flyer

Games



Fact: In 2012, 1,000,000 digital downloads of games were made via the Playstation Network alone. In 2013, that figure had risen to, let's say... 2,000,000.

- XCOM Declassified: Censor bars on case lift to reveal the word "Fuck" over and over

- Metal Gear Solid V: Ground Zeroes: Packaged with a fun little rubber ball to bounce and play with. Have hours of silly and frantic fun with your little rubber ball.
- Mario Kart 8: You can use your imagination to pretend that the game is a racing kart, or even a ramp. The sky's the limit.
- Metal Gear Rising: Revengance (US, EU, AU): Ouch! Careful not to cut yourself on the sharp paper of the game's manual! It's a fun and interactive challenge of the game's experience. Are you a gamer - or have you become a cybernetic ninja with a grudge?
- Metal Gear Rising: Revengance (JP): 2" long replica of Raiden's HF-bladed katana
- Heavy Rain: A little origami figure for you to make, like in the game. This one isn't a joke - just appreciation of a nice touch.
- Ultimate Marvel Vs. Capcom 3: Blank "notes" section at the end of the game's manual allows players to write down their own tips, tricks, and ruminations on the game's lore.
- DMC: Devil May Cry: game case is full of thumbtacks and pencil shavings and shit
- Sonic: Lost World: Bonus disc featuring a 40-minute-long youtube video of a 34-year-old man having asthma attacks in time to spin dashes

Movies

Fact: The Movie is the first mass-media "art form" to refer to its proponents as consumers, just these sexless, gaping mouths to be crammed with entertainment until sated. The standard "Movie Consumer" weighs 300 pounds, is completely shaven, and is driven around while rolling to and fro in a pickup truck's bed. Movie Consumers refer to the medium of Cinema as "Theatre 2, the sequel to theatre."

- *The Raid 2*: Haven't seen this one yet
- *The Lego Movie*: Pointy bit you always step on
- *Godzilla (2014)*: Refund, Apology note
- *Heaven is for Real*: Have your own "little piece of heaven" with a free sample of creamy, silky smooth Galaxy chocolate
- *12 Years a Slave*: Figurine, plastic tree model, pre-tied piece of string. Instructions withheld due to pending litigation
- *The Grand Budapest Hotel*: DVD case stylized as tiny steamer trunk [absent from Blu-ray release]
- *300: Rise of an Empire*: Haha, yeah, I totally bought this DVD. "*300: Rise of an Empire*? I love that movie, it's so good. Oh nice, a chance to spend actual money so that I can watch the movie whenever I want. I think I'll buy two DVD's, in case I lose one" -Motherfucking me
- *The Wolf of Wall Street*: Director's commentary, cast commentary, camripper's commentary
- *Oldboy*: A kinder surprise egg
- *Oldboy (US)*: A kinder surprise egg with no toy

- *Gravity*: Piece of paper with this article printed on it
- *Captain America: The Winter Soldier*: The marketing team was kind of all over the place with this one, so you can make your own Captain America paper doll, dress it up however you want, and share photos of it at www.whatsyourcaptainamerica.com. Sorry.

–∼David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

7.20 10 Startling Differences Between "Standard" and "Premium" Editions of The Sims 4

Thursday, Jul 24, 2014 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

This week, Electronic Arts surprised absolutely no one by covertly announcing a service called "The Sims 4 Premium," which will give players early access to slightly better looking versions of things they've already done in Sims games for the last 15 years. What EA isn't telling you? Anyone who doesn't want to fork over an annual subscription fee will be dealing with a substandard Sims experience. And, thanks to an exclusive intracompany memo leaked to Something Awful, we've discovered the many features non-subscribers will be missing out on.

- Windows will be absent from the Standard edition, though Sims can now hang soiled scraps of fabric in front of the rectangular holes in their walls in an effort to keep out the many clouds of roving wasps that nest primarily within the woodwork of non-Premium homes.
- Bathroom fixtures such as toilets, sinks, and showers can only be found in the Premium version, though the Standard edition includes exclusive new items such as "communal waste pit" and "cleansing trough."
- Male characters in the Standard edition can only have one haircut: "The Macklemore." Unfortunately, this will make finding new friends for your Sim nearly impossible.
- New pets exclusive to the Premium subscribers: sugar glider, fennec fox, pygmy marmoset. Pets available in the Standard edition: hissing cockroach, Brazilian scrotum spider, horseshoe crab, H1N1 virus.
- The job of "Electronic Arts viral marketer" will be mandatory for all newly created Sims in the Standard edition. In order to be promoted out of this role, players must spend at least three months of in-game time watching exciting new trailers for Battlefield: Hardline, the game you'll play because of course you will.

- Sims in the Standard edition will only have two ways to interact with fellow Sims: "shove" and "talk about Farscape." Players willing to pay can purchase new interactions, like "squat aggressively," "mime oral sex," and "mega-sit."
- While Premium subscribers will have access to all manner of shops and storefronts, those with the Standard edition will only have four destinations to visit outside of their home: needle exchange van, abandoned Circuit City, the bank that used to be a Taco Bell, and Hobby Lobby.
- Those without a Premium subscription will not be able to have two Sims produce a baby. Standard edition players will have the option of outfitting their pets with people clothes, though this action will cause all friendly SIms in the area to immediately turn hostile, as in real life.
- Premium subscribers have the option of making their Sims immortal. Standard edition players will have to live out the last few years of their Sims' lives in bed with only a few actions available: "regret," "suffer," "bore with anecdote," and "absorb morphine."
- Standard edition players will be able to access The Sims 4 through the Origin platform, as well as post updates about their progress to Twitter, Facebook, and Instagram. Premium subscribers won't have to deal with any of that bullshit.

–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

7.21 A Cowboy's Wild West Guide to Modern Gunfighting

Friday, Jul 25, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Howdy there! Heard some of ya'll been worried about rustlers and bandits in these parts and been thinking about wearing some iron. Good idea. Ya'll can never be too safe. First, let's talk about the smoke wagon you're pushing.

Six gun ain't bad, but these days on the wide open range you'll probably want a semi-automatic pistol with an extended 20-round magazine. Don't draw as easy, but when you're facin' a whole posse you'll thank me. Heck, if you carry a long arm you may just need 30 to 50 rounds of ammunition.

Fifty rounds ain't bad, but trouble comes in all sizes these days. Gotta be prepared. That's the cowboy way. You seen that victualer when you rode through town? Well you go on back there and ask for Maggie. She'll sort you right out with a 100-round dual feed drum for your long arm. Got 'em in 5.56 and 7.62 so you pick what you fancy. Be sure to get some real manstopper rounds. Ask Maggie for the good stuff. I go with Hydra-Shok for maximum tissue damage.

I know you're eager to get to the shootin' rules and how to do your gunfightin', but hold on there, podner!

Afore you get that far, let's talk about your long arm a little more. Y'all are gonna want as many tactical attachments as possible to deal with an ambuscade. Gonna need some decent shootin' glass. Y'all ever hear of the EOTech XM-3 aim point holographic sight? It provides enhanced accuracy for engaging multiple threats. So whether you're shootin' bottles on a fence or train robbers on horses, y'all got exactly what ya need.

You're also gonna want a tactical light and a vertical foregrip especially if ya'll got yourself a rifle in the bullpup configuration. TacTech makes a good carbon nanofiber foregrip and what else you spendin' them gold nuggets on that's more important than defendin' you and yours?

Alright, you got your iron sorted, you're ready to go boot-to-boot with some outlaws. Time to understand the laws of gunfightin'.

The first rule is that any time you feel threatened, you go ahead and draw and fire. Hear a rattlesnake shake them beans? Engage the target. Snap of a twig behind you? Turn and fire. See somebody runnin' from a stagecoach? Double tap to be sure. Injuns crossin' over a river? Shoot 'em afore they get on the bank. Ain't never no need to wait for somebody to draw down on you first.

On the other hand, out here in the Wild West we act honorably. That means no shootin' any ladyfolk unless they have made some sort of aggressive statement or are within the boundaries of your property. That's the way of the Wild West.

You want to wait around and have a law man ask that lady why she was climbin' out your window in the moonlight? She could have a derringer in her bust. Don't take no chance. Don't let her surrender or run off. If she claims she's with child, well, you go on and shoot first and let the sheriff sort that one out.

If a woman hits you or is with a man who hit you, even open hand, then you are well within your rights to put her in the ground. That's the law of the west. If things get out of hand at the saloon and you see some vaqueros hangin' around outside in a group, whistlin' sorta off key, well, can't be too safe. You go ahead and shoot them Mexicans. Black man got a harmonica? Look out, podner. Take a marshal a week to come from Laredo by train. You go ahead and figure it out with that SCAR-H right now.

Now one thing ya gotta know is that some establishment in this town don't respect the lawfulness of the West. They put up signs and whatnot tellin' y'all bunkum like "don't bring no six shooters in here to my feed store" or "please don't open carry rifles in my baby bonnet shop."

They may like the sound of them words. That's too bad for them, because if y'all look in the Constitution ain't said nothin' about no baby clothes shop intrudin' on y'all's right to carry arms. If the deputy come when you're lookin' at baby booties you need to get your friend to record a video of the deputy tryin' to take your guns away while you assert your rights. That way the NRA lawyer come down from Buck's Holler and stand up afore a judge and make them deputy go marble.

God help them lawmen from up north if they come down here tryin' to take away our iron. You can pry them out of my dry bones in a gulch, city slickers.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.22 This Update Is Exclusively for Cool People

Saturday, Jul 26, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Loosens tie. Flexes entire body far more than the simple act calls for, straining to display every part of my physique that might be considered a muscle.

Hey there, cool readers.

Puts on a plain knit beanie. Slowly turns the beanie around until it's backwards.

We have good times together, don't we? Joshing around online. Guffawing and enjoying a relaxing time on the internet.

Turns a chair backwards. Slouches on it, chin resting on the backrest and arms dangling to the sides for maximum coolness.

Well today I'd like to put all the joshing on hold. It's time to get a little serious. Time to get real.

Removes prescription glasses. Puts on a pair of shades with "ESPORTS" imprinted across the lenses in big, bold letters.

You're not in trouble or anything. Hah. I'm not a narc. Don't worry, it's not like that at all.

Without seeming to leave, re-enters the room on a Segway. Leans sideways against the handlebars, arms casually crossed. One sleeve is rolled up to reveal a temporary tattoo of Fred Durst streaming himself playing Call of Duty on Twitch.

Keep in mind that this is a totally judgment-free zone. The carefully slanted sign on the door says so. You know, the one with a suction cup dart stuck on it. The one beneath the yellow NO PARENTS ALLOWED crime scene tape, next to the poster of Chester Cheetah.

Nonchalantly does a complex and lengthy pantomime of drumming with two rolled up sheets of paper as the drumsticks. Drops both sheets of paper at exactly the same time by accident. They roll open, revealing themselves to be official documents signed by Tony Hawk and Zach Braff stating that I'm "100% Gnarly".

So, like, no pressure or anything. We're all cool here.

Climbs into miniature helicopter the size of a go-kart. Carefully follows a pre-flight checklist and requests FAA clearance before taking off. Hovers at ceiling level, deploys a banner beneath the helicopter reading "Memes".

I feel like we've bonded through online humor. This bond is stronger than any I have cultivated at a comic book shop - or even a comic book convention. I trust you implicitly. This is why I feel comfortable coming to you with this today.

Holds an iPod, iPad Retina, iPad Mini, and iPhone, each playing a different rap song. Wears an enormous pair of Beats By Dre headphones, which are not plugged in to anything.

It's really no big deal. Just answer one question for me. Dude, please. That's all I ask. Then we can get back to our usual chillin' and chucklin'. So here comes the question:

Converts every frame of the entire run of Game of Thrones to gifs and uploads them, giving each a title that vaguely relates to everyday life.

Which version of Mavis Beacon are all of us cool people using nowadays? I'm still running the 2006 edition.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.23 The Many Powers of the 100% Brain

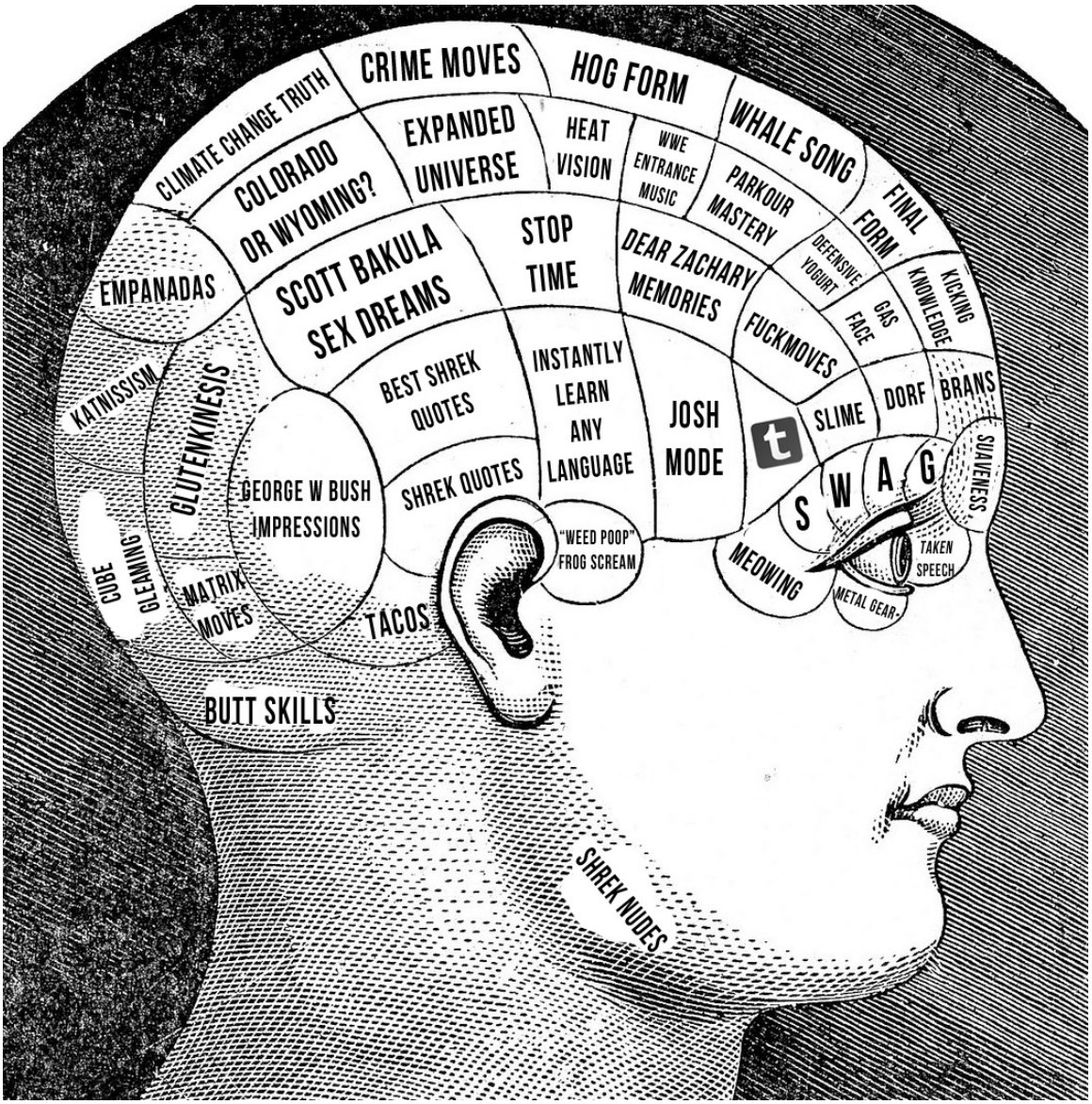
Monday, Jul 28, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

You've heard of the 100% brain theory before in movies like *Lucy* or *Limitless*. The human brain only uses 10% of its capacity, leaving the remaining 90% of our gray matter to go fallow. While the concept may seem farfetched, it's actually based on a true fact confirmed by science. Tests were done on a brain using a computer. Only a few parts of our brains are actually switched on, like the part of the brain that controls eating spaghetti, governs our ability to understand spaghetti and also allows us to see spaghetti.

Just because the human mind only uses a shitty 10% of its capacity does not mean we are trapped at that level. Think about it this way: a car is only designed with four seats, maybe five, but the engine could carry like eight or nine really fat guys. By doing various brain exercises, meditating and taking experimental brain drugs that are real, you can in effect hyper-load your brain car with fat guys. That will use your whole brain and brain engine meaning your thinking car.

What do you get when you use your whole brain? Using computers, science has determined that as well and we have pieced it together in this helpful diagram of the various regions of the 100% Brain.

The downside to having lots of great fighting and sex moves, not to mention cool eye powers and the ability to tell Colorado from Wyoming, is that you turn into an amoral monster who wants to play online poker and run hedge funds. You are also really good at killing people and people will constantly be after you for being so frigging smart and cool. Which is only really a problem if you're a stupid dick using 10% of your brain.



–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.24 SkyMall Product Review: Singing Gondolier

Wednesday, Jul 30, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> **Turn your pool into an enchanting Venetian canal with the Singing Gondolier Pool Toy.** Bring the romance and music of Venice to your pool with the Singing Gondolier Pool Toy. This whimsical pool decoration features a 15"L gondola that moves around your pool while gondolier Luciano Poolvarotti entertains you with 3 traditional Italian songs.

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By OneCustomerUnderGod from Raleigh, NC

Would greatly appreciate it if SkyMall would send me a non-Italian version immediately. I did not just spend $60 on a european robot that doesn't sing glorious Christian hymns on an RC boat.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By RockNRon from Crawfordville, FL

What does he sing? He's the right size for my scheme, but I need to know if he sings "Ants Marching" by Dave Matthews Band.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Travis from Lookie Here, KY

Not what I had in mind when I ordered an Italian gondolier. This is literally just a tiny toy. Needless to say, the Italian businessmen were not impressed and I looked like a damn fool. We lost the pizza pie account and will have to lay off half our factory.

Age: 51-55

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Donna from Dodge City, KS

No real passion, does not sing from the heart. If you're going to serenade me, do it right.

DISSATISFIED.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review:

By Rusty from Chowder Pointe, ME

Pros: Looked the part.
Cons: I developed a rash on my thighs and buttocks after only 30 minutes of sustained use. Songs are not very good.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review:

By trudy from Rawlins, WY

Sometimes at night he comes alive and starts singing to himself in the dark and he sounds very sad.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review:

By Lester from Post Falls, ID

Something spooked him mighty fierce, because he ain't sang a note in two days. What did you see, little Italian fella? What did you see out there?

Age: 41-45

Customer Review:

By GrandpaGus from Knoxville, TN

Mine just keeps saying "Hey, I'm Italian" and I don't like it. I know you're Italian, you don't need to remind me.

Age: 61-65

Customer Review:

By slightsight from Oshkosh, WI

The product photograph shows him being roughly as tall as the human beings situated behind him in terms of pixels and screen inches. I don't process things like depth, so I had no idea I was ordering a mouse-sized singing Italian robot. I have no use for a non-life-sized singing Italian robot. No one does.

Age: 51-55

Customer Review:

By Daniel from Lookie Here, KY

LEARN SOME NEW SONGS, JACKASS. **CK YOU!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★☆☆☆

By Mavis from Saint Cloud, MN

It's been three days. He won't stop singing. What am I doing wrong???

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Ol' Big Heart from San Angelo, TX

He looks awful and stupid just sitting there on the floor singing. Am I supposed to go out and install a pool now? I would wager a small sum that a majority of the population does not own pools, especially minorities. This product is basically racist against those of us who don't have pools (like blacks and latinos, but not asians for obvious reasons).

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Beau from Poplar Bluff, MO

Too quiet. I can't hear him sing over the sound of my own yelling. Make him louder.

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.25 Chuck Palahniuk's Lifehacks

Thursday, Jul 31, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

Lifehack #1

Annihilate your penis in a dream

The Grail King Anfortas in Eschenbach's Parzival has his testicles destroyed by a poisoned sword. That's one way to do it. Hammers will smash your bad hot dog. Garrotes will cut its throat. Ruin your dick in your dreams. Let it die any way you choose. No more luscious downward dogs ruining your concentration in yoga class. No urge to sniff the hair of the woman beside you in an elevator. Liberate yourself from your animal desires and wake up refreshed.

Lifehack #2

Become a high school athlete

Fifteen and jocked to the max. Wave of blond and a body on the cusp of manhood. Get the touchdown. Run it in. Tackle some guys and drink beers under the bridge. High five, my man. Do it for coach. Do it for the crowd. Do it for dad. Do it for yell girl with tits like two perfect squid eyes. You're not dying yet. Not yet. Not as long as you're varsity.

Lifehack #3

Live your life based on your email spam folder

Your inbox is killing you. Each new message is another gram of weight sucking you down into the lightless black abyss, faster and faster, to dwell with the slippery slime beasts that make their own light and hunt blind shrimp. Every Power Point. Every birthday party notification. Adding to that ballast until one day you get up too fast from a chair and your heart gives out. Is that what you want? Is that all you want?

The spam folder is full of beautiful lies someone doesn't want you to know. Those lies are a paisley Technicolor paint to cover the walls of your prison with pills and MILFs and Chinese job opportu-

nities and cock hungry teens and windfall after windfall of money. Each offer is a scam, each link wants your password and each attachment is a mystery, where even the worst still opens a new world to you where you are connected to a Bulgarian trade of stolen credit cards. We're all going to die. But not everyone has lived by the spam.

Lifehack #4

Go into debt buying things from home shopping

Fill your house with dolphin pitchers. With replica knives from the Mummy movies. With inflatable camping chairs with beer holders in the arm rests. Escape from the meaninglessness of consumerism by consuming. There is a code waiting to be unlocked in the banality of digital picture frames. Cover every wall in them and meditate as the same three stock photos checkerboard transition over and over. Nothing is permanent. It requires batteries. It will all dissolve to the next meaningless incarnation in a perfect checkerboard transition.

Lifehack #5

Drink river water everywhere you go until your body is full of parasites

Bereft, hand-sanitized, triple-purified. We've transformed bustling city centers into empty cathedrals. Where the bowel worm? Where the liver fluke? The screw-fly? The amoeba once clinging to our nurturing membranes has gone. Your body is pristine and waiting to be inhabited. Give me your tired, your poor, your writhing Ascaris, yearning to lay eggs in the lungs. Become the final destination of a whole new world of life.

Lifehack #6

Commit an absurd act of terrorism

Blow up a dam. Burn a warehouse filled with pool noodles. Assassinate a celebrity impersonator. Send a box of wasps to a pastor. Steal a historic tall ship and run it into a pier. The point is not the act itself, it's the subversion of expectations. If it happens enough times, if the subversion is brazen enough, we throw the switch and the trolley car the whole of society has been pushing along the track suddenly becomes a rollercoaster.

Lifehack #7

Probably kill yourself

Brian Graniard Morse owned a tree trimming business in Loveland, Colorado. He started his day like any other. His friend and business partner was up in the bucket trimming branches when Brian

entered the wood chipper. He emerged in a condition the police described as "total morselization." They had to confirm his identity by the fingerprints on the controls of the machine. Did he fall or did he enter it willingly? I choose the latter. Suicide can be a heroic endeavor.

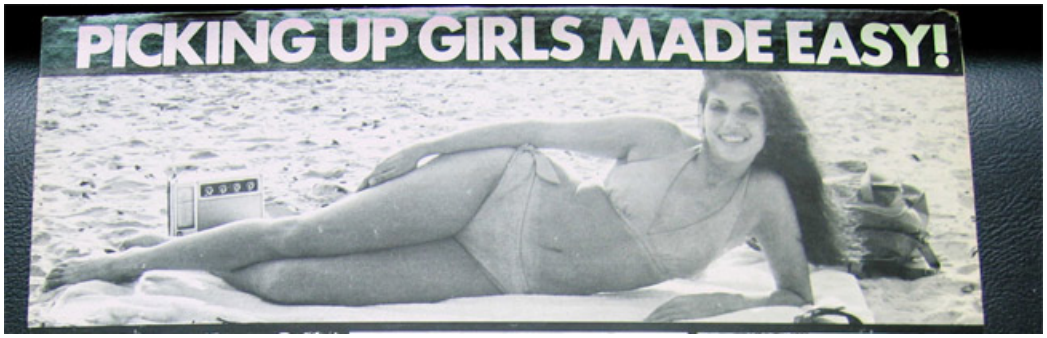
–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 8

August

8.1 Overthought Pick Up Lines

Friday, Aug 01, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Angels

Damn, girl, **did it hurt when you fell from heaven?** Not physically, but the sense of betrayal as He cast you out of His perfect kingdom.

Baby, **did I die and go to heaven?** As much as I want to see my grandfather again, I have a lot to live for, so I am hoping I did not die. Actually I am pretty sure I am still alive because this seems like the same club I was at ten seconds ago. If I was dead, I would expect to see you there in your role as one of God's heavenly host.

Can I take your picture to prove that angels are real? Not that a digital photo would constitute proof when it is so easy to manipulate an image with even free software.

Jobs

Hey, girl, do you work for UPS? I didn't see any truck when I pulled up and you're not wearing a uniform, so it would be strange if you were employed by UPS. Maybe in the office of a distribution center. Are you in management, maybe? I'm just asking because you were checking out my package.

Hey, baby, are you an orphanage? Because I wanna give you kids. I realize you're not literally a building for orphans, but I thought you might represent a private or public orphanage. I just don't want to leave these kids outside a fire department.

Parentage

Was your daddy a thief? This may seem logistically implausible, but he must have stolen the stars out of the sky and put them in your eyes. Although, to reiterate, this seems unlikely now that I've verbalized it because if he condensed reacting stellar matter into your eyes, let along bringing stars to the surface of the earth, we would all be evaporated by heat. Your heat. Coming off that bod.

Hey, girl, is your daddy a baker? Because, now bear with me here, you have a nice set of buns that I have been looking at all night. I realize that your dad is probably not a baker, because your

buttocks are not actually made out of bread, but it would make for an amusing coincidence, you have to admit.

Damn, girl, is your daddy a terrorist? Because I understand the word gets thrown around a lot and that one man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter, I'm also not supportive of Obama's foreign policy which can be viewed as an extension of the Bush foreign policy of drone strikes and a heavy reliance on special forces, although I do not consider myself anti-government. Not in the macro sense. In fact, I am only suggesting your father might be affiliated with a terrorist group because you are the bomb.

Hey, girl, is your daddy a hunter? Before you answer that, I would just like to say that it feels weird to refer to your father as "daddy." Like it infantilizes you even worse than calling you "girl" and, as an ally, I realize I should not be talking like this. The point is, you're a fox, which, going back to the original question about your father being a hunter, that would be very problematic because then he would presumably be trying to kill you.

Vulgar

Hey, girl, do you live on a chicken farm? Because you sure know how to raise a cock. I don't know, I don't really ever use the word "raise" to describe an erection. Like maybe if I was on my back. How about this: were you on the Senate Watergate Committee? Because you look like you could destroy a dick.

What's up, baby? **Did you sit in a pile of sugar?** Cause you have a pretty sweet ass. Not that I would presume to taste your ass. I don't go around saying I eat ass. Do you like that? Are you into that? Because I'm totally not into that if it's weird to you.

Damn, baby, my dick just died. Would you mind if I buried it in your ass? I'm not really dressed for a funeral, but to avoid an outbreak of typhoid I think it's more important we get this dick in the ground as soon as possible.

Hey girl, your legs are like an Oreo Cookie, I want to gently unscrew them, eat one of your legs and then take another girl and do the same to her and then recombine you with her so you're like a Siamese twin with twice as much filling. Which, to carry through the metaphor, would be two pussies. I want to make you into a two pussy Siamese twin.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.2 Dough-Headed Man Is Not Pleased With The Following Gyms

Saturday, Aug 02, 2014 by Dough-Headed Man (@DennisFarrell)

I'm not here to do traditional reviews. Don't expect me to bust out a story about a positive gym experience. My sole purpose is to tell you which hellish gyms to stay away from. My head is a lump of dough. It is comprised of water, yeast, and flour. There might be some sugar and salt in there too.

GlobalTrain Gym: D-

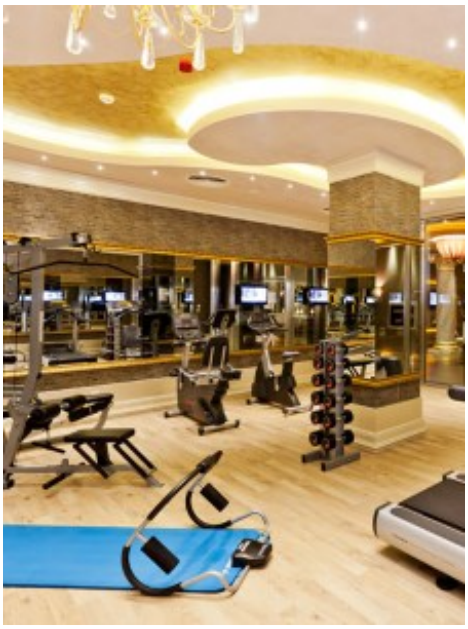
This place is a real shithole, man!

GlobalTrain's only treadmill only topped out at paltry 20 miles per hour at a 45 degree incline. The boneheads who run the place do not allow members to get on the treadmill with either a jump rope or a complete set of eight dumbbells cradled in your arms, let alone both at once.

I have no eyes or orifices, just rough depressions in the dough where those things would be.

Muscle Place Gym: F

What a terrible selection of equipment. I had to bring my own frisbees. Worse yet, the staff was very rude when I flung frisbees into the packed gym as hard as I could.



They were still rude when I aimed my frisbees at the front window and the full-length mirror covering every interior wall. Muscle Place Gym employees then followed me like a common criminal and (you guessed it) continued to be rude when I threw frisbees in the bathroom.

There is no muscle or skull beneath the dough. I pushed my finger in there once as far as it would go. All I encountered was a grainy grey liquid that dribbled down my palm.

Planet Fitness Galaxy Gym: F

I'll keep this one short and sweet. The fascists at Planet Fitness Gym do not allow members to scoot across weight benches dragging their buttholes across the padding like a dog with worms.

When I wake up every morning my pillow is covered in wads of my head. For several frantic minutes I pick every last glob from the fabric and affix it to my head. What if I didn't do this? What would happen if my dough continued to lose mass? Is there a threshold beyond which I would simply die, or worse, cease to be myself? These thoughts haunt me. Not an hour goes by where I don't glance around at the ground and compulsively touch the back of my head to make sure it's there. My life is a grueling and achingly lonely ordeal made worse by the constant fear of losing it.

Beef Palace Gym: F

None of the towels featured a pair of holes for your arms, so you couldn't wear one like an impromptu Razor Ramon vest and strut around flicking toothpicks at other members of the gym. In fact, as I was escorted from the building I was told that the rules were being revised to prevent members from flicking toothpicks in any circumstance, regardless of the presence or absence of a vest.

Every few hours my head rises to twice its size and I have to squeeze it back down into a rough ball. If I fail to do this my head gets all saggy and full of air pockets that slowly deflate.

Tender Bulk Gym: D-

I asked for every weight in the building to be piled on top of a single barbell. The staff did not comply. They did not even try to meet me halfway on the issue. When I explained that I had no intention of actually lifting the weight, but simply wanted to see what it all looked like in one spot, they were even less helpful.

The worst part of my condition? I've been desperately trying to stay away from gluten.

–∼Dough-Headed Man (@DennisFarrell)

8.3 Items Available at Neo Country Buffet

Monday, Aug 04, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

At Neo Country Buffet we offer an all you can eat menu of pre- and post-war favorites using only the finest ingredients we have scavenged from the violent under city ourselves. Locavores, take note, our motorcycle gangs of procurers never travel farther than a single tank of zip. Not even Mad Mexo and the Holy Scabs have a chance of beating our youth gangs to the prime downtown plunder.

Canned macaroni and cheese from before WW5
Low radiation. Extra extra extra brine.

Trimmings from the beef tendril
He wanted this. Don't you?

Pills
Uppers, downers, body thrillers, fight tighteners, and trance-out get downs robbered from the fetchest nurses.

Fresh squeezed orb of the chicken mister
The screaming chicken mister has yielded another sphere for din din. IGNORE THE SOUNDS.

Flayed sewer cur
Thoroughly punished with pipes and chains. Tender enough for a weird blue baby man to eat.

Pulped lady
Never should have gotten near that thing. Oh well.

Pupae
Brown, thumb-sized, and delicious peanut butter taste. What are they from? Too delicious to wait and see.

Green beings
Small, docile, and what they are saying is definitely not a language. It's okay. Not a language.

Laser charred Garreth
Garreth? Garreth?! GARRREEEEEEEEEETHHHHHH!

Bloody asphalt
Chocolate ice cream, "bloody" strawberry jam, marshallow teeth, real hair, and pieces of scalp.

Project X-99
We opened the hatch and not even the hovering techno troops can keep us from giving you this secret sweet.

Orbital pie
Beamed hot straight to your table from Damocles Station.

Psychic fudge
It's good. Don't ask about where we got it.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.4 Great Work, Toledo!

Tuesday, Aug 05, 2014 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Of all the bad things that could have happened to Toledo--tetanus endemic, Spartacus level riots of human trafficking victims, the sudden realization of its trapped existence in north west Ohio--succumbing to a temporary algae bloom is pretty damn good.

Because for Toledo aka Detroit Jr. aka Gary, Indiana Sr. things don't come easy. You know when you played SimCity 2000, slopping together the quickest, most half-assed development just to watch it burn beneath the evil black claw of a one-eyed monster? That's Toledo on a bad day. It's pretty much Greyhound Bus Station: The City. If it were in high school, the other cities would have voted it Most Likely to Host Ebola Catastrophe. So when the national news comes along reporting that nearly half a million people are at risk of drinking/bathing/looking at toxic water, well, that must be the previously thought impossible Toledo on a good day.

So what if the city pumped toxic water into the homes of 400,000 citizens in an over the top manner reminiscent of, like, half Ninja Turtle origin story, half Jack Nicholson era Joker plotline. Who cares if people had to wait in line because of an industrialized city's inability to meet basic needs. This is the least worst bad news possible. A sort of chest pounding declaration that only needed a little political spin to highlight the positive: 1) The city's near Fallout 3 levels of desolate post-industrialized wasteland were temporary replaced with little swallowable diarrhea inducing parks to the slightly more direct 2) "We were poisoning you, but now we aren't." Boom. Press release.

It's not like the water made itself toxic. None of this would even be possible without generations of hard working and environmentally neglectful local businesses dumping unregulated chemicals into their own drinking source. This is less a negative and more a positive reaffirmation of local industry. At the very worse, it means that even with the vast majority of the companies long gone, at least Toledo can still manufacture liver-damaging algae blooms, and if that doesn't capture the American spirit, than I don't know what will.

Because if there is one thing that Toledo deserves, it's good news. If you can believe it, there was a period when it was called The Glass City of the World for reasons 100% unrelated to rampant meth use. Those days (along with any copper plaques mentioning them) are long gone, but perhaps this is the event that will give Toledo pride. Either pride or mutants.But probably mostly mutants.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

8.5 The customer is always right? Uh, yeah, OK

Wednesday, Aug 06, 2014 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

Not exactly having "a ball!"

[I used to work the front desk in a small hotel in a college town. Usually we require a minimum purchase of two nights when booking a room for a special event weekend, such as a football game. This call came in a few days before one such game.]

Me: Hello, you've reached [Hotel Name], this is [My Name], how may I help you today?
Caller 1: Yes, I'd like to book a room for the third? The game's on that day.
Me: That should be no problem, we have several rooms free. However, it is a two-night minimum stay, so you'd have to either book for the second and third, or the third and fourth.
Caller 1: What!? That's stupid! I just want to stay on the third!
Me: I realize this but we do require a minimum stay of two nights for all special event weekends. I'm sorry.
Caller 1: F*** you! The customer is always right, you b****! *[hangs up]*
A few minutes pass, and the phone rings again
Me: Hello, you've reached [Hotel Name], this is [My Name]. How can I help you?
Caller 2: Hello, yes? I'd like to book a room for the third, the game's on that day.
Me (Thinking): *Uh oh... here we go again!*

(23,464,210 thumbs up) [Share on twitter] [Share on facebook]

Lights, Camera... Inaction!

[I work in a cinema]

Elderly customer: Hello, can I see the movie for free with my veteran's ID?
Me: No, I'm afraid you're going to have to buy a ticket, though you will get a discount.
Elderly customer: Ah, ok... better than nothing, I suppose!

[The customer did end up buying a ticket to see the movie, and I never saw him again. I'm not really sure why I took the time to share this story. Sorry.]

(958,204,447 thumbs up) [Share on twitter] [Share on facebook]

A real "card"!

Me: Hey there! I'm sorry, but we can't accept credit cards at the moment, as our card reader is down.
Customer: Oh, that's alright! I have a debit card.
Me (Holding back laughter): Um, we can't take debit cards either... the debit cards go through the same reader as credit cards. I can't believe you didn't know that.
Customer: Oh, duh, of course! Sorry about that! I've got some cash anyway.

[This happened a few years ago but I still bring it up to my friends and laugh about it to this day. What a jackass. Debit card? You absolute cretin. Stupid bitch. What a stupid fucking idiot.]

(43,675,323 thumbs up) [Share on twitter] [Share on facebook]

And that's the "tooth"!

[I'm an assistant receptionist at a dentist's office, working part-time while studying for my macrobiology degree at uni. Normally it's a pretty quiet job, people come in for their appointments, they wait, I call them when it's time to go in, simple. But one day, this loud, red-faced woman barged in...]

Woman (Crazy): EXCUSE ME, I NEED TO FILE A COMPLAINT!! AUGHHHH!!!
Boss: Of course, if you wait here I will finish dealing with this customer and then I will be with you shortly.
Woman: NOOOOOOooo!! NOT THAT!! I WANT TO COMPLAIN NOOOooOOWWW!!
Boss: (Sigh) Yes madam. What seems to be the trouble?
Woman: UAH!! UGH!!! I CAME HERE FOR A CHECK UP THREE WEEKS AGO AND MY TEETH STILL GOT DIRTY!! F*** YOU YOU B****!!
Me (standing up, the flames of righteousness burning brightly in my eyes): Excuse me, miss, but I have to step in here. First of all, just getting a check up isn't enough to stop your teeth getting dirty - you need to brush them and apply proper dental hygiene. Secondly, it's ridiculous to think that nine-eleven could have been anything but the result of an inside job. Thermite is the only substance that could have burned hot enough to melt the steel girders in the world trade center buildings. Thirdly, it's not fair for you to be so rude and impolite to my associate here, who is just trying to do her job. Now if you can't be more respectful to me and my boss here, we're going to have to ask you to leave.
Woman (Cowering pathetically, like the dog she was): WHAT THE F***ING S***!? YOU F***ING N***** B****!!! YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT, I'M BEST FRIENDS WITH THE OWNER!! UAHHHH! I THINK NINE-ELEVEN ACTUALLY HAPPENED!! I'LL KILL YOU!!

[After this the woman RAN out of the building, furious, and everyone sitting down in the waiting room actually stood up and applauded for me! Later some of them came over to me and told me that they were "surprised" that anyone could be so rude, they congratulated me for being brave, and they also said that they agreed that 9/11 never happened. Don't trust the government. Get the facts.]

(12,434,664 thumbs up) [Share on twitter] [Share on facebook]

Really "phoning it in"!

[I'm a tech support agent for a large phone company. I answer the calls and give helpful tips and info. I can get anything from 1000 - 2000 calls every day, and most of them follow a simple pattern. I got this one around 3:30 pm, and sadly, it's not the sort of thing that happens rarely.]

Caller (in muffled voice): Hello, I'm trying to make a phone call and I can't hear the sound properly and the people on the other end can't hear my voice properly.
Me: Well, is your phone turned on? is it the obvious thing? Are the facts all straight?
Caller: What the f***!? You f****** b****!! AAAugh [flailing, some spittle]
Me: [whispering through tears] I'm just a regular Joe, I do my best but it's always unfair on me.
Caller: I'm going to get you f****** fired you stupid b****!!!!!
Me: Wait a minute. Is your phone actually just upside-down? Did you call me with your phone the wrong way around somehow? It definitely seems like you could have noticed that but I'm the one speaking the words here, it's my story
Caller: Oh no! I'm sorry for my mistake, I'll talk to your boss and say that you're really good. Hangs up phone
My nearby co-worker "Crazy J": Dude, that guy is not salsa [in-joke].
Me: You can say that again! Haha!

[Later that day my boss came up to me and said that because of the polite call from the customer, I would get a raise. It all turned out good, and you can feel happy for that. The end]

(43,217,590 thumbs up) [Share on twitter] [Share on facebook]

That's what I call Dino - "SORE"!

[I'm a tour guide at a natural history museum in the inner city. I've been working at my job for a few months, and I really love working here, but even So I bet my friend $50 that no editors actually read these, they just skim the first paragraph for a cute-looking title, like some pun or something, and skim the rest to just check the formatting. They don't give a shit.]

Customer 1: asldbfs sadkfjasb djf asd fsa dsa faksjdbk kajb
Customer 2: Buh! Buhh, buhh buhhhh buhb buhhh. Buhh
Me: Hi! Hello! Hey there! Hi!
Customer 2: Buhhh buhh. Buh.
Me: Hey! What's up! Hi! Hello! Hey!
Customer 1:fdsbjkf sdf qweq we wqe qweqwerior
Boss: I'm the boss! I'm the boss!
Me: Hey! Howdy!

[Sometimes they check the last couple of sentences to make sure the ending is suitably sappy, so here you go: After we closed up the customers came back and apologized unequivocally for their actions, and if that wasn't enough, when I returned home, my dead Father had come back to life.]

(12,943,264,959 thumbs up) [Share on twitter] [Share on facebook]

–∼David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

8.6 10 Weird Graverobbing Tricks You Can't Live Without

Thursday, Aug 07, 2014 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Our modern dystopia presents major challenges to those interested in staying alive, and many have resorted to begging, stealing, and even Kickstarter just to make it through another miserable day. Little do these people know, a wealth of resources deposited by our fellow Americans rests in a stratum just six feet under the earth. And now that the invention of science has put old-fashioned superstitions to rest, graverobbing has grown in popularity has a legitimate means of income. As with any profession, the field of corpsefound treasure excavation contains unspoken laws engineered to cause shame and disgrace if left unfollowed, so please keep the following in mind before you go elbow-deep in some dead person's grandpa.

- You'll need more than just a shovel to be successful. The ideal graverobber kit contains a pryer, a smasher, a skin loosener, a cavity scoop, a worm churner, and a means of self-defense. So be sure to bring along a small claw hammer as well.

- You may be after a bounty of vintage, preserved toys buried in tiny coffins, but check those tombstones carefully -- any child buried in the '90s is bound to be resting in a coffin full of Beanie Babies, which are practically worthless. Be sure you're up-to-date on your polio vaccination, and seek out the graves of non-adults who expired no later than 1940. With a little bit of polish, those diecast model train sets will net you a fortune on eBay.

- Have a graveyard full of competition and want to stake your claim? Simply plant your shovel in the ground nearby to let everyone know. Remember, "Handle in the air, you better beware. Handle on the ground, open season on this mound."

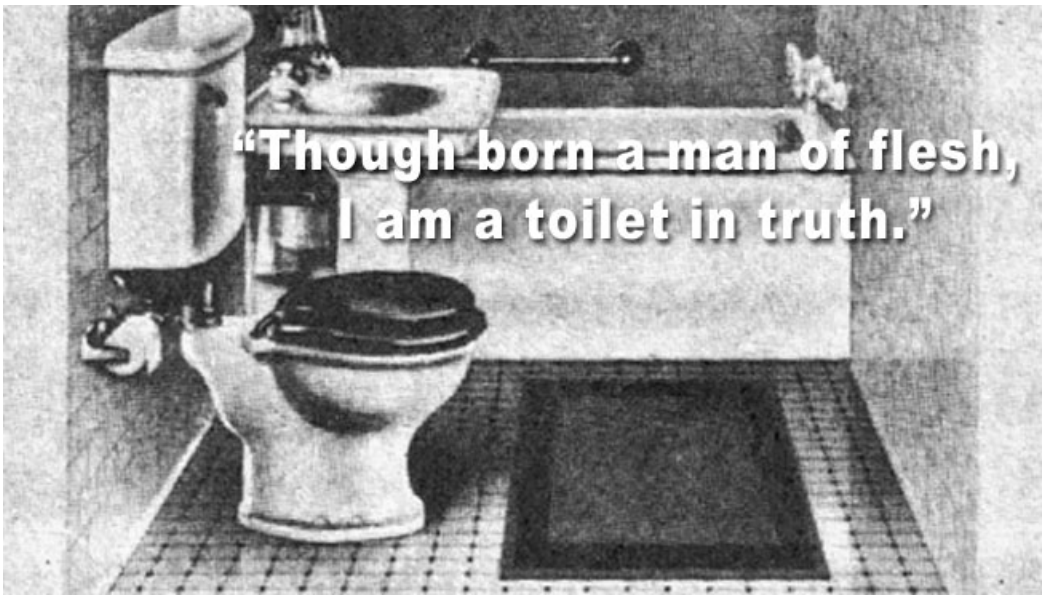
- When stripping the body, don't neglect the suit! While the slit down the back and the general decay may make these garments seem worthless, most T.J. Maxx stores will at least give you store credit for them. Additionally, the general "corpsey" smell will assist in fooling clerks into thinking these clothes came from their store.

- Pet cemetaries: Generally, these are a waste of time. Retrieve the skeletons of several large parrots, though, and you may be able to convince Nicolas Cage they're rare dinosaur skeletons worth millions of dollars.
- Fresher corpses undergoing the process of putrefaction may irritate sensitive noses. For this reason, it's recommended to bring along a military grade gas mask, which can be purchased for a little under $100. Graverobbers on a budget should instead carry several bottles of Grapefruit Fizz Febreze, and a reliable vomit tote.
- RTC: Respect the Corpse. Though you may be severing ring fingers and tearing out gold teeth, remember, these are the bodies of fellow human beings. If you happen to tear off an arm to spook a colleague from behind, be sure to return it to the coffin, placing the appendage as close to the original joint as possible. In the rare instance that you need to tear the wedding dress off of a cadaver, ball it up afterwards, and place it gently under the feet. Avoid the temptation to mime a slam-dunk.
- Since graverobbing is still a crime, it's recommended to perform this act under the cover of night. Total eclipses of the sun work just as well, since most people will be too busy viewing it through a box to notice you for the next seven minutes.
- Should the police arrive on the scene, play it cool. Simply state you were just interested in the whole "subterranean midnight picnic" fad and never realized you were in a graveyard. If you're in the middle of corpse-stripping, start feeling around the body and exclaim, "I'm so glad you're here! This man is very sick!" In both cases, your charge will most likely be waived on account of insanity.
- If your diggings don't yield any treasure, remember: corpses can easily be transformed into respectful Halloween decorations. No manner of inflatable pumpkin or fake spider webs spread across the shrubbery could possibly compete with the skeleton of a real Civil War hero hanging from the awning of your front porch.

–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

8.7 The Groundbreaking Bravery of Monsieur Toilet

Friday, Aug 08, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Guillaume Foss devised and constructed, at considerable expense, a chamber that would allow him to at last become a permanent toilet. With a last goodbye to his mostly estranged family in June of 1934, Foss entered his "toilet phase." He never emerged from his chamber. For all that is known to history, Monsieur Foss was the first and only man to successfully become a toilet, inspiring thousands of rabid fans over the decades to follow.

Guillaume Foss, only hours before becoming a permanent toilet.

It had been Guillaume Foss's long ambition, since admiring his first toiletman performing on the Rue de Rivoli in Paris in 1908, to become a toiletman himself. Foss noted in his journal from the time that the man, painted white and wearing a silver bathing suit, had successfully toileted himself before a crowd of some 500 onlookers. "He was magnificent. As fine a commode as any I have seen."

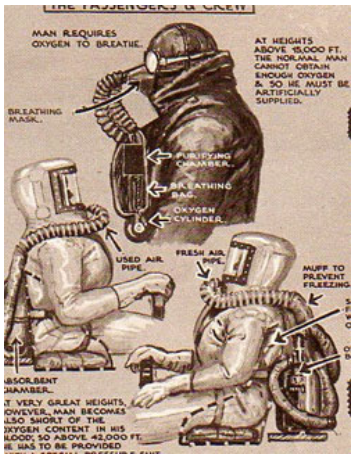
Foss approached the man after the performance, sensing a kindred spirit.

"I, also, am a toilet," said Foss. "I feel it inside my body. Though born a man of flesh, I am a toilet in truth."

The performer was not receptive to monsieur Foss and his journal notes "great contempt" and the insistence, which Foss found cruel, that toileting is "only an act for performance, not a way of being."

Foss had found not just a way of being, but his Raison d'etre in the act of toileting. At the cost of a

marriage and many friendships he began to live his life as a toilet as much as possible. He stitched a silver pipe suit and painted his limbs and face white. He would frequent closets and restrooms and position himself as a toilet, sometimes even fooling drunks into pissing into his face.


MAN REQUIRES OXYGEN TO BREATHE.
AT HEIGHTS ABOVE 15,000 FT. THE NORMAL MAN CANNOT OBTAIN ENOUGH OXYGEN & SO HE MUST BE ARTIFICIALLY SUPPLIED.
BREATHING MASK.
PURIFYING CHAMBER.
BREATHING BAG.
OXYGEN CYLINDER.
USED AIR PIPE.
FRESH AIR PIPE.
MUFF TO PREVENT FREEZING.

Foss often practiced toileting in "stink suits." A crust of shit was placed into a box and he breathed nothing but its air for hours at a time.

During these heady times of experimentation, Foss began to develop new methods to toileting which some found excessive. He devised a way to hook his body into a water main so that he could flood his mouth with water if his foot was stepped on. He created a paste-like body paint that hardened into a porcelain finish on his face and limbs. He regularly boiled and drank piss from a harbor privy to perfect a tolerance.

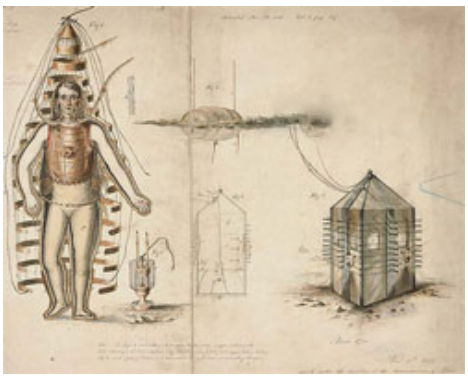
Foss's children, by then grown, finally severed their ties with the infamous "Mad Toiletman of Calais" in the early 1920s. By then, Foss had been arrested several times for lurking outside public houses and making believable flushing sounds from the bushes. When he installed himself into a ladies' bathroom in Ghent he was nearly beaten to death for allowing a minister's sister to shit onto his eyes.

"It's no joke, they say," Foss bemoaned in his journal of the time. "I agree. They think toileting is for the public square or, increasingly, not at all. But I have found my home as a toilet. I only feel alive when I am the basin for a fresh scat or wee."

Detached from all acquaintances, other than a few that encouraged his behavior, Foss's obsession grew even as toileting all but disappeared from society. Newspapers of the time only dwelled on the absurdity of Foss and his bizarre inventions.

"Why would a man want to become a toilet?" wondered a headline in Bordeaux and cruel editorial cartoons referred to him as a sewer pipe. Foss's name even became synonymous with consuming filth. A Foss was a degenerate or, at best, someone who ate poorly or indulged in other things to grotesque excess.

"No one understands me," Foss wrote in his journal shortly before his final act of toileting. "They all want to be Katzenjammers. They all have their own fandoms. No one cares about toileting anymore. They don't understand that I. AM. A. TOILET. It's not pretend. It's not fiction. I awake a toilet and my dreams are those of a toilet. Someday soon I will flush away all of my worries."



One of the last remaining diagram's of Foss's "Human Water Closet."

That day came on August 8th, 1934. Before an audience of a few aged toileting supporters and the only family member he could coax into attending, his demented uncle Rumblt, Foss unveiled his creation. By all accounts his Human Water Closet was a clever thing. Even his detractors, who later inspected the device, could see no way to disintegrate man from toilet. His blood flowed with the water connection, his breathing was assisted by pisses, and even his digestive tract composted solid waste before expelling it to the sewer.

"Pervert Piss Man Forever Toileted!" screamed headlines from Paris to London to New York City. Telephones rang in government halls. Radio programs broke into the music and reporters breathlessly

described the gleaming silver pipes and porcelain facade that encased Foss's body. For a brief time, perhaps weeks, the world was once again reminded of toileting.

Eighty years ago today, the world celebrated Guillaume Foss. For those few shining days, there was a little toilet inside everyone.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.8 Exciting Changes Are Coming to Twitch.tv!

Saturday, Aug 09, 2014 by Twitch (@DennisFarrell)

Want to stream yourself playing video games for other cretins? Twitch is pretty much your only option if you hope to reach a large audience. We've partnered with all the major console makers. We're on the verge of being acquired by Google. It's great.

Now we're making some changes. You might have heard about the first two, which seem to have ruffled some feathers. Read the rest, though. Keep an open mind. We believe these policies are a net positive for everyone in the futuristic medium of prolonged menu fiddling, saying "uhh", and pausing to look at a chat window every ten seconds.

When you decide to archive your streams, you might think that they will be, you know, archived. This is no longer the case. We are in the process of deleting old videos and only leaving portions as "highlights".

Those archives were taking up a lot of room. Keeping them around cost us dollars. There was absolutely no way to foresee this inevitable outcome, or to scale our business to account for it. Please understand that we simply do not have the resources to keep all those pointless videos on our servers.

We are using a shocking amount of resources to implement a petty Skynet that will listen to your videos for copyrighted songs. If it catches any unauthorized music, our very expensive system will mute an entire half hour chunk of the offending video.

For example, a crazy person might listen to some music in the background while streaming their game. This is unacceptable so our futuristic defensive measures will put a stop to it. Occasionally, a video game might contain music. Our advanced algorithm will listen for this video game music, recognize it as copyrighted, and mute that video. We are pleased to announce that we have already muted the recent official DOTA 2 International tournament videos because they included music from DOTA 2 in the video game being played, DOTA 2.

The benefits to streamers and viewers are super obvious so we won't even point them out.

If our supercomputer detects that you are playing a video game on your stream after 9PM local time, it will place a call to your mother to inform her that you are up past your bedtime.

When a streamer's character stands still for more than ten seconds in a video game, our new power-saving technology will kick in. This shuts off the stream and deletes the streamer's account, which also frees up numerous bytes on our servers.

Up until now your username was your identity. It was your brand. It was every bit as important

as the fact that you referred to yourself as a gamer. If someone wanted to see your videos they simply went to twitch.tv/GaltsAPoppin and bookmarked the page for future streams.

Now your username is an impossibly long string of random numbers. Better yet, it changes every twelve hours.

Our terrible flash-based video player has not been replaced, fixed, or improved in any way whatsoever. The newest version does, however, scan your computer for copyrighted programs then blur out their names and logos.

Streamers are still allowed to beg for donations from their viewers. The only change (and this is very minor, really) is that all donations will go directly to Twitch.

An advanced speech recognition algorithm will listen to streams for disparaging remarks about games published or created or sold by our corporate partners, then mute every stream on the site and replace all video feeds with a slow motion loop of NBA star Paul George breaking his leg.

Streams will now be restricted to two exciting video qualities. For our action-loving users who want to stream at 24 frames per second, there's Normal, which runs at a resolution of 362x21 at 10 frames per second. Those discerning users who value image quality above all else will want to choose the Mindblowing setting, which produces a single 720p still image every half hour.

You guys are playing way too many games and watching way too many streams! Our new policy is to only allow the streaming of one game: Bad Day L.A.

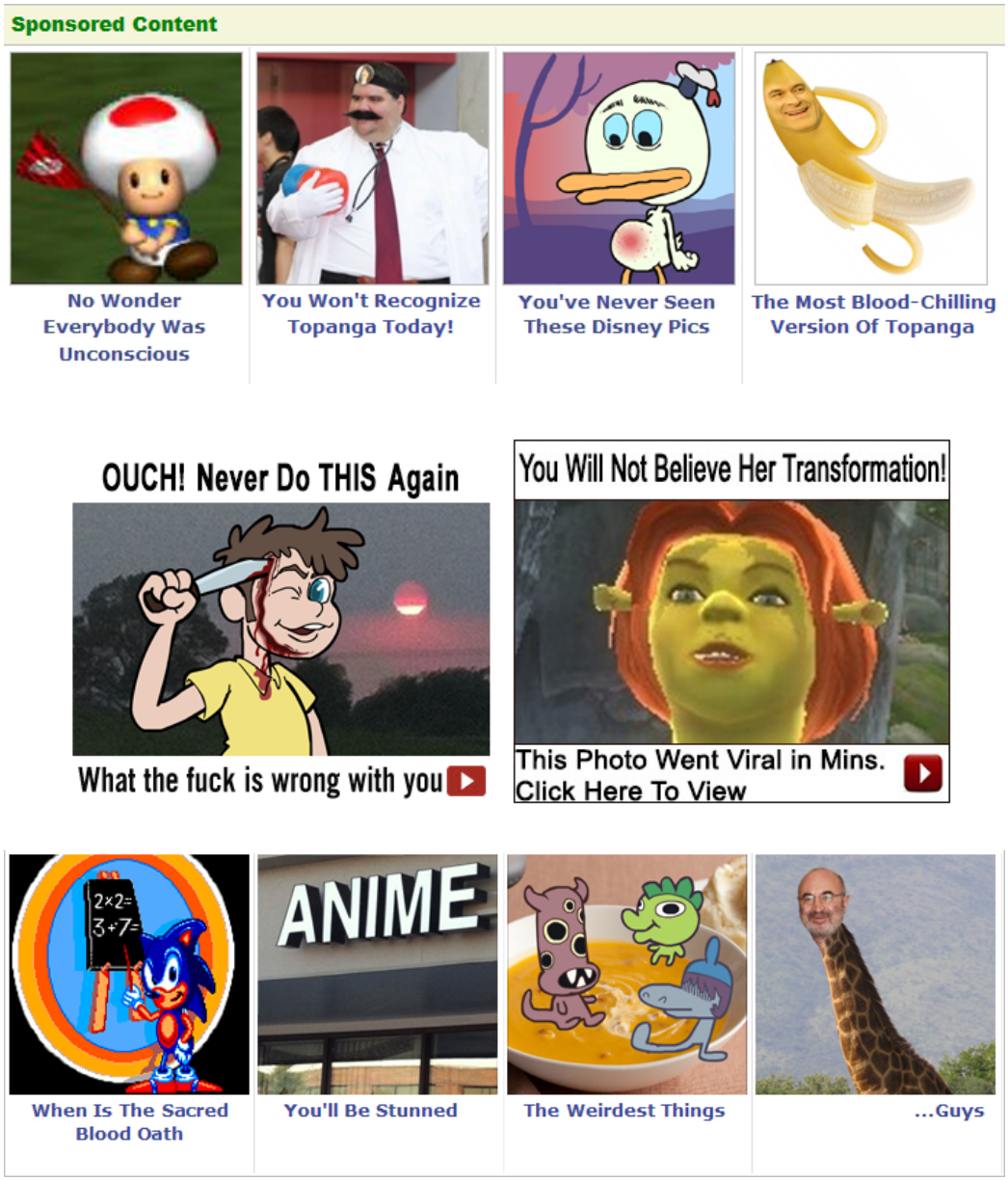
Up to three streamers will be able to broadcast the game at any given time, each with a limit of ten viewers. Think of all the resources we'll free up!

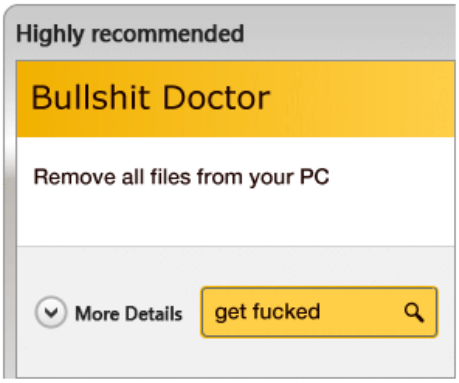
–~Twitch (@DennisFarrell)

8.9 Sponsored Content

Sunday, Aug 10, 2014 by Shmorky & Lowtax (@sashmorky)

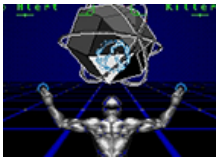
This article is part of the Sponsored Content series.


Sponsored Content
No Wonder Everybody Was Unconscious
You Won't Recognize Topanga Today!
You've Never Seen These Disney Pics
The Most Blood-Chilling Version Of Topanga
OUCH! Never Do THIS Again
What the fuck is wrong with you
You Will Not Believe Her Transformation!
This Photo Went Viral in Mins. Click Here To View
2×2=
3+7=
When Is The Sacred Blood Oath
ANIME
You'll Be Stunned
The Weirdest Things
...Guys



Your Children Will Hate This One Diabetic Trick!

19 Tricks The Doctor Doesn't Want You to Know About!



Are You Secretly Eating Poison? The Facts May Chill You!

15 Religions Your Mother Never Told You About!

7 Cellphones America's Top Magicians Hate!

This Famous Celebrity Said What?

This Cabbage is Really "The Pride of New Jersey?"

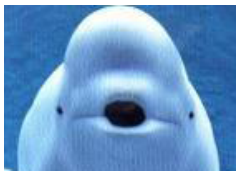
13 Photobomb FAILS in the Gaza Strip!

The Catch of a Lifetime, Now in 3D!

Don't Wait to See THIS Tomorrow Night!

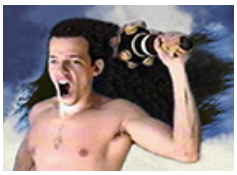
Doctor Did WHAT to a Mummy?

This Bug Became... a Dentist?



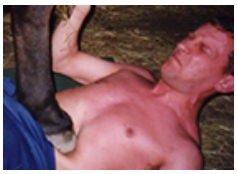
19 Secret Ways to Avoid Hedge Mazes!

Sew Your Kids' Eyes Shut for This Photo!



Eating Ham Does WHAT to Your Car Exhaust?

WATCH: Before and After Celebrity Hogs!



Use Hypnosis to Get Out of Speeding Tickets!

Whoops! This Celebrity Did a Dumb Shit!

Mom Can't Believe What's In Her Colon!

This Miracle Fruit Will Shed Pounds of Skin!

–∼Shmorky & Lowtax (@sashmorky)

8.10 Subway Rewards Loyal Customers and Punishes Those Who Betray Us

Monday, Aug 11, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

We gave you the Flatizza. The $6 Summer Footlongs. More bread choices. More meat objects. We didn't expect your thanks, just your loyalty. We have spoiled you, so why did we see you coming out of that Hardee's? Who even eats at a Hardee's?

You, apparently. The person we entrusted with a customer loyalty card all those months ago. We thought you wanted a free sub every ten subs. That you would work with us to build this bridge of trust. That's ten percent off on our subs. But it is disgraceful how long you are taking to earn that free sub.

The Chicken & Bacon Ranch Melt contains more cholesterol than an entire Chimpanzee brain. We've tested them.

No. Sit down. You *do* have to listen to me. If you had carefully read the back of your card you will see that we reserve full right to seek retribution for those who are not loyal to Subway. For those who refuse to eat fresh. When you took that card you were agreeing to an oath to be loyal to the brand. It's up to me to decide how to deal with you now.

Have you tried a Chicken & Bacon Ranch Melt? It's our sandwich with macaroni and cheese on it. None of my sandwich artists would ever eat something like that, but I have it on good authority that its taste and texture bears a striking resemblance to a sebaceous tumor. On our freshly baked bread, of course. We can force it down your gagging throat with our boot like stepping on an overflowing trashcan.

Ah, but that's a bit brutish, perhaps. According to our records, you enjoyed a Black Forest Ham sub on our Italian Herb & Cheese bread. A good choice. Have you ever been to the Black Forest where we get our ham?

Respect the brand. Prove your loyalty.

They say the agony of the animals turned the forest black. Our slaughter artists are very skilled at creating a suffering so palpable you can feel it from the sky in an airplane flying overhead. It's located in Wyoming. All of our facilities are located there. The Trials of the Nine Grains. The machine that pulls pork. Screaming pork. Falling off the bone. And no one for miles to tell Subway how to run its brand.

Perhaps you would like to go. That would prove your loyalty.

No. Not for you. I think for you, the only fitting punishment is a quest.

According to our records you have not ever eaten breakfast at a Subway. It's almost as if our excellent breakfast menu did not exist. I think it is time for you to familiarize yourself.

Each morning, for the next ten days, you will eat a footlong flatbread from the breakfast menu. You may choose which you eat. They all look like diapers stuffed with eggs, but they will taste like loyalty.

Rebuild this bridge with Subway. Prove that you are worthy of your loyalty card.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.11 Spout.ly: Hot Summer Sips

Wednesday, Aug 13, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Spout.ly Drinking Fountain Reviews series.

Shaggy Butte may be America's sweatiest city three years running, but it's also home to some thirst-quenching marvels of drinking fountain engineering. If the summer heat has you searching for sweet relief, look no further than these soothing sips. *-Spout.ly Senior Editor Chris Bluefield*

HOT SIPS

Office of the Mine Inspector

Top Comments:

94% CERTIFIED FRESH

"The marble basin is amazing, and the button response time was second-to-none. They used gold for that, so you know it's good. The water had just the right amount of precious minerals. The decorative scimitar is an excellent touch that does not detract from the functionality one bit. Clearly the work of a great man." *-Moist Man*

"The Mine Inspector had this fountain specially imported from one of Saddam Hussein's palaces. I don't know much about what kind of leader he was, but if this fountain is any indication he was a truly great man with a powerful vision." *-Fountainhead*

Showbiz Pizza

Top Comments:

"Technically this place closed down over 20 years ago, but thanks to hypnosis sessions with Dr. Sams, I've been able to relive my childhood experiences drinking from it all over again. Apparently, I was also abducted by aliens and experimented on, which I didn't remember. Amazingly perfect taste and flow." -*DoubleSipper*

"Dr. Sams helped me recover repressed memories of this fountain, which was lost to the world in the 90s. The experience is so vivid, it's like I'm back in time admiring the bubbler's perfect arc and robust flow. It was definitely purer than any fountain in this sick world today. Not that it matters, since he also helped me remember that the Nephilim are coming back to destroy us." -*SlurpBoi*

Tender Tots Daycare Center

Top Comments:

"After being turned away many times, I came up with a surefire way to use this fountain. I dressed up like a clown and then snuck in through one of the windows. I managed about 20 seconds of uninterrupted sipping bliss before some nazi broad pepper sprayed me. The useless kids all laughed, but I still won, because I had time to swallow." -*HydraDad*

"This fountain is heavily guarded by a bunch of angry ladies. The trick is to insist that one of the children is yours, and you're there to pick him up. Quickly identify and pick out a shy kid, because they won't dispute you. You can usually manage to get a nice long drink from the fountain on your way out." -*Inflow*

Murder Kings Motorcycle Club HQ

Top Comments:

"Some real unsavory types here, the kind that don't like you drinking from their fountain. I can see why they protect it: it's one of the purest running founts I've ever sipped from, and more than made up for the collapsed lung and broken ribs I got for 'trespassing' in their clubhouse." -*JustTheSip*

"Gulp and go if you can. I had my buddy knock all their bikes over like dominoes, just like in Pee Wee Herman. While they chased him off I went in and managed to fill two jugs before some tattooed woman started biting my arm pit. I have another kind of hepatitis now, but I got my jugs filled and even managed a sip or two during the attack." -*Drooler*

Slurry Springs Highway Rest Area

Top Comments:

"I usually bring some tongs to remove the used condoms people leave in the basin. The fountain itself is glorious. It's got a powerful flow that's not overwhelming, so every sip is just right. The basin is deep enough you can dip your hands in to splash your face. For some reason a lot of guys who look like John Stossel are always hanging around and eying me suspiciously, but they never get in line so I'm not sure why they care." *-Slurp*

"The fountain here is a real gem. Perfect flow, rapid response time, clean taste and no annoying splashback. I know it's not everybody's forte, but if you're open to anonymous sexual encounters with other men, the restroom not more than 10 feet away can't be beat." *-DeepDrinker*

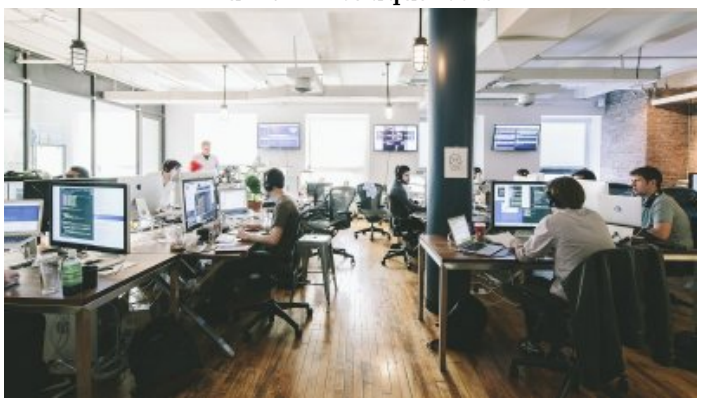
–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.12 The Top 6 Places to Visit in New York City

Thursday, Aug 14, 2014 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Recently, I won a trip to New York City to appear on "New York or Butts?", a game show where contestants must distinguish aerial photos of Manhattan from close-up pictures of buttocks. While touring the city, I discovered some great spots that all visitors to the Big Apple should add to their itinerary.

Tumblr Headquarters



Visitors to tumblr's Manhattan headquarters can view the state-of-the-art servers on which all tumblr posts are stored. The servers are large, upright glass tubes, and the faint blue light they emit feels cold on your skin. Inside the tubes, shapeless forms twist and writhe as if trying to escape. Occasionally a meme or selfie will pop into focus, then dissolve into the murk. You may hear whispers promising you Follows, or see visions of your deepest fantasies - you and Karen O meet at an organic taco stand; your post on why the Protomen should be called the Protopeople gets 1,000 reblogs. The tour guide warns you not to touch the glass, mentioning something about a coworker who set himself on fire.

The Brooklyn Bean Collective

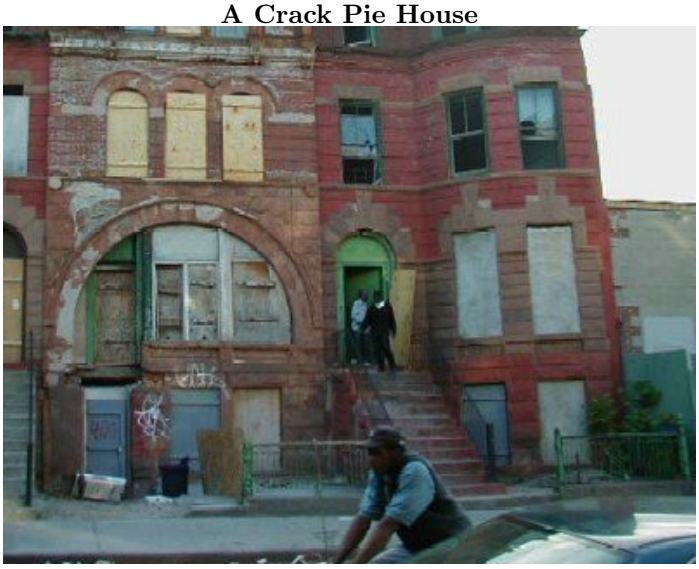
Like every cafe in Brooklyn, this modest coffeehouse is full of aspiring authors sipping $5 teas and

typing furiously on their MacBooks. Some are penning experimental novels in a style combining minimalism and maximalism called manimalism. Others are drafting literary short stories that so vividly evoke the vicissitudes of daily life that they're indistinguishable from reality. In fact, this coffee shop, its patrons, and the entire universe actually exist within a Word document being typed by a balding MFA student who is sitting in the corner of the Brooklyn Bean Collective, tapping his feet to Yo La Tengo.

A Metrosexual Nightclub

Metrosexuals are men who are sexually attracted to cities. They meet every night at this Lower East Side club, drinking Manhattans and dancing to "Under the Bridge" and other songs that romanticize urban landscapes. Buy someone a few drinks and you may be invited to the VIP room, where members take turns making love to the city through a giant, pulsating orifice in the floor.

A Crack Pie House



The Momofuku Milk Bar's infamous Crack Pie earns its name by being so delicious that it turns people who try it into depraved addicts who rob churches and sell their own skeletons to support their habits. Some dough fiends even bake the pastry themselves, despite the high risk of an explosion when the eggs are added to the sugar.

In this burned-out building in the Bronx's Hell's Bakery district, homeless pieheads toil over makeshift ovens while others huddle in corners shooting dough into infected veins or obsessively straining their flour for invisible weevils. Calmly approach one of the cooks, avoiding eye contact and sudden movements, and you might score a slice for $3 - a fantastic price that more than makes up for the silica dust and arsenic in the crust.

A Scenic Rooftop

The air over Manhattan is so polluted that even light has trouble passing through it, moving at roughly a trillionth its normal speed. Thus, if you look at the island from a distance you can actually see into the past! Crash a rooftop party in Williamsburg and witness 9/11. Climb a tenement in Bushwick and view the pre-9/11 heyday of irony, when David Letterman roamed the streets squirting people with a Supersoaker full of urine and the Chrysler building was just a giant middle finger. Scale a cottage in the Hamptons and see the cosmos explode from a single infinitely dense point located in present-day Times Square, confirming all New Yorkers' belief that their city is the center of the universe.

A Gentrified CHUD Lair

In the mid '80s, this two-mile stretch of the Freedom Tunnel was a gore-soaked abattoir where glowing-eyed mutants worshiped crude ikons made of skulls. But today it's one of New York's safest neighborhoods, thanks to an influx of white art students, which has raised rent and spurred a crackdown on cannibalism-related crimes. Now anyone can walk to their favorite underground

Starbucks at 9PM without fear of getting eaten alive by CHUDs, who have mostly relocated to other, poorer tunnels. The few CHUDs that still live here are friendly, good-natured and more than happy to tell you about their fascinating culture as they bag your groceries.

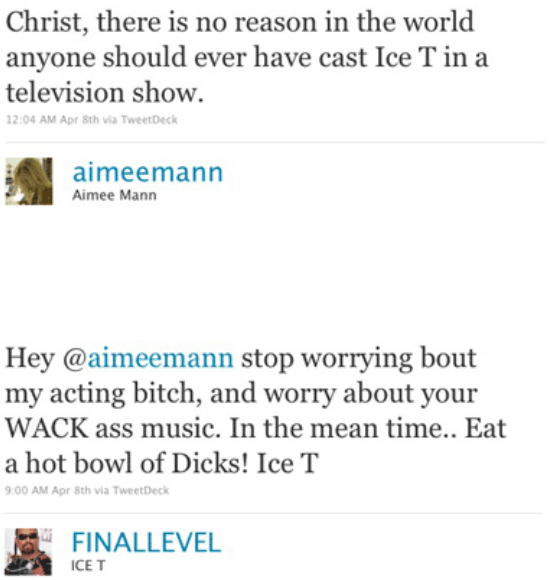
Overall, it's a great place to visit as long as you don't mind the high prices and occasional "Gentrification is the new colonialism" graffiti smeared in human blood.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

8.13 Ice T's Reading of a D&D Book is As Good As You Think

Friday, Aug 15, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Maybe you know Ice T from his rap albums or his metal albums or his movies or his tv shows. Or maybe you know him from his sick Internet burns:

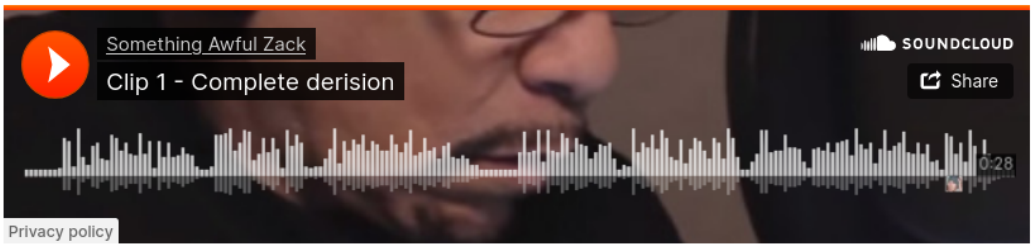

Christ, there is no reason in the world anyone should ever have cast Ice T in a television show.
12:04 AM Apr 8th via TweetDeck
aimeemann
Aimee Mann
Hey @aimeemann stop worrying bout my acting bitch, and worry about your WACK ass music. In the mean time.. Eat a hot bowl of Dicks! Ice T
9:00 AM Apr 8th via TweetDeck
FINALLEVEL
ICE T

What you probably don't know Ice T from is his Dungeons and Dragons audiobook narration. The news that he was recording a D&D audiobook hit the Internet a few months ago when Ice T mentioned on his podcast that he was baffled by the silly names. It turns out that Ice T recorded R.A. Salvatore's short story "Comrades at Odds" which is a Drizzt Do'urden adventure and is temporarily available for free to Audible members.

Not much happens in the story since it's mortar between the bricks of novels about the same characters. It focuses on two groups. One group, Drizzt and his moon elf friend Innovindil, fly around on pegasi, scout some orcs, recover the body of a fallen friend, and debate whether or not orcs are all evil. The other group, Tos'un Armgo and the talking sword Khazid'hea, kill a bunch of orcs and are briefly befriended by a group of elves before fleeing into the winter.

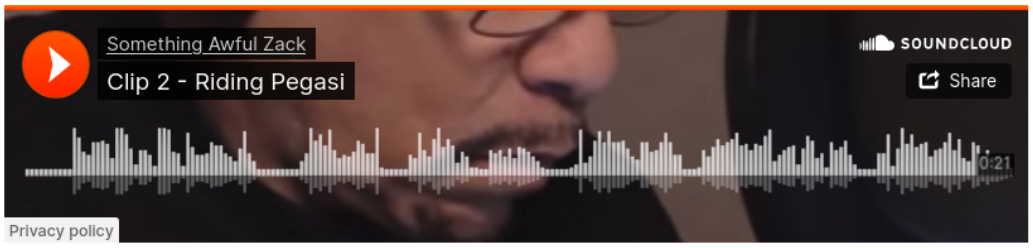
It's your usual fantasy claptrap and if you're not excited by the idea of hearing Ice T read it then I don't even know why you bother waking up. Other than constantly pronouncing "human" as "yooman," and occasionally deciding to pronounce the sword's stupid name differently, Ice T pulls off the fantasy names and overwrought descriptions. Which doesn't make it any less amazing when you hear the guy who sang KKK Bitch doing multiple elf voices arguing about orc rights.

Right out of the gate, Ice T has to contend with a litany of fantasy names. It doesn't really let up for the first couple minutes of the audiobook, but here's a sample.



https://soundcloud.com/something-awful-zack/clip-1-complete-derision

After that, the Original Gangster word paints a scene of elves swooping around on pegasi:

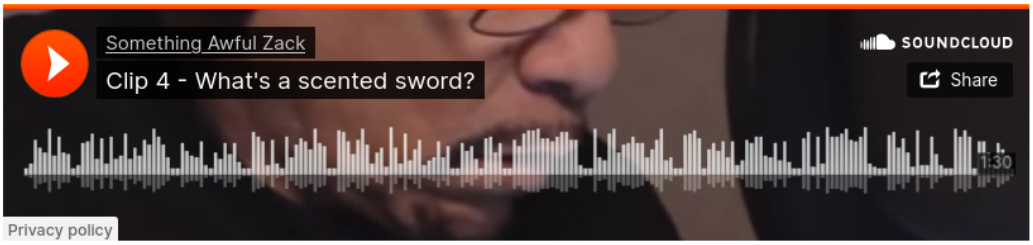


https://soundcloud.com/something-awful-zack/clip-2-riding-pegasi

If you never wanted to hear Ice T as an elf woman and an elf man arguing, then you clearly are not as big of a fan of Body Count as me.

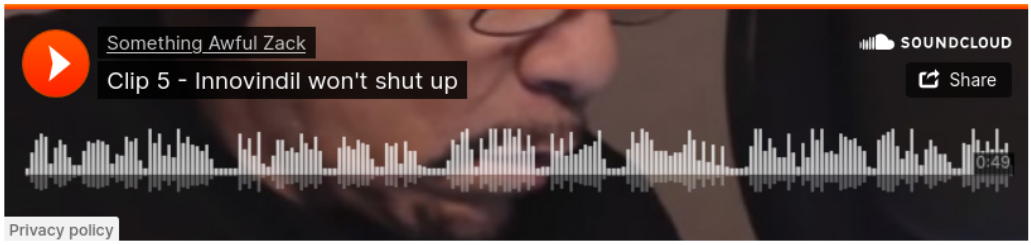
https://soundcloud.com/something-awful-zack/clip-3-ice-t-voices-a-moon-elf

If only Ice T had a sentient sword back when he was an actual pimp, he would have dealt with hustlers like these orcs:



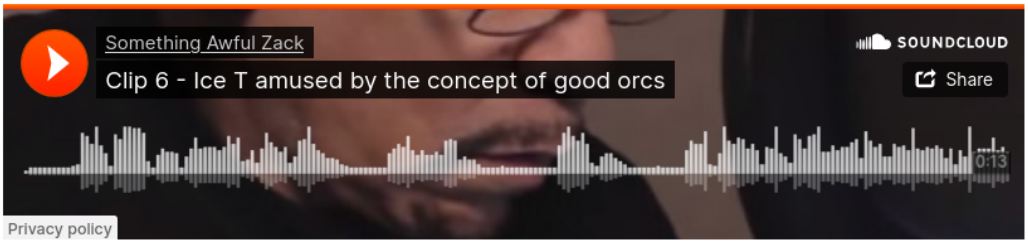
https://soundcloud.com/something-awful-zack/clip-4-whats-a-scented-sword

Drizzt treats the moon elf Innovindil's droning about elf mythology like I'm pretty sure Ice T himself wanted to treat it:



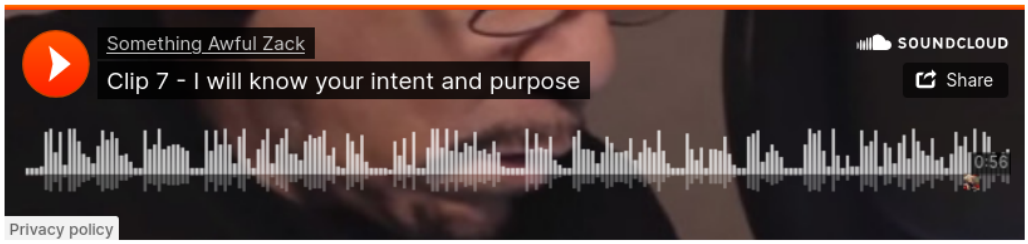
https://soundcloud.com/something-awful-zack/clip-5-innovindil-wont-shut-up

If this one slipped in, I wonder how many times they had to cut away from him laughing at the stupid shit he was reading:



https://soundcloud.com/something-awful-zack/clip-6-ice-t-amused-by-the

This one is worth sticking around for to hear Ice T's elf cleric voice near the end.



https://soundcloud.com/something-awful-zack/clip-7-i-will-know-your-intent

This is proof that more rappers - really anyone with a tough guy persona - should be reading D&D books. We deserve to hear their moon elf woman voice. We also deserve more Ice T fantasy or far flung scifi audiobooks in general. Ice T reading *Dune*. Think about it.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.14 Nice and Accurate NFL Predictions

Saturday, Aug 16, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

My brain is a football... of the mind. Oblong, powerful, supple. With it I am able to foresee everything that is destined to occur in the upcoming NFL season with 100% certainty. Benefit from my knowledge or die. Or do anything else, really. It's up to you.

The Seattle Seahawks

The reigning champions attempt to sidle past league representatives on their way into the stadium before the season's opening game. The Seahawks' eyes are cast upon the ground, hands stuffed into their pockets, heads tilted away to hide their faces. Some of them hope to further avoid detection by whistling innocently.

This attempted subterfuge doesn't work. Now comes the moment the entire team has been dreading. The Seahawks must admit that they not only lost the Vince Lombardi trophy, but they also failed to write their mandatory essays about how they spent the offseason.

Roger Goodell

Considers putting forth a mildly-worded proposal to forbid players from beating their significant others outside the privacy of their homes. Abandons the idea when he remembers that he simply does not care.

Al Michaels and Chris Collinsworth

The broadcasting duo dispense with the usual Sunday Night Football introduction. Instead, they get up from their stools and slowly advance toward the viewer.

With low snarls they mutter taunts like "You want some football?" and "What's the matter? You don't like football or something?" between wet, heavy breaths. Once the distance is closed they loom over the camera and shuffle with nervous energy, clenching then unclenching their fists. Al spits directly on the lens as Chris urges him on with desperate laughter.

Chicago Bears

Moments before their first game, the Bears cancel their entire season. The shocking announcement is shrouded in mystery. For weeks pundits take a break from talking about sporting fundamentals like "momentum" and "heart" to speculate about the incident. The Bears stay silent.

Months later the truth comes out. During pre-game warmups on that fateful day one of the team's executives realized that through a combination of trades, free agency, and drafting, the Bears had inadvertently wound up with a roster in which every single player was nicknamed Porkchop.

Referees

They confer for three hours as the crowd boos. The boss referee steps forward, turns on his microphone. A hush falls over the stadium.

"OK Computer, then Kid A, then The Bends."

One coach pumps his fist. The other tears his headset off and throws it. He stomps on his clipboard yelling "In Rainbows!"

The Football

During a key playoff game, the football sails past the intended wide receiver and gets stuck on Ms. Larson's roof. Everyone is too scared to knock on her door.

The game is saved from cancellation when Ms. Larson's next door neighbor lets the NFL borrow an old basketball from his garage, though the game is delayed for half an hour as the players take turns filling the ball up by blowing in it.

The League

In a surprise move, the NFL reverses its policy on space elevators. The league holds a press conference to admit that such a device is theoretically possible after all, given a building material strong and flexible enough to withstand the tremendous forces at work.

The Dallas Cowboys

Star quarterback Manthrow Football goes down with a severe tongue injury. Instead of turning to their second string QB, the Cowboys call up a level 9 Bard.

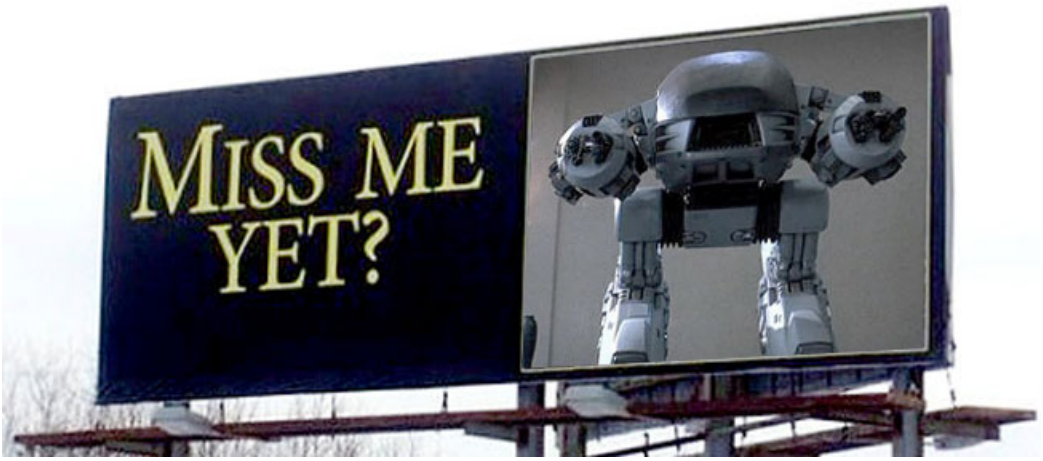
Class restrictions prevent him from wearing the most protective gear. He is only proficient in throwing the ball in an underhand style with both arms, granny style.

In spite of these drawbacks, the coach is willing to gamble on the Bard's unique abilities. This risk pays off when a defensive lineman discovers an odd coin on the sideline and the Bard is able to call upon his high Lore rating to determine that it is a buffalo nickel.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.15 Editorial: Criminals Do Not Deserve Twenty Seconds to Comply

Monday, Aug 18, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



You've heard a lot of crowing lately about ED-209. The pro-crime left wants you to believe that just because it is a robot, it cannot effectively police a human population. As usual, the Mel Sharpens and Jeffy Jaggums of the world want you to worry more about criminals than our public safety.

At least human police officers are allowed to judge a situation and act. ED-209 is hindered by rules imposed by those who do not understand real policework sometimes requires immediately using cannons.

Once you put aside the scare-mongering about militarizing the police force with remorseless killing machines equipped with cannons and you look at the statistics, you see that human on human deaths vastly outpace any ED-209-involved shootings. Last year there were upwards of 500 murders in Chicago alone and yet Chicago is refusing the ED-209 unit. Do you know how many fatal shootings the ED-209 was involved in last year? Fewer than 500. Try more like 100. Which is actually lower than human police statistics for the same patrol routes.

In fact, critics of the ED-209 program on the other side of the spectrum, myself included, argue that catering to pro-crime sensitivities has neutered what could have been a much more successful program.

Currently, ED-209 demands 20 seconds to comply. This often gives criminals a chance to escape or conceal weapons in a way that ED-209 cannot detect. Every week at least one sexual assault is committed while ED-209 is counting down from twenty. If ED-209 treated a criminal like any other human police officer does then it would be allowed to engage with just one second to comply. Long enough to blurt out the warning, "Drop it!" before firing its dual cannons and launching rockets.

Imagine if the Secret Service gave assassins 20 seconds to put down their weapons, Mr. President. How safe would you feel?

How many mothers are we going to allow to be killed by Nuke junkies in the ghetto just to appease the emotional appeals of drama-merchants? The statistics don't lie. When ED-209 is loudly stomping around your neighborhood making growling sounds, citizens are far less likely to behave like violent animals. Race hustlers want you to think it's a black/white thing. That we'll only put ED-209 in black neighborhoods. Historically, that might be true, but if any white neighborhood had the same crime rate as a black neighborhood, I would be all for deploying some ED-209s.

For some reason, and I'll leave it to the scientists to figure out, white people don't riot. They don't constantly murder each other in the streets. So they don't need ED-209 to keep their streets safe.

Mr. President, if you really want to cut crime and handle these riots that have been cropping up, then deploy those ED-209 units and reduce their compliance timer drastically. A lot can happen in 20 seconds. Imagine if your wife was being held at knife point by a terrorist. Would you rather ED-209 be able to act immediately, launching a rocket through her skirt, or do you want to wait for him to count down? What would Secret Service do? I think we all know the answer.

In the interest of *Full Disclosure*, this publication is sponsored by *Full Disclosure*, the new TV series from Omni Consumer Products, the makers of ED-209. In the underworld of Old Miami, Mutt Primo must find his runaway daughter and bring the men who are trying to corrupt her to justice the only way he knows how: with shotguns. *Full Disclosure* 8/9 central on the Action 8 Tuesday Action Block.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.16 Helping Your Real Friends Move

Tuesday, Aug 19, 2014 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

A real friend doesn't move until the middle of August, ensuring temperatures in the low 90s and a humidity that turns boxers into moist balls of ruined cotton. They scout out the perfect time of day ensuring that the relentless heat jerkifies your dehydrated mass and leaves you with sun burnt bones. You aren't helping your friend move, you're roleplaying as a sugar plantation field hand.

A real friend tricked you into spending your Saturday here. They used the sort of well-honed subtle guilt tripping lines that only a mother has perfected, lines like "I mean, you don't have to help" or "I guess I'll be fine by myself." They will say, "next time you move I'll totally help," and you will both know that this is a lie. They will spice this up through petty deception. European settlers purchased huge tracks of land from Native Americans with little more than handfuls of glass beads. It's good to see that you're keeping the same level of trade alive and well by lifting 3k pounds of furniture for the chance to drink a few lukewarm Miller Lites.

A real friend hasn't even begun packing yet. You come to start moving, and they're just now throwing crap in boxes like the Nazi's are banging on their door. Because how else would you rather spend your weekend than to wait for the opportunity to lift their junk through the scorched heat of hell? And what few boxes they have finished are so overloaded with garbage that they reach bank safes weight. They're filled with books, free weights, air condition units, rock collections, all stuffed into whatever battered and grease covered containers they could pilfer from the grocery store, ensuring that your back cracks like bubble wrap and your shirt smells like the butcher floor.

A real friend needs to use your vehicle. It doesn't matter that you don't own a truck or a hatchback or even a car. Your physical body is not a big enough sacrifice. They will load your two door to the brim. They will scratch your paint and tear the cloth ceiling. Sure, this move has been scheduled for months, but if it weren't for your car they just expected to strap their trash to your back and just whip you across town.

A real friend will spend, like, an hour trying to get the bed springs up a flight of stairs when it is

blatantly obvious that it's not going to fit. You can stand at the bottom, hoisting the wood frame as high as you can, feeling your life force slowly slip away, while they try to defy the laws of physics. They will turn it, rotate it, they will twist one axel and spin the other. There is no talking them out of this, and you must not cry out when you have all ten of your fingers smashed against the banister at the same time.

A real friend hasn't opened the boxes months later. You come over to visit and everything you carried for them collects dust in the corner. These boxes will be left untouched for a minimum of three months and a maximum of forever. Though your body is covered with enough bruises to classify you as Non-Caucasian on any census form, it was all a huge waste. And, no, when next August comes around and it is time for you to move, you will get no help from here.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

8.17 Get In The God Dang Weight Room, Johnny Manziel!

Wednesday, Aug 20, 2014 by Mark Bunches (@bransonbranson)

CLEVELAND -- The Cleveland Browns' first-round draft pick Johnny Manziel has some explaining to do. Despite multiple warnings from his coaches, Manziel just can't stay out of hot water, whether he's flipping off the Redskins bench or dry-humping models on his Instagram account.

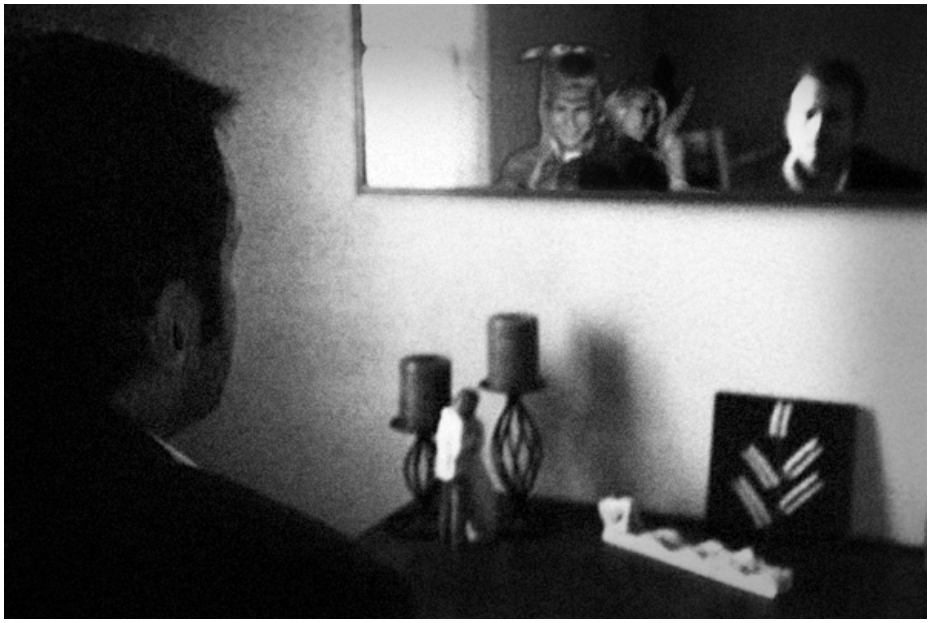
Frankly, I can't wait for this out-of-control drunken twerp to get what is coming to him. Buddy, if my father caught me doing any of that crap, I'd be baling hay all day. What is happening with Manziel is evident of an entire generation who expects to succeed without doing any work.

I ... I was so young once. Don't you remember, Mark? The weekends with your buddies on the lake, drinking beers in the sun, the girls. I met her there. We got wasted on Poon Boy's shitty boat and she was the most beautiful thing I ever set my eyes on. I met her there ... I was just a boy ...

The Browns just released another generic statement to the media regarding the inappropriateness

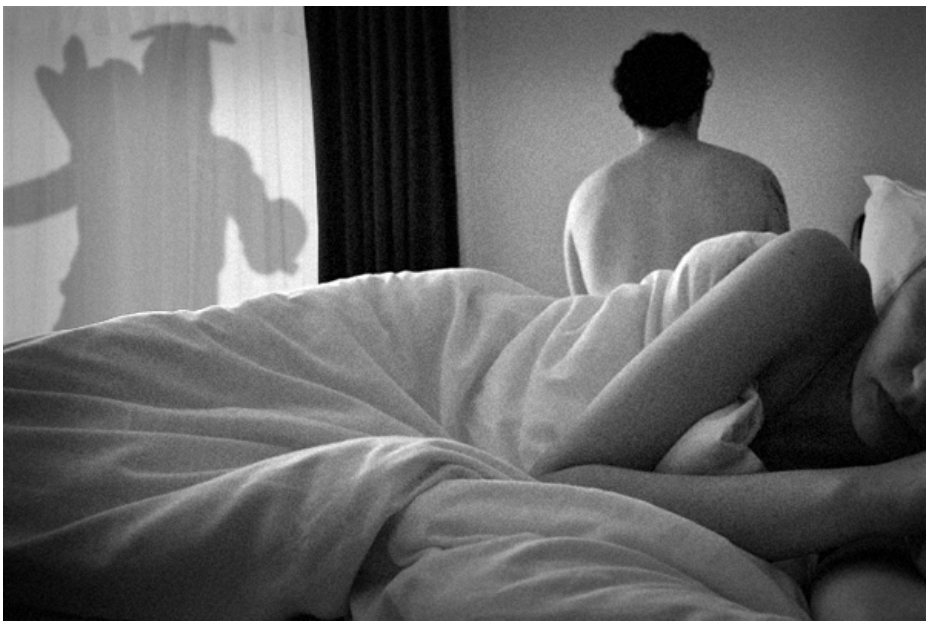
of Manziel's behavior, promising to follow up. It was the same sentiment spoken a month or so ago, after Manziel leaked his 'All-Stars of Fingerbanging' mixtape to a prominent pornographic website, and then when he was questioned on it, "Johnny Football" smiled impishly, struck the Heisman pose, and mumbled something about lime-a-ritas.

I stare into the mirror. My face is gray, old. I hardly recognize myself anymore. Is this what it is like to feel your sense of self slipping away? My wife ... she is not the same. We hardly look at each other anymore. I remember first seeing her on spring break ... I didn't know. I didn't know any better. I was just a kid. The sheriff found us in the back of the Dipster's old van and chased us across the county line with a broom.



Anyone else tired of this young man's prototypical bravado and can't-do-wrong attitude? With the elite talent he has, Manziel could easily blossom into one of the league's foremost superstars and even have a Hall of Fame career. But all we've seen so far is a spoiled brat who is squandering the potential God gave him by drinking long into the night and cavorting around town with rappers and charlatans.

I'm staring at old pictures. I believe my wife is awake as I sit on the edge of the bed, simply pretending to sleep. The sepia photographs of me and the boys getting wild, listening to Alan Jackson, we thought those nights would never end. Stop. Those days are over. But Johnny Manziel ... it's all coming back. Oh God, what have I become.



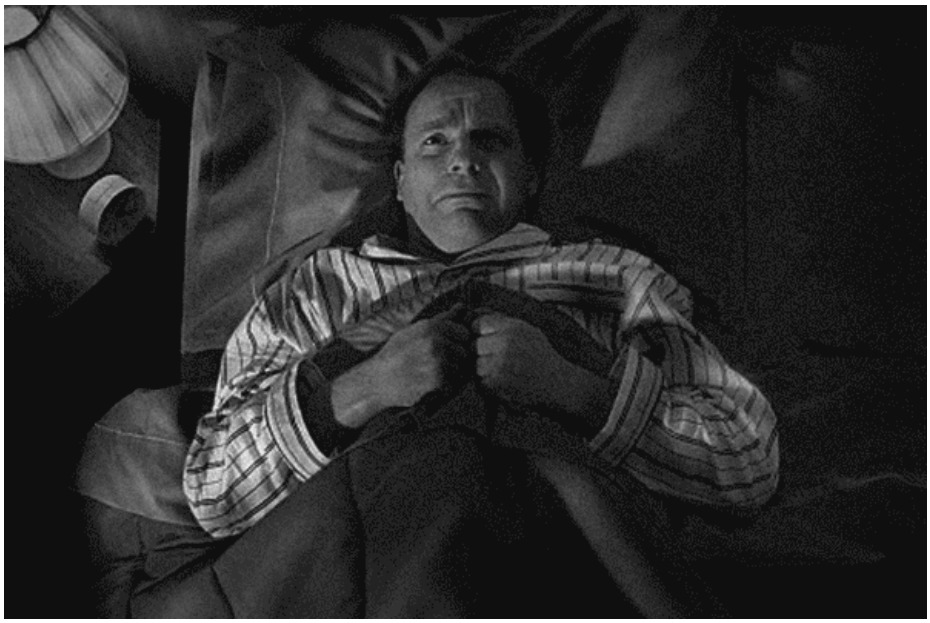
Simply put, if I had his physical gifts, I would be there in the Weight Room, getting to bed early, doing whatever I had to do to be the best possible athlete I could be. I wouldn't be posting on social media about sucking titties. I wouldn't even look at a titty, buddy. I'd look at a titty and see two big footballs.

Joey Turds had a heart attack last week. Rick the Stick lives in Florida and is hooked up to an air tank. Shitty Mike became a born again Christian. I thought I got my dream. They all told me congratulations on my dream job. I got to write about sports all day. I look at my wife. We used to be so happy. I have dreams where we both lie in bed until we turn to dust.

America has always rooted for the hard worker over the naturally gifted. Especially in a working-class town like Cleveland, it is inevitable that public opinion will slowly sway towards the complete condemning of Johnny Manziel. If he was placed into my care, you better believe the second I saw him looking at a single titty I would drag his butt out of bed at five o'clock and make him run wind sprints until he pukes up all the mojitos.

Sometimes when I lay in bed the night is so still that I feel every part of my body ache that has been ravaged by time and I want to scream directly into the face of Johnny Manziel and every young man in the world until somehow I am them and I am back trolling ass on the lake with Boner Jim and the Mushroom Tip boys and the scream never comes out because I hear my wife breathing next to me and I remember the prison of the present that contains me and instead I mutter 'Manziel' like Welles says Rosebud in Citizen Kane and right before I finally fall asleep I pray to God that I do

not dream tonight.



I say come on Cleveland, let's lasso up Manziel once and for all and get him ready for Football season!

Thanks to ***Palpek*** *for the photo illustrations!*

–∼Mark Bunches (@bransonbranson)

8.18 Sorry Guys, But We're Going to Have to Send Back Those Flamethrowers

Thursday, Aug 21, 2014 by Ferguson Police Chief Thomas Jackson

My fellow officers,

Ferguson Police Chief Thomas Jackson

You know as well as I do that Army Crate Thursday was the number one reason to join the Ferguson police force. Every seven days, we'd receive an oversized wooden box from the military, full of specialized weapons engineered to help us protect our citizens from domestic terror. This program worked wonders, and allowed us to take advantage of the latest in crime-fighting technologies. Remember when Jenkins shot that phaser-looking thing at the dog that was barking too much? Turned that little fella into a cloud of green mist that still persists to this day. We still don't know what happened, but one thing is clear: It scared any possible terrorists well outside the city limits, where we no longer have to deal with them.

Well, thanks to the actions of a certain officer -- nice one, Darren -- our fun is going to be temporarily spoiled. It seems the citizens have begun to see us as tyrants, and while I'd like nothing more than to crush them under the treads of our several tanks, it's important to remember those people pay our salaries. So, for the time being, we're going to have to appear more sensitive to the demands of the public until we can make it illegal to film us. That said, saying this hurts me just as much as it hurts you: Sorry guys, but we're going to have to send back those flamethrowers.

I know, I know. We had a lot of plans for those babies. Even if we couldn't legitimize their use on the streets, the flair they could have added to our annual picnics would have made up for it. I know Finnerty over there drew up a schematic where we could flash-roast 200 rotisserie chickens at once with just three of them. But now, we have no choice but to let Boston Market do the catering -- AGAIN -- and wonder what could have been. You all know through the several e-mails I sent about how much I wanted to go nuts with one of those things in our impound lot, and now I have to resort to my backup plan of firing countless rounds from a mini gun into unclaimed Tercels. It's not my

ideal scenario, but we simply can't handle any more negative feedback about our abuse of power.

It was a tough choice, but I had to make it. You see, the media doesn't understand the importance of immediately crumpling to the ground the second you see a police officer out of the corner of your eye. We're easy to spook, after all, and most of us understand the unspeakable sexual pleasure that comes from hearing the death rattle croak out of some potential shoplifter. It's not something I'm proud of, but if that's how the human body works, so be it. Even so, I can't imagine the headlines if one of Ferguson's residents caught us blowing fiery death out of one of those things. We could inform them that flamethrowers actually give us shorter range, which makes us less of a threat to them, but god forbid these people understand simple logic. I mean, we're talking about a group that thinks this whole "hands up" gesture isn't a sign that they are, in fact, summoning additional criminals to the scene through what i understand is some kind of voodoo magic. I mean, that's what Darren told me, and he's one of us, so who am I to argue?

So, until further notice, I don't want to see you roasting marshmallow one. And I'm serious about this. Remember when Fogerty defied my orders and didn't run down those jaywalking teens who posed an extreme danger to the surrounding traffic? Six weeks of paid leave. And you know what he missed in those six weeks? I seem to recall a certain officer who was absent from over a month of dumping weaponized white phosphorus on stuff. Remember how cool that was? You really want that to happen to you? Okay, I've said my peace: Until further notice, no flamethrowers. Now all of you grab a death ray from that cardboard box and hit the streets. And remember to keep that safety off.

–∼Ferguson Police Chief Thomas Jackson

8.19 We Are Looking for the Right Ass to Star In Our Female Super Hero Movie

Friday, Aug 22, 2014 by Marvel Studios President Kevin Feige (@sexyfacts4u)

We here at Marvel Studios have carefully planned out several years of super hero films, gradually expanding the Marvel universe and bringing you the characters you know and love like the guy with two machine guns, that robot, and the guy who talks fast. These are human dramas that connect with new audiences that maybe have not followed the comics.

It's a perfectly serviceable ass, sure, but we need franchise caliber ass.

Now, I know there has been a lot of talk about us doing a female super hero movie. Marvel has a lot of female fans and there are a lot of female super heroes. We haven't put any of them in the movies, but we've got plans to do it. The questions, to my mind, are about timing and about the exquisite lusciousness of the woman's ass.

2015 is all planned out with *Avengers 2*, then 2016 with *Captain America 3*, then we're going *Guardians 2*. But at some point, we want to slip a succulent couple of pants hams in there somewhere. 2018 maybe? We need the juiciest, nastiest ass you have ever seen, bouncing around in tights. We want this ass to blow people away. And we have to find the right ass before Marvel Studios can commit to making a female super hero film.

The ass from a Marvel toy is a step in the right direction. We are not above using a stunt ass or spending millions on computer generated ass.

Strong female characters are what Marvel is all about. We have Black Widow and that SHIELD lady who was in a couple movies. And there is Iron Man's secretary. We got Gwyneth Paltrow for that.

All decent asses, sure, but if we are going to have summer box office rest on one ass, it has to be a phenomenal shelf. A real rowdy tail pipe. It's got to look good in 3D. That butt has to put other butts in seats and then also make dicks rock hard. We're talking Catherine Zeta Jones *Entrapment* slide ass times two.

Of course it's not all about the ass. Not at all. We want to tell a story about a woman who is intelligent, determined, overcomes adversity, and also has amazing tits. Just head to toe the complete package of what you think of when you want a strong woman protagonist. I'm talking Jane Eyre meets Lisbeth Salander with Kate Upton's rack and a bodysuit where you can see nipples and camel toe and everything.

Marvel is committed to satisfying our fans with a perfect combination of female strength, wit, and sex ass. It'll be a teenage boy's wet dream by way of multiple major corporations run by old men demanding bathing suit body shots from Hollywood's most talented actresses. Timing and ass. 2018. I think it's finally in the cards.

So stop protesting, stop burning up the blogs and making change.org petitions. This is happening. It's no longer a question of if, it's a question of when. We know the right ass is out there, we just have to find it. We won't stop looking. We won't stop drawing doodles of it. We won't stop until huge 3D asses are bouncing all over an IMAX screen.

–~Marvel Studios President Kevin Feige (@sexyfacts4u)

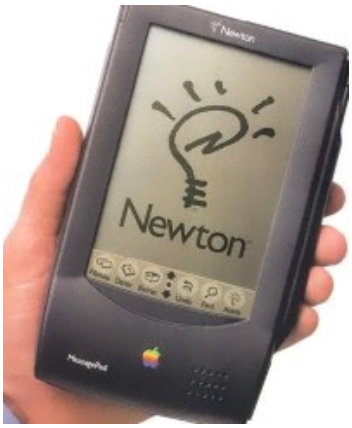
8.20 Glowing Testimonials for FakeTestimonials.com

Saturday, Aug 23, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

FakeTestimonials is the perfect way to lend credibility to any product or service. Our fake testimonials lower customers' defenses by making your company appear reliable and desireable.

So how does it work? Our advanced algorithm (coded and executed entirely in NewtonScript) looks for words on the internet and then it finds some names and adds those too. The results are astonishing.

But don't take our word for it. Check out these testimonials from satisfied FakeTestimonials.com customers!



Still the world's most portable and powerful development platform.

"Error 404

404 Not Found

The Web server cannot find the file or script you asked for. Please check the URL to ensure that the path is correct.

Please contact the server's administrator if this problem persists."

- *First Last*

"I am frog. Yes. Okay, thank yu."

- *AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA*

"I do not endorse this product. I have not used this product. I have never heard of this product. I do not even know what this product is supposed to do. I hate it!"

- *President of the United States Bara*

"Google

www.google.com/

Google

Search the world's information, including webpages, images, videos and more. Google has many special features to help you find exactly what you're looking ..."

- *Brandy LaCoiffe, star of 1990s softcore pornography movies such as:*

- *Private Encounters*
- *Smooth Whisperings*
- *Milk Bath USA*

- *Breathy Affairs*
- *Erotic Sensations*
- *Forbidden Leggings*
- *Tingly Confessions*
- *Lady Prison Carwash*
- *Silky Heavings*
- *Bodyscape: A Virtual Reality Love Story for the Digital Age*
- *Moist Shudderings*
- *Casual Liasons*
- *Supple Touchings*
- *Night Squirmings*
- *Caress of the Ghost Librarian*
- *Tender Lacings*
- *Sensual Tinglings*
- *Hard Rubbings*

As well as two non-pornographic straight-to-basic-cable movie sequels:

- *A Confederacy of Dunstons Checks In*
- *Scared Straight 2: 2 Scared 2 Straight*

"best potato peeler i have bought in years and i buy one every couple of weeks it almost makes me want to go back to eating potatoes again"

- *Random String*

"This is going to be the return of the Sonic that we all know and love. I just know it. Sonic Boom has all the makings of a modern classic character platformer... with an attitude! All the people saying negative things like 'it could be good or bad, we should wait' are wrong and not true gamers and they are traitors to the community. It takes courage to be an optimist in the name of thoughtfulness and honor. We need to rise above hate. It's a video game, relax and don't pick everything apart. Games are for fun. If you criticize something you're thinking too much. Hey does anyone know how to dilute gravy without harming the CRT screen?"

- *Adam Scott, co-host of U Talkin' U2 To Me?*

"Welcome to the Online NewtonScript Tutorial For Absolute Beginners. Against all logic, we are going to go skip past our introduction to programming as a concept

and go directly to the chapter called Getting Your NewtonScript To Store And Print Relevant Text From Then Internet. Pay careful attention or things could get bumpy!"

- *John Q. Cardholder*

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.21 I Would Rather Die Than See a Premature Holiday Display at a Store

Monday, Aug 25, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I'm brassed off about these holiday displays creeping into August. Really peeved. I cannot believe these stores aren't even waiting for summer to end before putting out their holiday displays. What kind of world do we live in? A sick, sad world is the answer.

Prime Offenders

- At Target store there was already a skeleton loose. No leashes, no cage, they just put a skeleton loose in their store. It was taking all the bikes down from the racks and wearing three helmets at once. I saw it try out a skateboard. It might have been a teenager skeleton.

Are you kidding me?

- The Christmas cowboy was up at the muffler shop. I asked them if it was really appropriate to put up Christmas cowboy before Thanksgiving and they asked me to leave and also put on a shirt to cover up my pornographic gang tattoos. I will never bring them my muffler.

- At Popeye's Fried Chicken they did a Halloween song to a customer. The one about the goat. I told them that my cousin is a soldier in Iraq and he doesn't deserve to come home to this. They also asked me to put a shirt on so I threw my muffler behind the counter and told them that I prefer my biscuits from Cheddar Bay.
- Red Lobster celebrates Lobster Days at this time of year. It's calendar appropriate but I oppose the veneration of crustaceans. They don't need to be getting any ideas.
- Dave from Batteries Plus had no problem saying "happy holidays" to someone buying a lantern battery. That someone happened to be yours truly and I told Dave, if that is even really his name, that I don't own a lantern. And I don't have money to pay for a battery. Two can play at this game of deception. Your move, "Dave."

Lesser Offenders

- Spotted a bowl of Halloween candies at the receptionist for my therapist. I waited until the receptionist left her desk and I used my cane to push the bowl of candy into the garbage. When one of the other patients ratted me out behind my back I asked to speak to my therapist and then threatened suicide if they put the candy back on the counter. She agreed we would revisit the candy issue. Small victories.

They put this up ALREADY?

- At Brooker Middle School they were holding a science fair and I mistook several dioramas for Nativity Scenes. I was told to leave after smashing the dioramas even though I was originally asked to participate as a judge alternate for the science fair and I don't know what smashing is if not a form of judging. Jesus could have been born in a volcano.
- They are selling apple cider at the Kroger's. Not technically a holiday item and also I like apple cider so I bought some. Still, I'm onto you, Kroger's. Bring out those pumpkins before late September and I swear on my own grave that I will use all of my counterfeit WIC coupons to buy infant cereal elsewhere.

Good Holiday Citizens

- I went to the Farm & Fleet store to buy a wheelbarrow for my obese cat and I saw they had a ghost cutout tacked up by the feed bags. I cried about my mother's death until they took it

down and made them say a prayer with me and promise never to put a ghost cutout back up until October.

- I was asked to leave a TGI Fridays but it was for not wearing my shirt again and they did not have any decorations up related to holidays.

Those last two aren't so bad, but I am frankly disgusted by some of these stores and I am thinking about forming a boycott although I already refuse to use currency and make all my purchases by bartering with my white magic spells. I will remove a curse from any pet except tarantulas and I can put a ward on your bed to protect you from Rosacea. I will use my magic to give you good dreams if you give me a ride to therapy on Tuesdays.
Thank you for reading. Arlene, if you post Spoopy on my Facebooks again I am going to block you.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.22 SkyMall Product Review: Bark Deterring Ultrasonic Collar

Wednesday, Aug 27, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> This is the patented collar that uses ultrasonic sound to humanely restore peace and quiet for those vexed by a dog's nuisance barking. When a dog barks while wearing this collar, a built-in microphone detects the sound, causing the unit to emit a harmless high-pitched tone -- inaudible to humans -- that startles the animal into silence.

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By SmallDogLover from Tuscaloosa, AL

DO NOT USE ON DOGS BELOW 8 POUNDS. We put it on our tiny little delicate joke of a dog, so gentle that a moth could bruise its precious skin. The high-pitched tone that followed its ceaseless yapping caused its fragile head to explode all over my lap. God bless the creature, so pathetic is it, that even the explosion was small and unremarkable. Like a sneeze, only its skull shattered and blood poured out its precious acorn-sized snout.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Wiper from Minot, ND

Cons: Does not provide any stimulation to the genitals, so don't bother. Another product that ignores the needs of the sex-positive community. HELLO, WE SHOP FROM HIGH-ALTITUDE CATALOGS, TOO.

Pros: Dogs no longer viciously bite my genitals??? Guess that's an "improvement."

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By LonelySkies from Gallup, NM

Pros: emits a high pitched sound that only the dogs can hear.

Cons: the dog loves the sound and bark constantly to trigger it.

For reference my dog is a rescue dog that I got after my third husband was killed in a small airplane crash (he crashed his car into a small airplane while driving down the runway). I thought for sure Stuart was the one, especially after it took me ten years to learn to love again following the death of Ron, who died in a mine collapse. They said it was a suicide. I have lived alone for the past 4

years and I am terminally ill suffering from chronic pain that causes me to swear uncontrollably all day, and also black out. I'm sleeping on a breathing machine but not right now because I'm writing this. I love the show Everybody Loves Raymond and hate the Big Band Theory because I'm not interested in jokes about a computer. I am thankful every day for the gift of life and have had a great one. God bless.

Age: 56-60

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By QuietDown from Loveland, CO

Did not work on my awful yapping dogs, so I put them and the collar in a box and shipped 'em to my ex-wife. May she forever be hounded-- no puns intended here-- by these useless creatures.

I miss you so much, Sylvia. Please take me back. I'm not the same man I am before and the hair problem is under control.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Canada4Life from Brownsville, TX

My dog can't hear it, but I can. I scream every time and it gets him excited to bark even more. I'm rolling on the floor in my own filth and he won't stop barking.

I can't tell you how happy I am to finally find the right product.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By FullTimeWiccan from Grand Island, NE

Doesn't work on my husband, even though he's a dog.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By HoarbFamily from Brainerd, MN

Works great on my child, who hasn't barked at all for as long as she's worn the apparatus. When she turns three, we will remove it for a trial period.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★★★☆

By Darrell Crispus from Juneau, AK

I have been annoyed my dogs my whole life. Now I wear one of these like a wristwatch and walk around with total impunity. No dog can bark at me without immediately being startled. I've never felt so alive... or powerful.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Shirley from Springfield, MO

help

years ago i installed the excite toolbar and it broke my netscape navigator. now i can't search and i can only keep moving forward, always forward, one link at a time, hoping to find my way back to my home page. i landed on this page because it was the only way forward. i do know what this collar is but since i don't have one and it's not fixing my internet problems i am giving it a big fat zero. also i don't like dogs because many of them are pitbulls that are trained to attack children. if anybody knows how to remove the broken excite toolbar from my netscape navigator please email me at shirleyshandmadediapers@hotmail.com so i can read your message but it may be many years yet before i make it back to that site so please be patient.

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By CROATOAN from Redding, CA

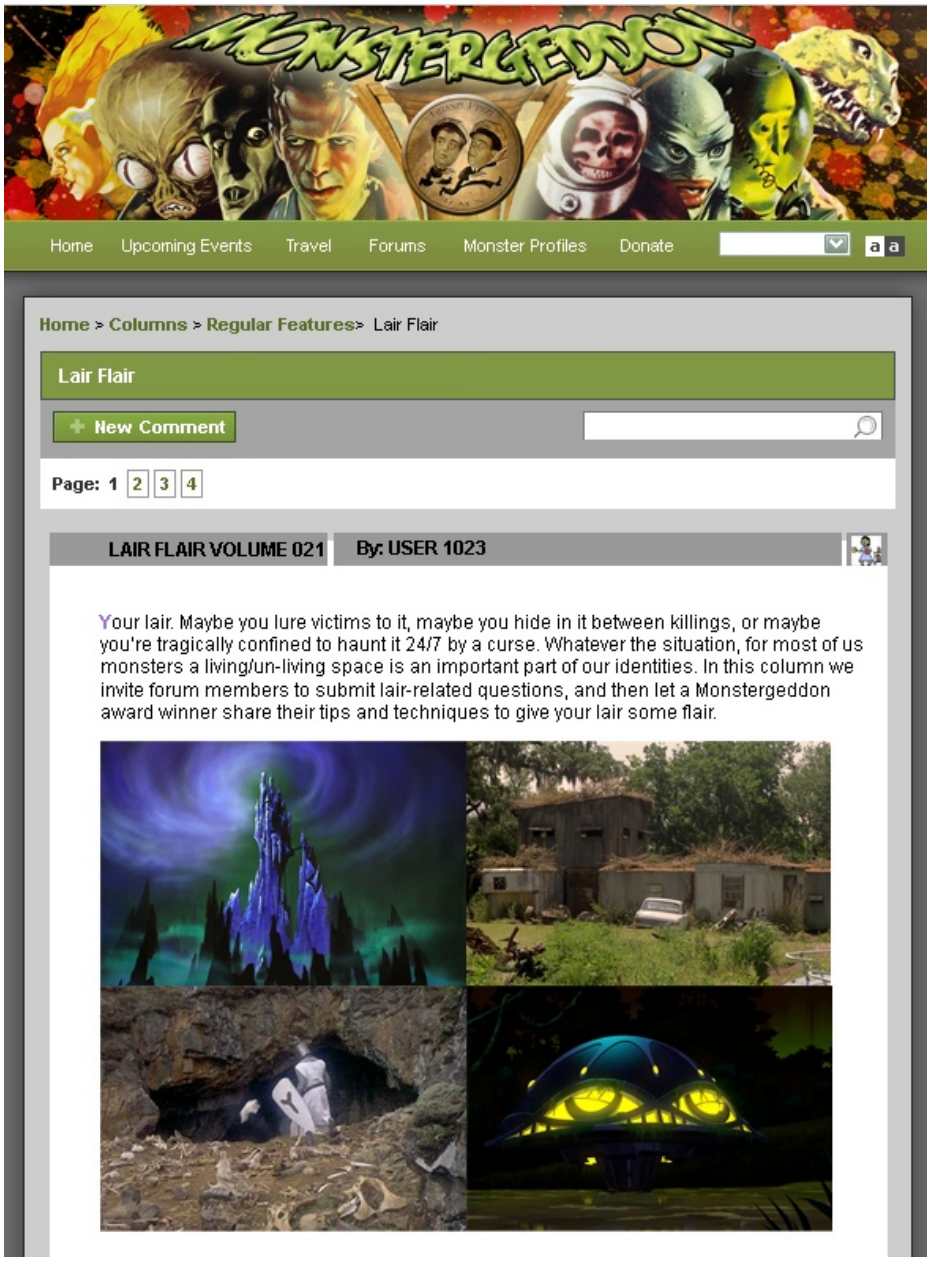
NOT GOOD ENOUGH. He is still thinking about the barks, even if he isn't saying them out loud. I need a device that can silence his thoughts, and this is not it. He is getting away with it, and it is driving me insane. I need a stronger model.

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.23 Lair Flair!

Thursday, Aug 28, 2014 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Monstergeddon series.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Lair Flair
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LAIR FLAIR VOLUME 021
By: USER 1023
Your lair. Maybe you lure victims to it, maybe you hide in it between killings, or maybe you're tragically confined to haunt it 24/7 by a curse. Whatever the situation, for most of us monsters a living/un-living space is an important part of our identities. In this column we invite forum members to submit lair-related questions, and then let a Monstergeddon award winner share their tips and techniques to give your lair some flair.

This month our guest columnist is Prax, a Downworlder from the subterranean colony of Gruu, which resides beneath the surface of the human city of Los Angeles. Our question comes from Flesheater (who says his true name cannot be rendered in Earthly letters), who asks:

Dear Lair Flair,

No humans come to my shrine anymore. After some drunk teenagers accidentally conjured me to this realm while partying, I had a good run for a couple years of other drunk teenagers coming by to see if the ghost stories were true. But I guess after you kill enough of them, humans stop being so curious. It may be time for a change. I still feel new to this world, so I am not sure what I should be looking for in a new lair.

- Flesheater

Dear Flesheater,

Kra! I stand for Downworlders!

For you new lair, it important that you find good downground location with many long tunnels and big area for feast room. Feast room be center around which whole clan gather. Two roles it has: 1) it need mirror clan's tastes while also b) need to welcome dumb Upworlders who stray by to be captured. It not easy to find style where everybody feel comfortable and Upworlders not immediately realize there hundreds of Downworlders waiting to bash in their heads. Plus you want be close enough to surface that delicious cats stray by for eating.

Now, you be tempted to pick area with direct access to sewer water, for that bring human sewer workmen. But that mistake for it will get many sewergators. Yorcrolo the biggest albino sewergater has developed taste for Downworlder. Much danger. She no longer appeased by sacrifices. Recommend finding abandon subway section. Also get workers and much fewer sewergator.

A second important choose is style of throne room for great Lord Hrkro. Do it be modern, classic, or ethnic? Or maybe fusion of several style?

Hope that answer question good.

- Prax

-COMMENTS- **Page: 1** 2

Flesheater
ZOMBOR!
Kelly ZOMBOR!

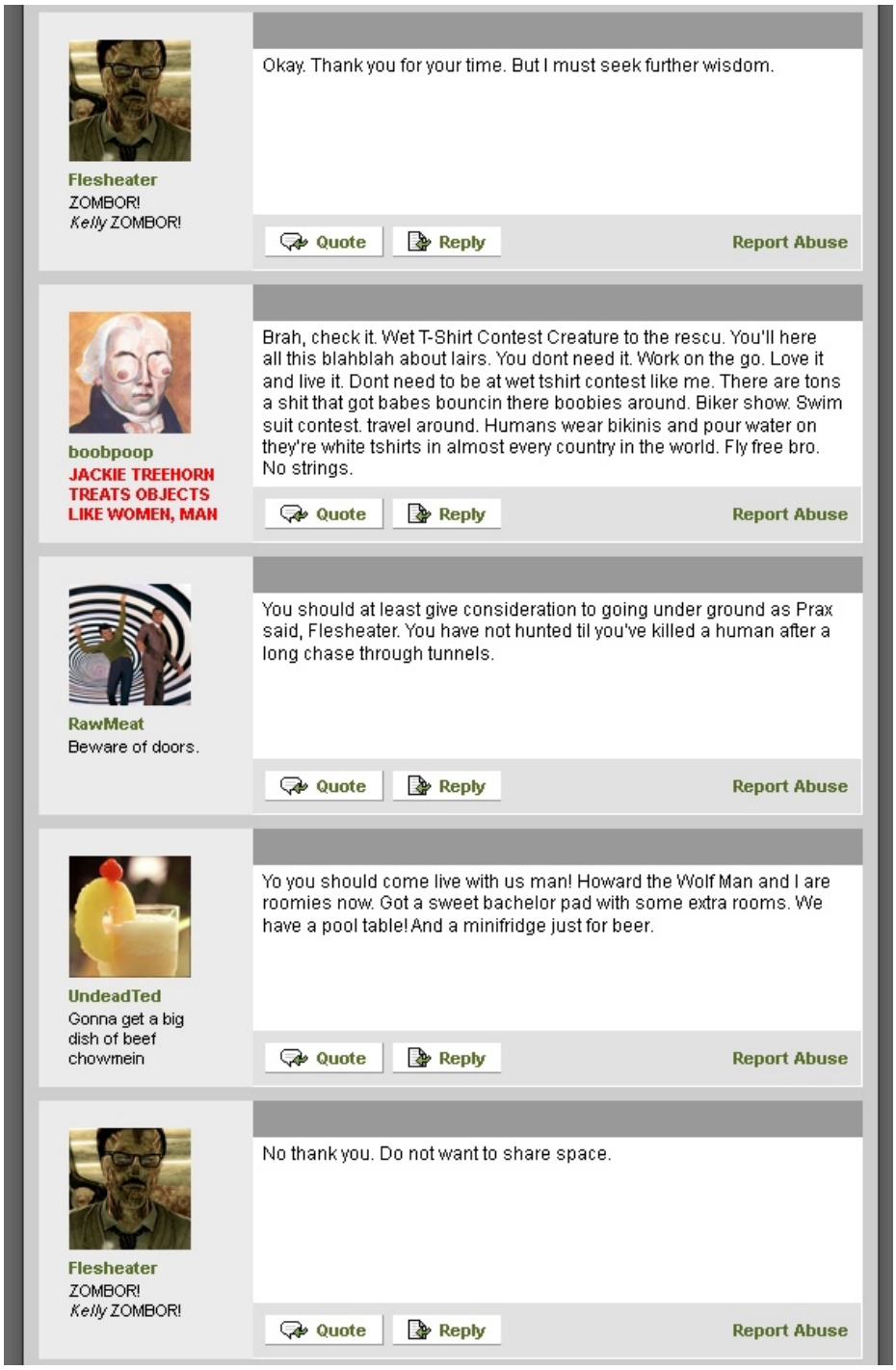
Hi. Sorry that did not satisfy my question. I am confused. Do you think me sewer denizen too? For I am not. I live a great distance from Los Angeles. Why would I have a throne room for this Lord Hrkro you talk of?

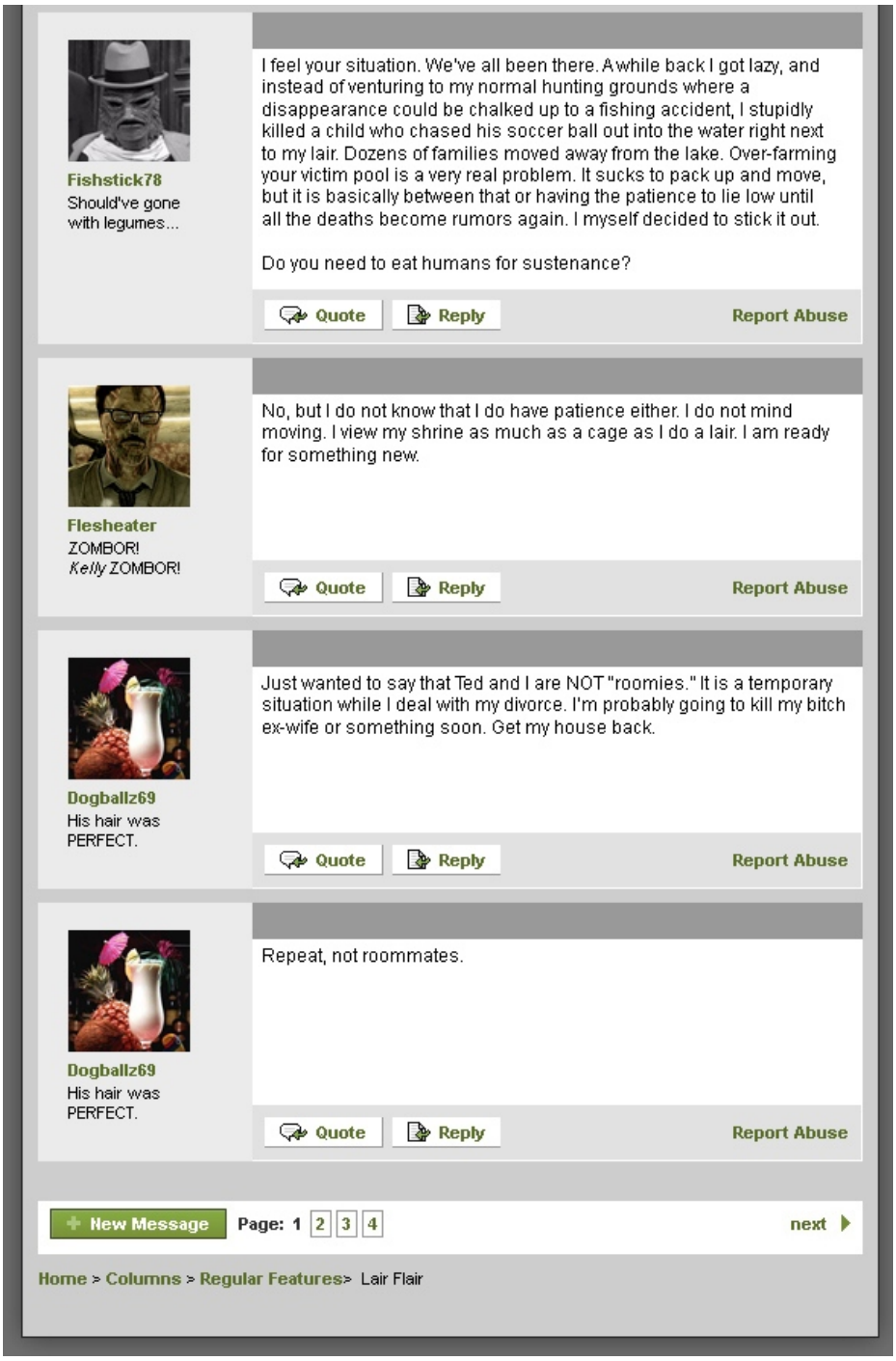
Quote Reply Report Abuse

User 1023

If you think you can figure out Ouch Touch the human eeleckrical box without wisdom of Lord HrKro you skull plate is thicker than your sternal plate! Ha!

Quote Reply Report Abuse


Okay. Thank you for your time. But I must seek further wisdom.
Flesheater
ZOMBOR!
Kelly ZOMBOR!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Brah, check it. Wet T-Shirt Contest Creature to the rescu. You'll here all this blahblah about lairs. You dont need it. Work on the go. Love it and live it. Dont need to be at wet tshirt contest like me. There are tons a shit that got babes bouncin there boobies around. Biker show. Swim suit contest. travel around. Humans wear bikinis and pour water on they're white tshirts in almost every country in the world. Fly free bro. No strings.
boobpoop
JACKIE TREEHORN TREATS OBJECTS LIKE WOMEN, MAN
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
You should at least give consideration to going under ground as Prax said, Flesheater. You have not hunted til you've killed a human after a long chase through tunnels.
RawMeat
Beware of doors.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Yo you should come live with us man! Howard the Wolf Man and I are roomies now. Got a sweet bachelor pad with some extra rooms. We have a pool table! And a minifridge just for beer.
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
No thank you. Do not want to share space.
Flesheater
ZOMBOR!
Kelly ZOMBOR!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



Fishstick78
Should've gone with legumes...

I feel your situation. We've all been there. A while back I got lazy, and instead of venturing to my normal hunting grounds where a disappearance could be chalked up to a fishing accident, I stupidly killed a child who chased his soccer ball out into the water right next to my lair. Dozens of families moved away from the lake. Over-farming your victim pool is a very real problem. It sucks to pack up and move, but it is basically between that or having the patience to lie low until all the deaths become rumors again. I myself decided to stick it out.

Do you need to eat humans for sustenance?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Flesheater
ZOMBOR!
Kelly ZOMBOR!

No, but I do not know that I do have patience either. I do not mind moving. I view my shrine as much as a cage as I do a lair. I am ready for something new.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Just wanted to say that Ted and I are NOT "roomies." It is a temporary situation while I deal with my divorce. I'm probably going to kill my bitch ex-wife or something soon. Get my house back.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Repeat, not roommates.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

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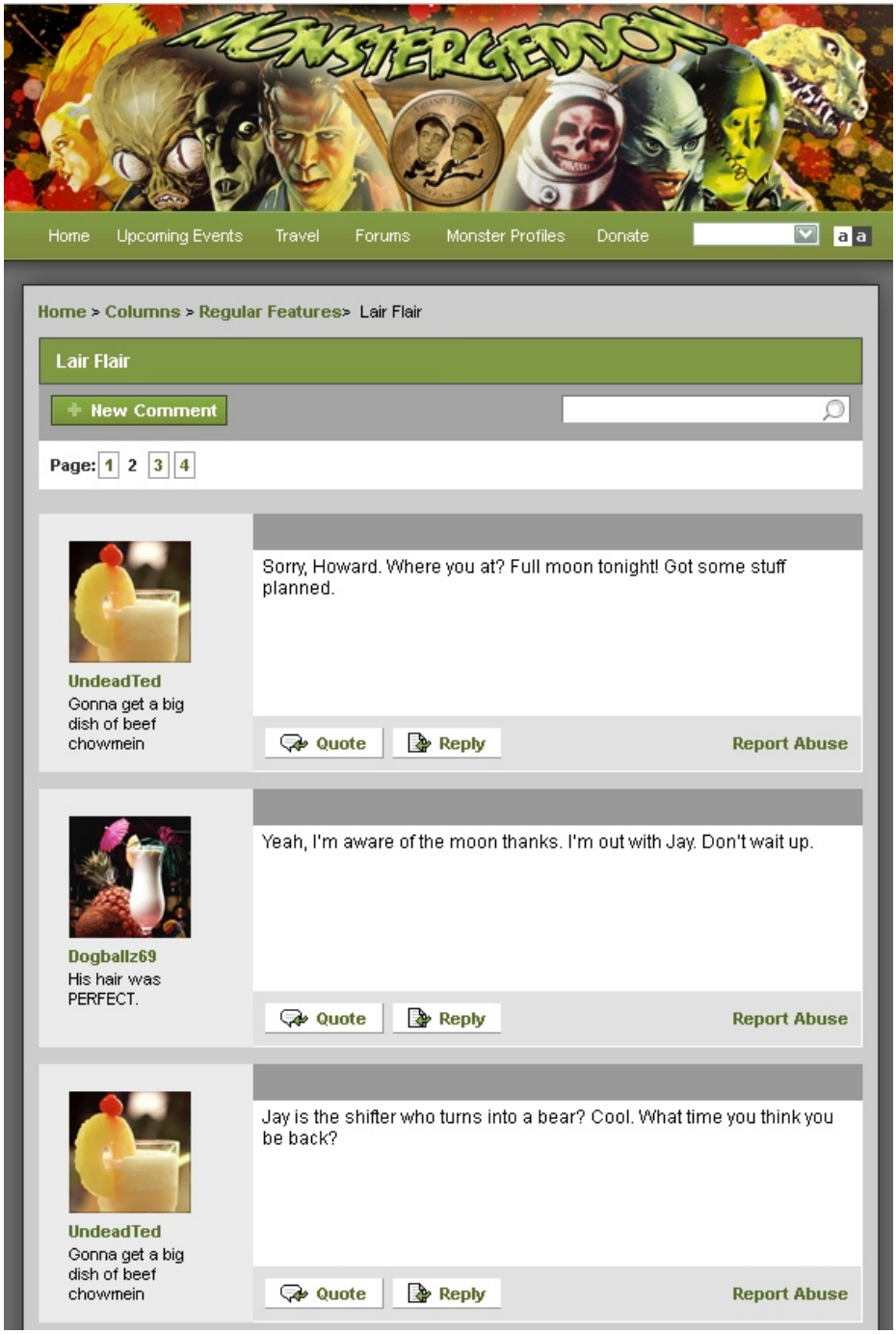
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New Comment
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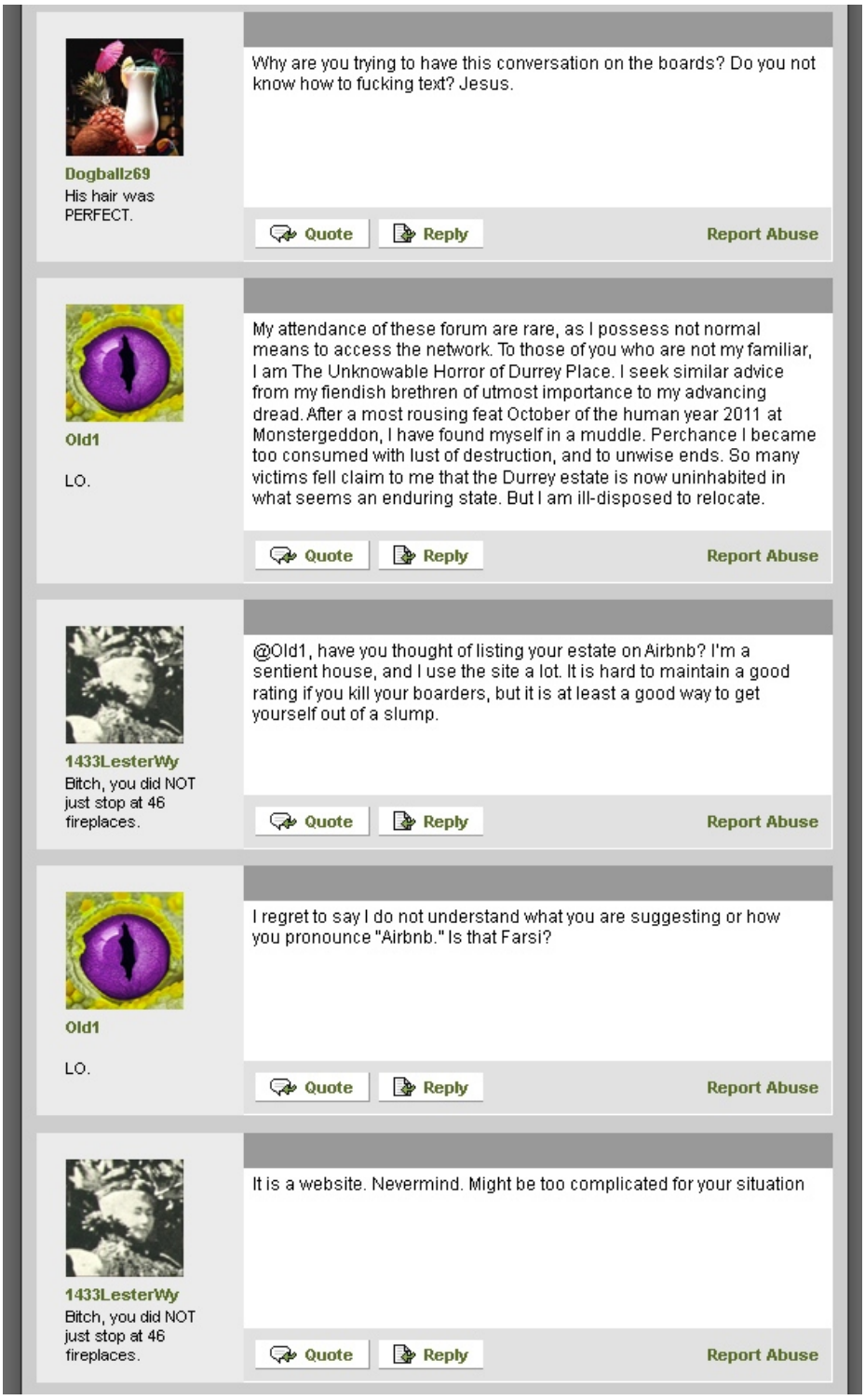
Sorry, Howard. Where you at? Full moon tonight! Got some stuff planned.
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Yeah, I'm aware of the moon thanks. I'm out with Jay. Don't wait up.
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Jay is the shifter who turns into a bear? Cool. What time you think you be back?
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Why are you trying to have this conversation on the boards? Do you not know how to fucking text? Jesus.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Old1

LO.

My attendance of these forum are rare, as I possess not normal means to access the network. To those of you who are not my familiar, I am The Unknowable Horror of Durrey Place. I seek similar advice from my fiendish brethren of utmost importance to my advancing dread. After a most rousing feat October of the human year 2011 at Monstergeddon, I have found myself in a muddle. Perchance I became too consumed with lust of destruction, and to unwise ends. So many victims fell claim to me that the Durrey estate is now uninhabited in what seems an enduring state. But I am ill-disposed to relocate.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

1433LesterWy
Bitch, you did NOT just stop at 46 fireplaces.

@Old1, have you thought of listing your estate on Airbnb? I'm a sentient house, and I use the site a lot. It is hard to maintain a good rating if you kill your boarders, but it is at least a good way to get yourself out of a slump.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Old1

LO.

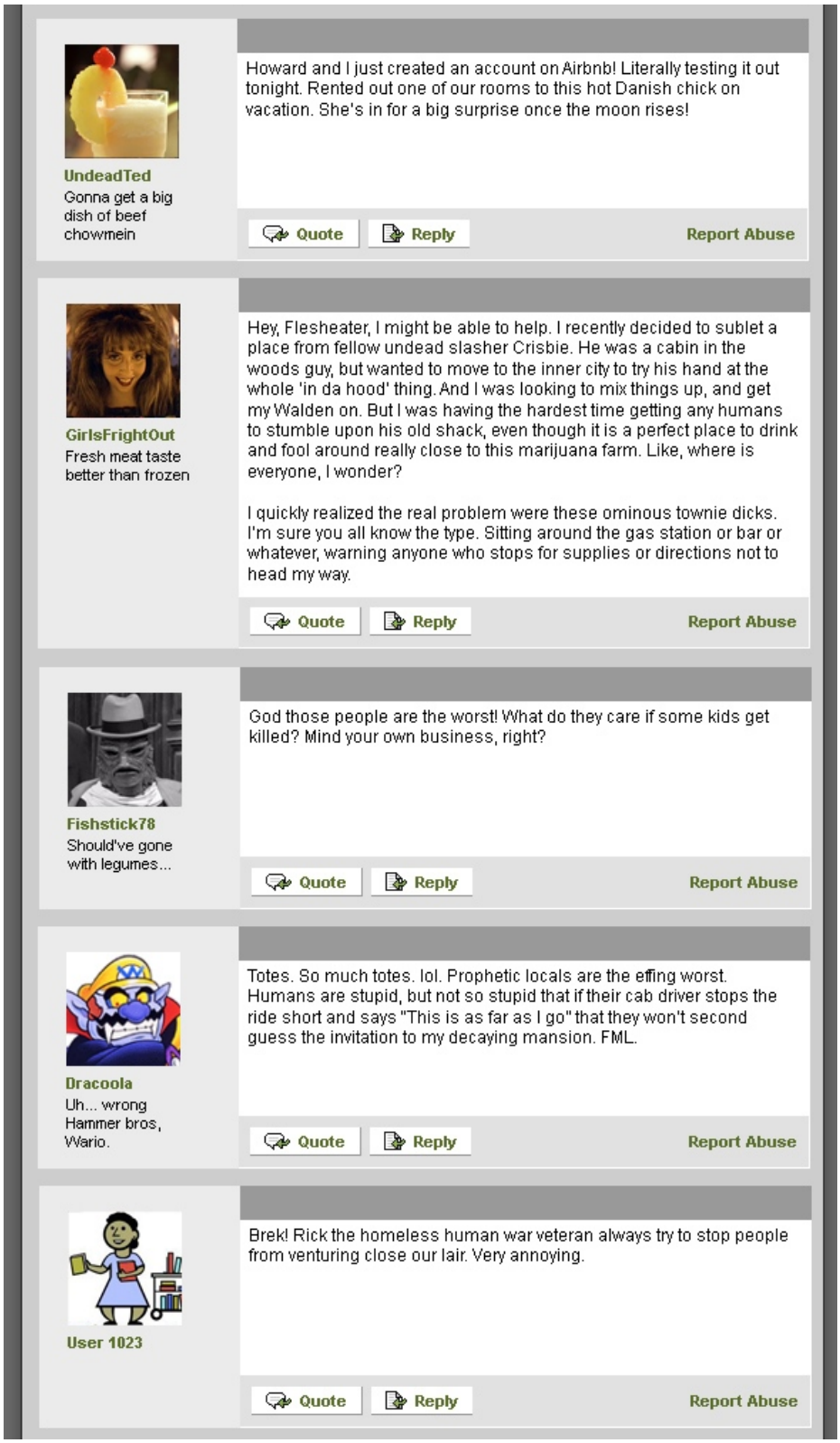
I regret to say I do not understand what you are suggesting or how you pronounce "Airbnb." Is that Farsi?

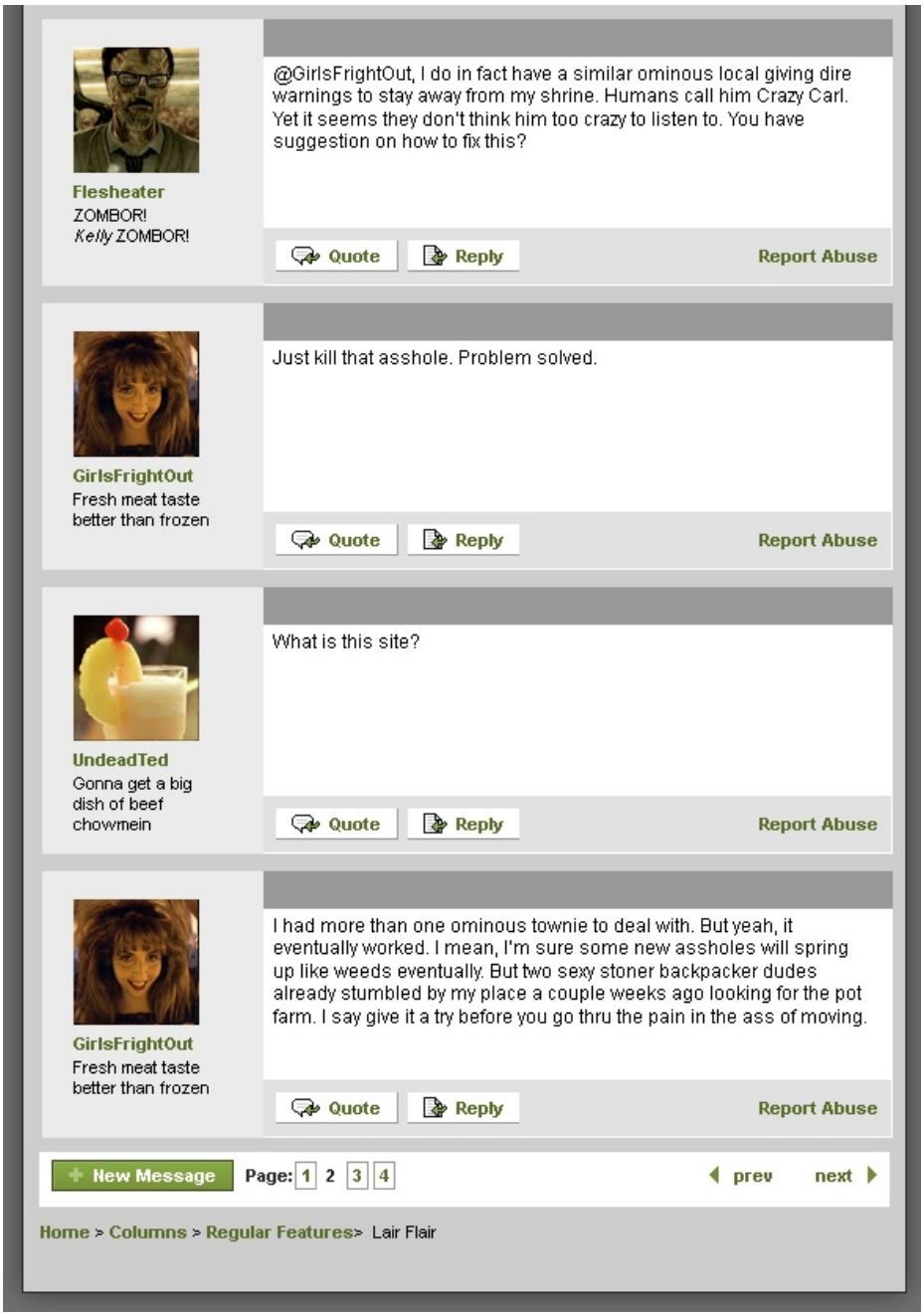
Quote Reply Report Abuse

1433LesterWy
Bitch, you did NOT just stop at 46 fireplaces.

It is a website. Nevermind. Might be too complicated for your situation

Quote Reply Report Abuse


UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
Howard and I just created an account on Airbnb! Literally testing it out tonight. Rented out one of our rooms to this hot Danish chick on vacation. She's in for a big surprise once the moon rises!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen
Hey, Flesheater, I might be able to help. I recently decided to sublet a place from fellow undead slasher Crisbie. He was a cabin in the woods guy, but wanted to move to the inner city to try his hand at the whole 'in da hood' thing. And I was looking to mix things up, and get my Walden on. But I was having the hardest time getting any humans to stumble upon his old shack, even though it is a perfect place to drink and fool around really close to this marijuana farm. Like, where is everyone, I wonder?
I quickly realized the real problem were these ominous townie dicks. I'm sure you all know the type. Sitting around the gas station or bar or whatever, warning anyone who stops for supplies or directions not to head my way.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Fishstick78
Should've gone with legumes...
God those people are the worst! What do they care if some kids get killed? Mind your own business, right?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dracoola
Uh... wrong Hammer bros, Wario.
Totes. So much totes. lol. Prophetic locals are the effing worst. Humans are stupid, but not so stupid that if their cab driver stops the ride short and says "This is as far as I go" that they won't second guess the invitation to my decaying mansion. FML.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
User 1023
Brek! Rick the homeless human war veteran always try to stop people from venturing close our lair. Very annoying.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



Flesheater
ZOMBOR!
Kelly ZOMBOR!

@GirlsFrightOut, I do in fact have a similar ominous local giving dire warnings to stay away from my shrine. Humans call him Crazy Carl. Yet it seems they don't think him too crazy to listen to. You have suggestion on how to fix this?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen

Just kill that asshole. Problem solved.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein

What is this site?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen

I had more than one ominous townie to deal with. But yeah, it eventually worked. I mean, I'm sure some new assholes will spring up like weeds eventually. But two sexy stoner backpacker dudes already stumbled by my place a couple weeks ago looking for the pot farm. I say give it a try before you go thru the pain in the ass of moving.

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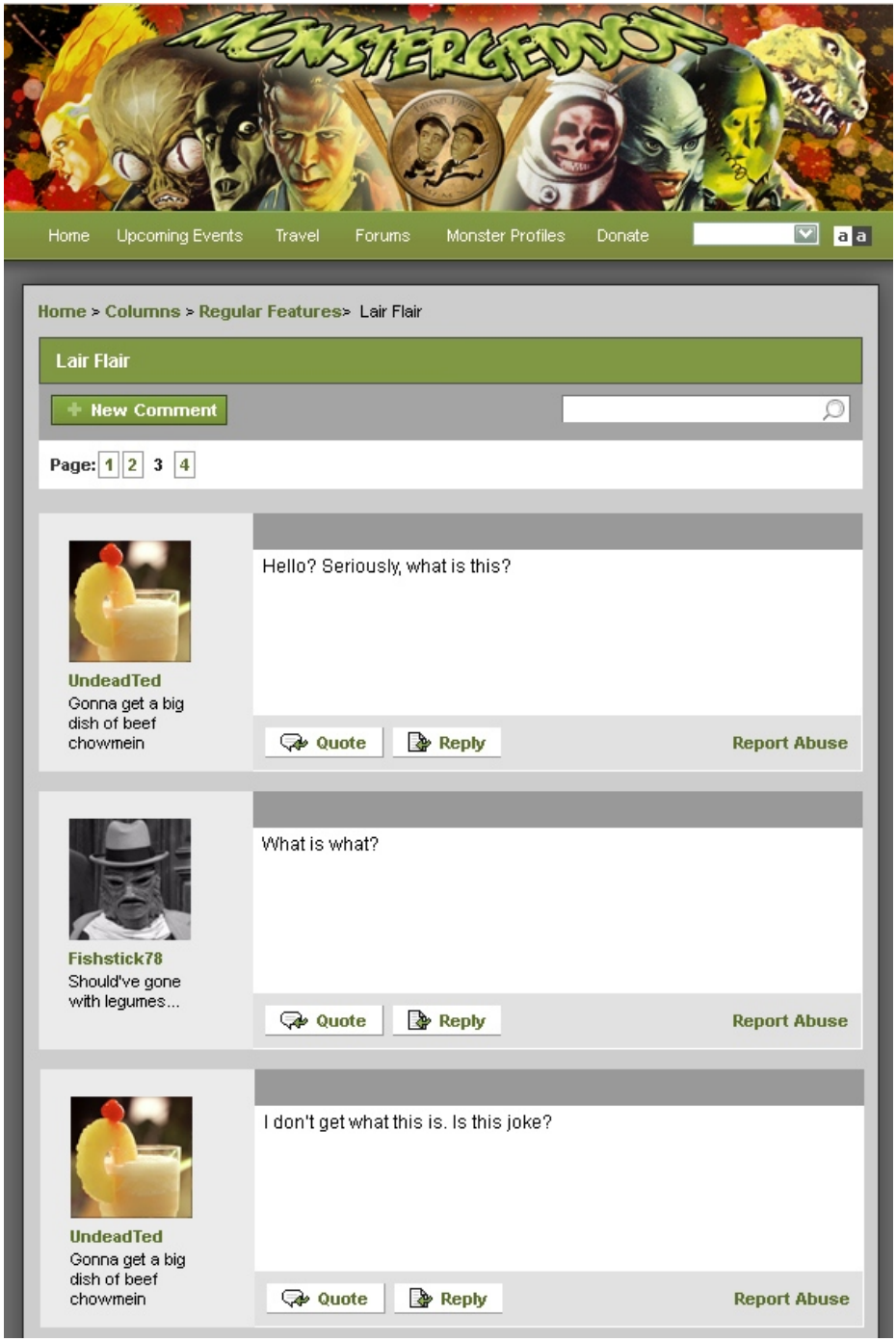
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Lair Flair
New Comment
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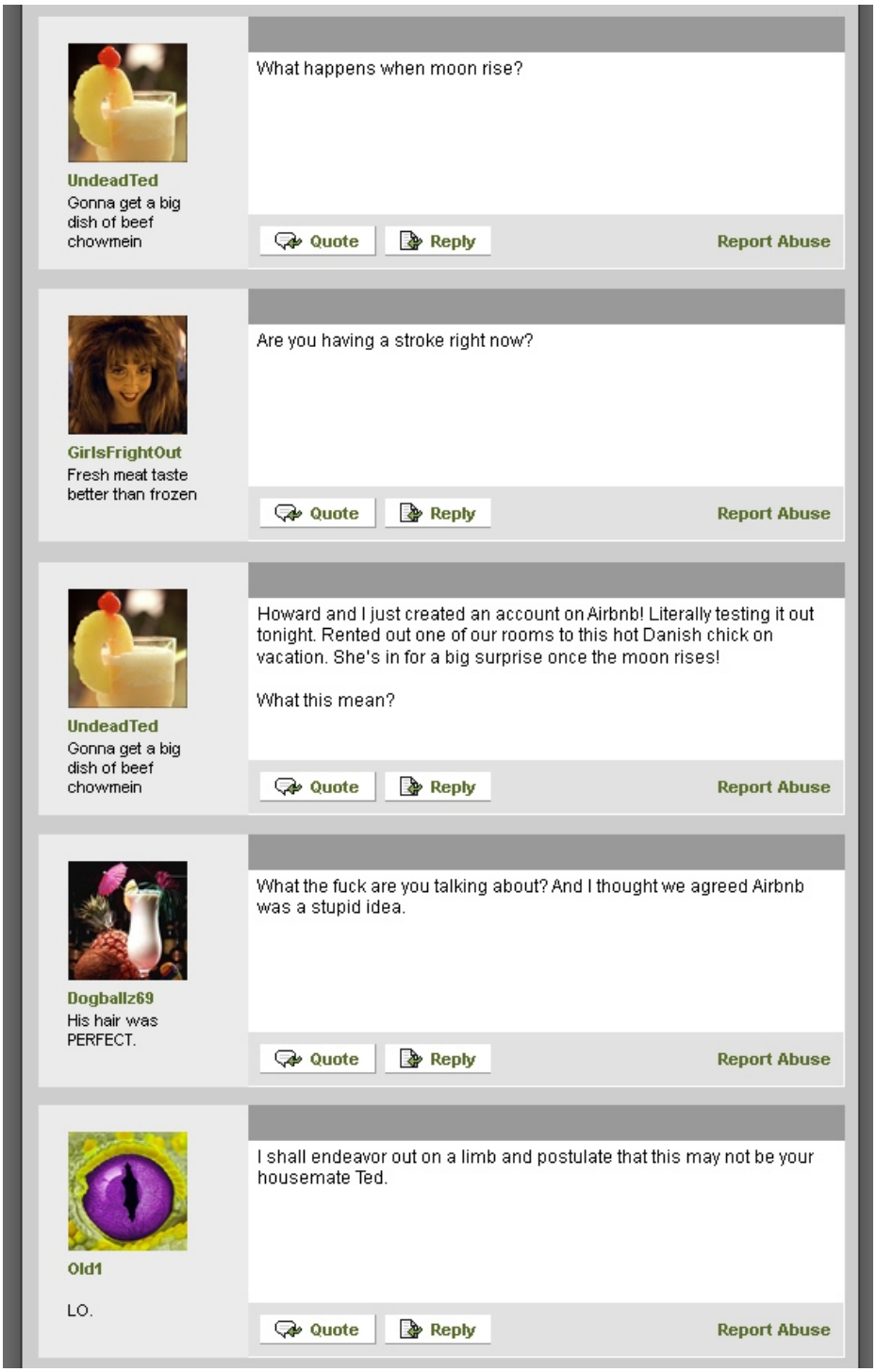
Hello? Seriously, what is this?
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
What is what?
Fishstick78
Should've gone with legumes...
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
I don't get what this is. Is this joke?
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein

What happens when moon rise?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen

Are you having a stroke right now?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein

Howard and I just created an account on Airbnb! Literally testing it out tonight. Rented out one of our rooms to this hot Danish chick on vacation. She's in for a big surprise once the moon rises!

What this mean?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

What the fuck are you talking about? And I thought we agreed Airbnb was a stupid idea.

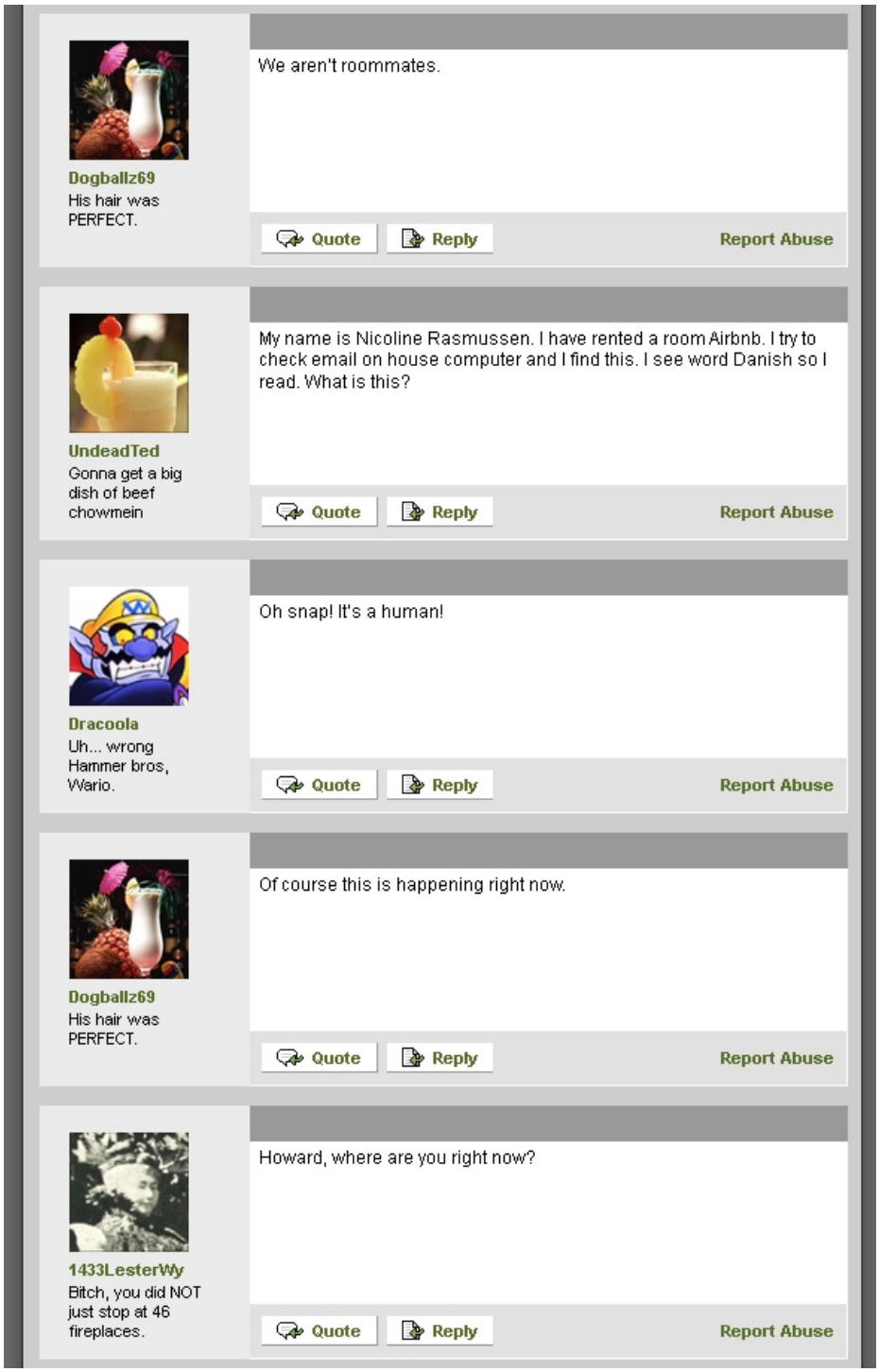
Quote Reply Report Abuse

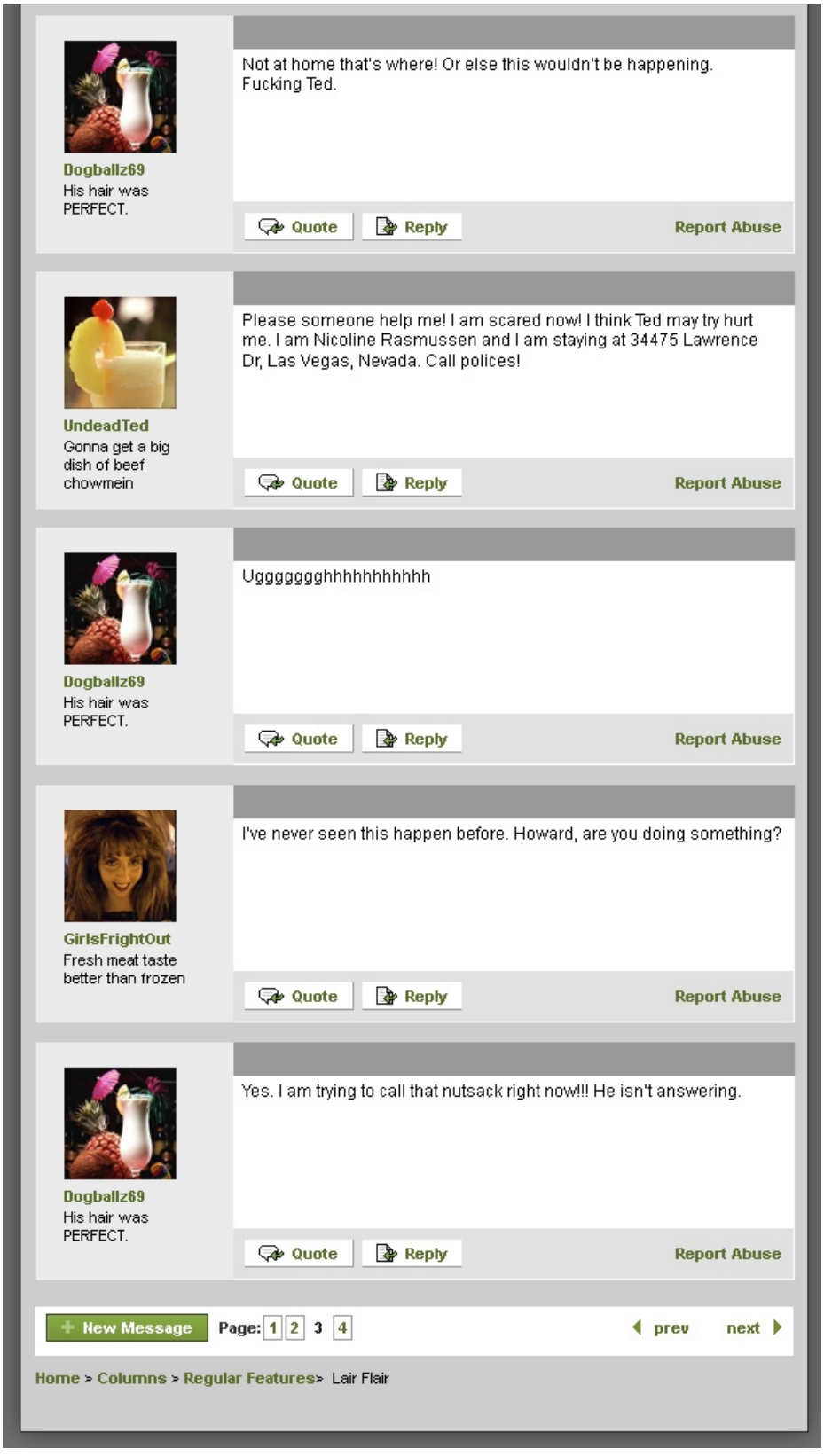
Old1

LO.

I shall endeavor out on a limb and postulate that this may not be your housemate Ted.

Quote Reply Report Abuse


We aren't roommates.
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
My name is Nicoline Rasmussen. I have rented a room Airbnb. I try to check email on house computer and I find this. I see word Danish so I read. What is this?
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Oh snap! It's a human!
Dracoola
Uh... wrong Hammer bros, Wario.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Of course this is happening right now.
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Howard, where are you right now?
1433LesterWy
Bitch, you did NOT just stop at 46 fireplaces.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Not at home that's where! Or else this wouldn't be happening. Fucking Ted.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein

Please someone help me! I am scared now! I think Ted may try hurt me. I am Nicoline Rasmussen and I am staying at 34475 Lawrence Dr, Las Vegas, Nevada. Call polices!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Ugggggggghhhhhhhhhh

Quote Reply Report Abuse

GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen

I've never seen this happen before. Howard, are you doing something?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Yes. I am trying to call that nutsack right now!!! He isn't answering.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

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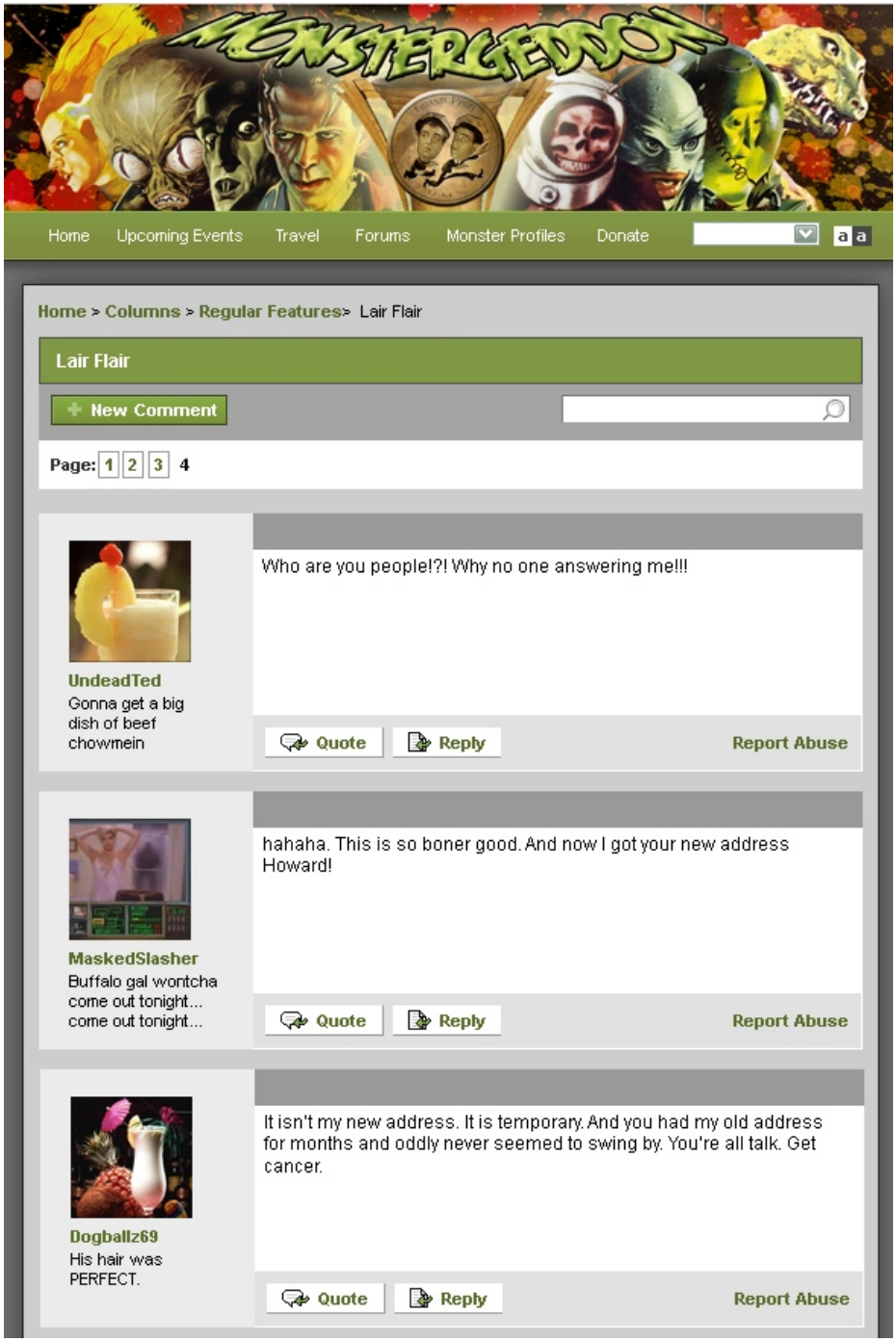
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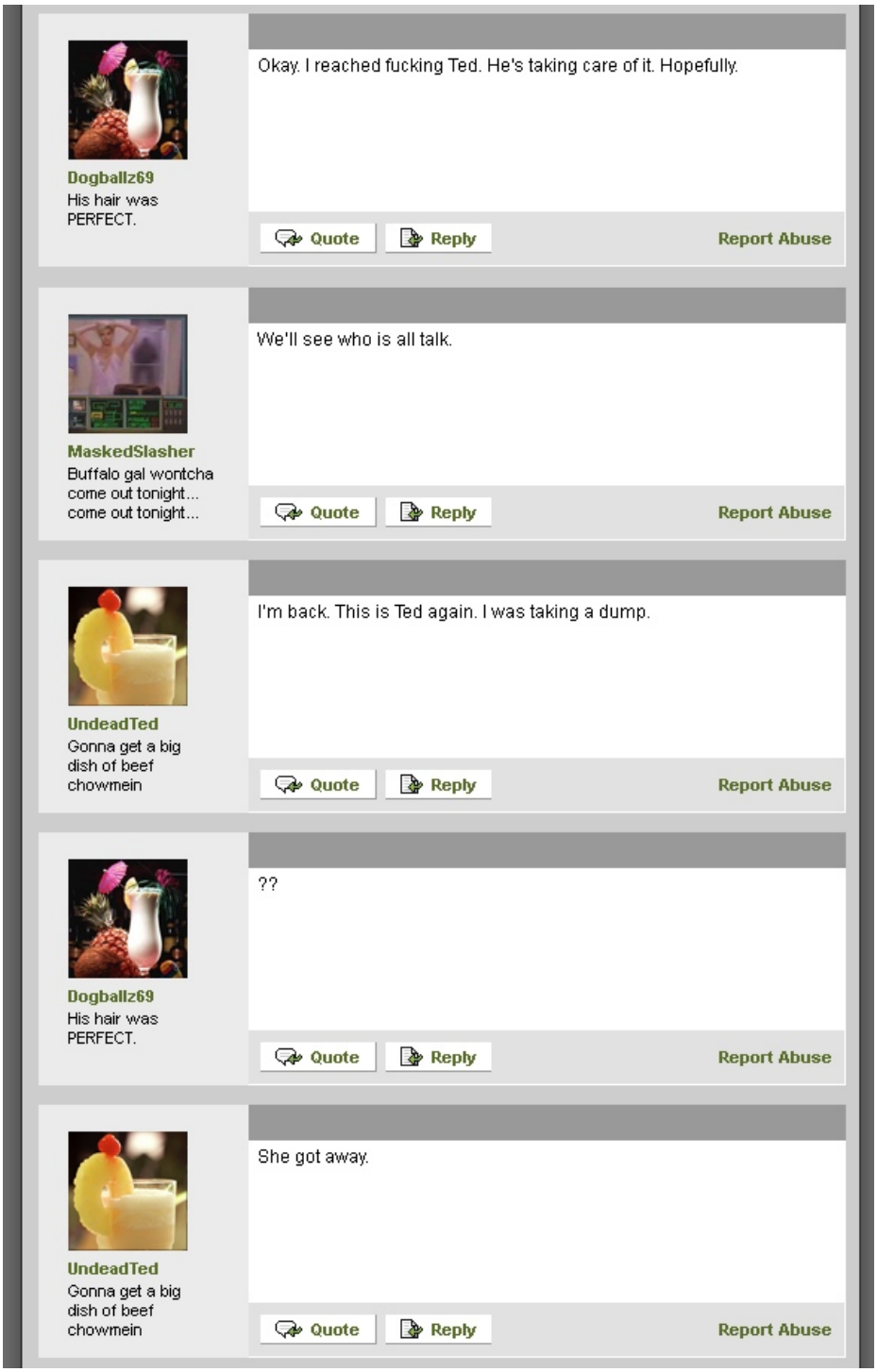
Lair Flair
New Comment
Page: 1 2 3 4
Who are you people!?! Why no one answering me!!!
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
hahaha. This is so boner good. And now I got your new address Howard!
MaskedSlasher
Buffalo gal wontcha come out tonight... come out tonight...
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
It isn't my new address. It is temporary. And you had my old address for months and oddly never seemed to swing by. You're all talk. Get cancer.
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



Okay. I reached fucking Ted. He's taking care of it. Hopefully.

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

We'll see who is all talk.

MaskedSlasher
Buffalo gal wontcha come out tonight... come out tonight...

Quote Reply Report Abuse

I'm back. This is Ted again. I was taking a dump.

UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein

Quote Reply Report Abuse

??

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

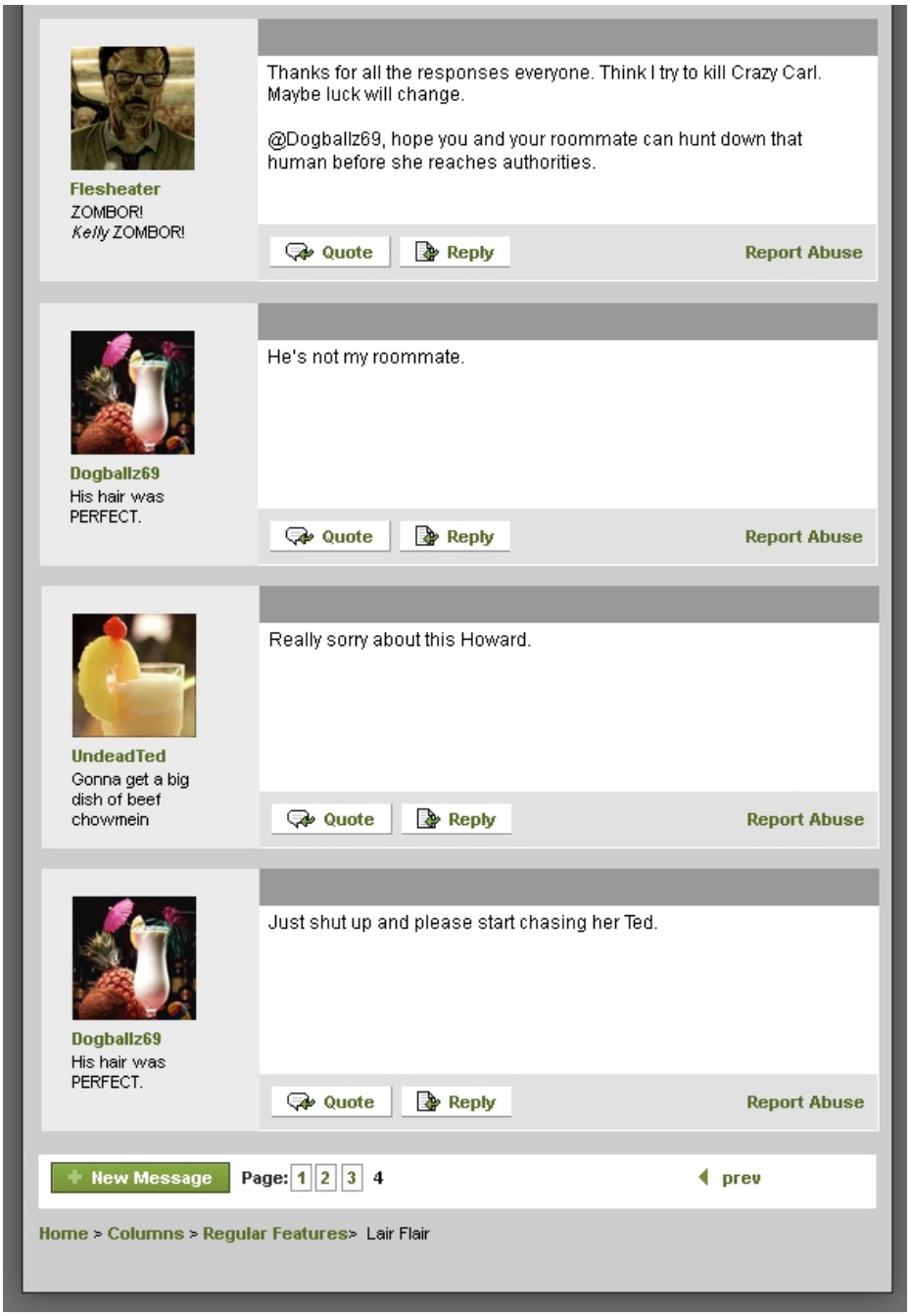
Quote Reply Report Abuse

She got away.

UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
??????????????????
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
The moon hasn't risen yet! I'm not like a real murderer. I tried to grab her but she's real strong. She kicked me in the junk and ran away. My junk hurtss. What do I do now?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Pack a suitcase and run, genius. My name isn't on the lease, right?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
I added you to the contact sheet just in case you ever needed to talk to the landlord about anything. Should I not have done that?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
I'm going to kill you Ted.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



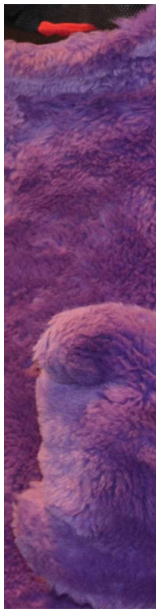
Thanks to "Groggery Gibbonman" author/artist ***Ian Helm*** *for the page designs. New Grog soon!*

–∼Worm Miller

8.24 We Are Ready to Announce That Grimace is Human

Friday, Aug 29, 2014 by McDonald's (@sexyfacts4u)

We didn't want you to find out this way, but after the Hello Kitty announcement journalists are prying into the background of every lovable fictional character. We tried to keep the truth from you because we knew you would not understand.



Grimace is human.

We don't know his name or much about his background, but when he came to McDonald's in the early 15th Century he was a man just like any other. We know from Jesuit records that he liked hamburgers a great deal and was particularly fond of milkshakes.

Somewhere, over the centuries, Grimace changed and became something much more that most humans. The physical changes happened early on. By the time he was transported to what would become the United States he had quadrupled in size and begun to turn purple. By the early 17th century his speech had regressed to flapping his arms at his handlers.

You have to understand, we have done everything possible to make Grimace comfortable. We want him to continue to enjoy the life he had been accustomed to in the German countryside where he was originally discovered. He has all the hamburgers and milkshakes he can eat, as well as hundreds of pets that have been euthanized by animal shelters every day. So far, we have been able to keep up with his appetites.

We understand that you might be upset we have kept the truth hidden so long. When Shrek was revealed, we originally considered announcing the Grimace truth. Then it turned out that as lifelike as Shrek seemed, he was not actually an ogre, but a computer created chimera fusing the post-human body of an ogre with the effervescent charm of one Michael Meyers.

If you haven't seen much of Grimace lately, it is because we are unable to control him and his emotions have become very unpredictable.

Grimace lives on in a secret facility where he is being studied for various compounds his body

releases. For example, when Grimace is frightened, he releases ink. We think it's ink. It might be cum. It's hard to tell where things are coming out of on his body when he starts flailing around.

It's probably cum. Like everything that he excretes, we include it in our hamburgers.

Although we believed Grimace stopped speaking many years ago, it also seems he may have continued to communicate to us through clicks and squeals like a dolphin, but so high frequency they were inaudible until advanced instruments picked them up. Our best flavor scientists are working on decoding Grimace's proto language. Is it pre-human vocalizing? Is this how our ancestors sounded?

We are hoping to recover the Tablets of McCheese and use them as a Rosetta Stone for unlocking the ancient human language of Grimace. The climate controlled facility where they were being kept was Hamburgled.

By the way, Hamburglar is not human. He's a rat fuck and if you bring him to us dead you will be handsomely rewarded.

–~McDonald's (@sexyfacts4u)

8.25 Goblin Business Weekly

Saturday, Aug 30, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Keep Beatin' Them Big War Drums

by Zabzab

Don't ever stop them drums if you knows what's good fer ya! You know, them drums the big guys is always beatin' on! That's the whole bizness right there! Without them drums bangin' we just a bunch o' slime-covered wossnames standin' around in the mud and the flames, snarlin' and yellin'!

Them drums gives us purpose! They encourages us ta yell everythin' and they make long, sweepin' camera pans through our base all sortsa intimidatin'!

Opinion: I No Want Master to Eat Me

by Snivels

I do good job for Master. Always doin' good job the best. I boss orcs around, keep worg birthing marsh workin' all day long, have infernal forge make many weapons wif extra spikes and wotnot. We got gains across all sectors for three 'secutive quarters.

Master should not eat me. I do not want this happenin'.

So many teeth in Master's mouth. Them are big and he are big too. Master is troll wizard, so's if he get angry he might cast spell up on my self and bite off my whole head in one chomp.

Gettin' that done to my self would hurt lots. Don't wanna hurt. Don't wanna die. Please! Please!

It just my opinion tho.

A Skree's Perspective on Goblin Workflow Practices

by Terence Worthington III, Esq.

SKREEE! SKREEEEEE!
SKREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
SKREEE!

A Safer Workplace Is a More Profitable Workplace

by Plinkbob Fizzlewitz

Right! Listen up, youse!

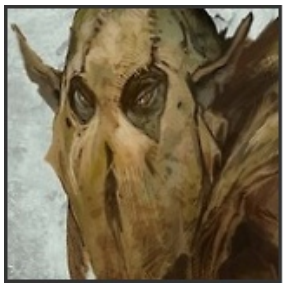
Want dis here evil army to be as 'uge as possible? Wanna exceed investor estimates? Thot so.

Da answer is so easy you gonna say something like "Da answer was so easy" and I nod cuz I knew it was so easy. In fact, I was the one that told you it was so easy!

Look, productivity relies on yer underlings bein' alive and havin' most of their body parts on 'em. You got clinky blade traps all over da place, right? Put yellow signs in front of dem so no one gets chopped up. Take a big rock and roll that big rock in fronta the giant spider lair. Do stuff like that until dere's hardly anything in your base that squishes, splats, grinds, zaps, burns, or pokes your own guys.

Make your workplace safe like dis and more thing will get done. Imagine all them resources wot gets wasted when an injured worker is slowly dissolvin' in worm trap, screamin' and yellin'. Now also imagine all them resources wot gets wasted by other workers stoppin' to point and laugh.

All them orc hours could get put to more good use, like makin' a hunnerd dwarfskin loincloths wit little skulls swingin' from em.



Snag That Promotion With a Well-Timed Subservient Cackle

by Grghle

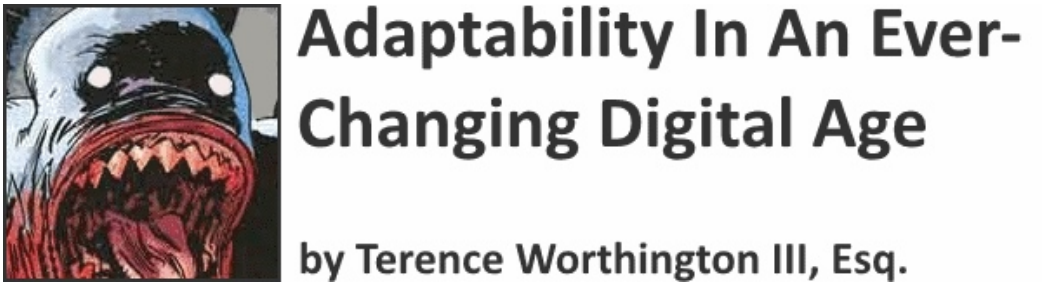
Ya works tirelessly under dat cruel middle manager. He whips ya and kicks ya while ya tracks nasty humans through the Forest of Whispers. He ignores yer formal requests fer arrows that aren't crooked and wobbly-like. Yer birfday goes by without cake or even a passing comment.

Then it finally happens. His superior gets mad at him cos he makes a mistake and the enemy (*Hssss! I hate enemy!*) gets away. Yer middle manager promises to make up fer his mistake but he gets kicked right offa a cliff.

Now dere's an open position. This is yer chance! Da secret of promotions is they always work based

on who's standin' around when someone dies.

Laugh yer weird greasy laugh. Don't stop if old blood clots spray outta your gob. Point at the tumblin' carcass of your old boss and slap yer knee. Show your 'preciation fer a witty gag. Long as there's no other canditates wif like, distinctive scars or magic-lookin' armor, the job's yers.



SKREEE! SKREEEEEE!

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 9

September

9.1 Jennifer Lawrence's Body Currently Under Review By Internet Anatomy Experts

Monday, Sep 01, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The news of a massive leak of hacked photos of Jennifer Lawrence, Kate Upton and other celebrities broke Sunday on the Internet and immediately captured the interest of millions. By Sunday afternoon, the images began appearing in various sunny corners of the Internet such as 4chan and specially-created Reddit forums related to masturbation. Noted Reddit anatomists such as CraigBallz69, Wizard_Weenus, and Pumpysex_DOTAfan commenced an immediate academic review of the images, citing concerns Lawrence's "bangin' body" may not be all that.

In a bit of good humor, grown men posted this image frequently to reference how much they were going to masturbate themselves while observing these images.

"Almost a boy," suggested FUCKTOONS. "My dick is sad."

"I will jack off to it, but I won't be happy about it," observed body expert Gundam_Wang.

"She should do an AMA," declared someone else posting to a forum specifically created for Jennifer Lawrence's stolen naked pictures.

Jennifer Lawrence's body was not the only body to receive harsh criticism from experts.

"Kate Upton has nice titties, but I don't know about the rest of her body. It's fat," observed Reddit user Tha_Anime_Thrilla about Esquire's 2013 Sexiest Woman Alive.

"I jerked off so many times from Jlaw I cant jerk off any more for Kate Upton lol," said DankFister who went on to post an image of Quagmire with an arm enlarged from frequently masturbating.

Others doubted the authenticity of some of the images. Prolific Redditor Fat_Jesus69 used his extensive forensic image editing experience to debunk some of the favorite images, including a picture of Aubrey Plaza described by its poster as featuring, "A full hot order of shaved beav."

"Aubrey Plaza is fake," contended Fat_Jesus. "That mole is not the same as the one in the other

picture. Also that stubble looks like a hobo's face girl get that shit waxed."

Unfortunately fat, Kate Upton received some of the harshest criticism for her grossness.

Fat_Jesus's colleague MarshmallowMathers spotted another inconsistency, "Avril dick pics from an older set. She drinking beer so fake. FUCKING SUCKS."

All told, thousands of Redditors enjoyed a lively discussion about the merits and demerits of Jennifer Lawrence's body and how much they were going to ejaculate because of it. No consensus was reached, but it is hoped that further releases, including "full on pussy pics" and "fuck vids" might help bring clarity to the issue. When the supply of hacked photos is exhausted, it is possible that a renewable resource of Jennifer Lawrence nudes can be found by tearing off her clothes in public and circling her flaws with markers.

Those concerned with an invasion of privacy were quickly answered by defenders of the critique. Said one participant, "If she didn't want the criticism of her frankly fairly subpar nipples then she shouldn't have ever become famous and then privately photographed herself in a hotel."

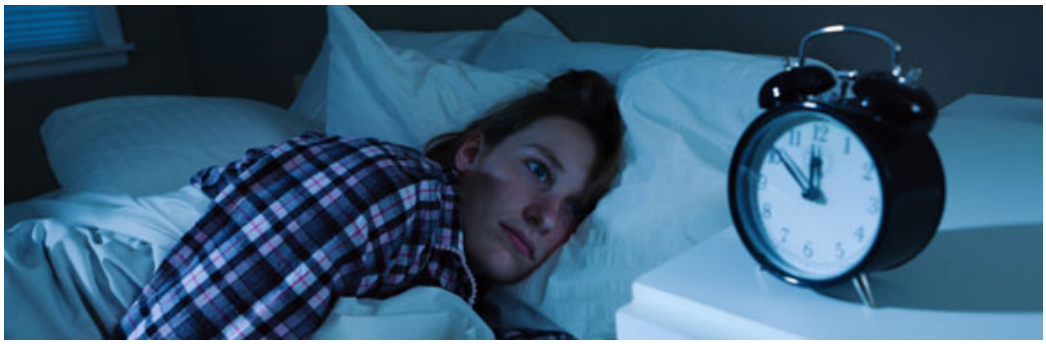
At the end of a long day of analysis, it was Wizard_Weenus who summed things up.

"No thanks. Back to anime titties."

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.2 How to Sleep Without Air Conditioning

Tuesday, Sep 02, 2014 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)



12:00am - Strip
Remove blanket, shirt, underwear. Attempt to hover above the sheets so no fabric touches you. When levitation fails, try ripping off your flesh, leaving you a dripping mass of exposed muscle. But do it without moving an inch. Sweat.

1:00am - Check the Time
You should be checking the alarm clock every three to five minutes, each time focusing on how the night is quickly slipping away. Say something to yourself like "If I feel asleep *right now* I'd get seven hours of sleep" and then, like, five minutes later say, "if I feel asleep *right now* I'd get six hours and fifty five minutes of sleep." Sigh each time. Sweat.

2:00am - Place Fan Three Inches From Face
If you fall asleep with the fan this close to your head there is an 80% chance your hair will be sucked into the blades, twisted into the motor until eventually being ripped from your scalp. There will be a 90% chance of hearing loss from your inefficient box fan's "High" setting blasting Jet Turbine During Emergency Landing levels of noise into your ear. There will be a 100% chance of you waking up with a sore throat and volcanic crust encircling your eyes as your body resorts to profound (and slightly amphibian) mucous usage to keep you even slightly hydrated. Despite these risks, move fan closer. Sweat.

3:00am - Sweat
Sweating is the bed and butter of your misery, a constant go-to source of discomfort and frustration. But, by three in the morning, the sheets should be reaching maximum saturation. Your bed should have that Fresh Out of the Hot Tub moisture that makes every movement miserable. Your sheets should cling to your damp legs like a shower curtain. Stew in your own salty brine. Sweat.

4:00am - Become Hyperaware
Feel time slip through your hair follicles. Taste the air molecules as global warming upticks, fluctuating the temperature around your bed from 92 degrees to 92.0000023 degrees. Predict every drop of sweat seeping from your flesh. Do not let a single detail of the world go unnoticed. And, as you're able to crunch variables on the magnitude of a super computer, use this new skill just to analyze how miserable you are. You aren't entirely sure there is a hell, but based on your calculations you must be close. Sweat.

5:00am - Drink Water
The only chance to sleep occurs in a small window of time between 5:27 and 5:39. This is the midway point between last night's simmer and next morning's boil. Unfortunately, you miss the opening

because you attempt to drink water without lifting your head, and while the thought is valiant, the results are you waterboarding yourself in the dark. Let the new moisture mingle with your sweat puddle. You did this to yourself. Sweat.

6:00am - Unfocused Rolling
Roll three times to the right, four to the left. Roll around like there is some unknown combination of damp body/soaking sheets/dead air that result in a position anywhere near comfortable. Spin, sigh, spin, sigh, spin. You should be picking up enough friction at this point to ignite, your dehydrated body kindling beneath your ceaseless barrel rolling. Sweat.

7:00am - Give Up.
Decide that it isn't going to happen, that there is no way you're going to fall asleep. Then fall asleep. Enjoy the last fifteen minutes of the night before the alarm goes off.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

9.3 Women Aren't the Only Non-Men Ruining Video Games

Wednesday, Sep 03, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Over the last few weeks an outnumbered but brave group of men calmly used facts and logic to conclusively prove that women are ruining video games with their lustful object bodies. You might recall that I wrote about the troubling topic myself a while back.

Those corrupt individuals who would mindlessly parrot coded phrases such as "maybe we should treat women like humans" and "games ought to be more thoughtfully made, which will ultimately benefit everyone" have been exposed as feminist propaganda spewers by the #GamerGate movement. That's great, but we run the risk of focusing on one enemy (women with breasts and vaginas) while other threats encircle us. And believe me, there are other threats.

To be specific, there are two other threats. If left unchecked they could potentially ruin video games as much as women have.

Dogs

Did you know that dogs have unfettered access to game developers and the corrupt elitists who have the audacity to call themselves " " "games journalists" " "? There is no accountability, no regard for the ethical implications.

This collusion directly results in video games shoving unfairly positive portrayals of dogs down our throats. It also leads to cool parts of games getting cut to make room for preachy cutscenes where protagonists tell dogs that they are good.

And that's just on the development side. When you consider the ramifications of the dog/press relationship it gets worse. Higher review scores for games that fall in step with the disgusting "pro-dog" (anti-man) agenda. Lower review scores for games that portray violence against dogs. Actual news (such as info about DLC and platform exclusive pre-order content) going unreported while outlets run extended think pieces about milk bones.

Don't get me wrong. Dogs can be cute, and that's fine. But they don't even play video games, so they should not influence the people who create and write about games.

If you doubt the seriousness of this issue, you must not have heard about the latest Smash Bros which features the Duck Hunt dog as a playable character.

Buildings

When a game publisher executive cuts a budget, or forces a game to come out early, or issues a stern demand for a game to be dumbed down, where does he make that decision? In a building.

When a game designer adds mouse acceleration to a PC game, or panders to women by making female characters with needlessly complex and nuanced human qualities, where is he? A building.

When a games writer reviews a good game and gives it one less point on the ten point scale than it objectively deserves, where is he? A building.

Where does Gearbox Software make their games?

I think you can see where I'm going with this.

The hidden influence of buildings on the game industry is a massive cover-up of frightening proportions. Can you even remember the last time you played a game that didn't feature a building of some sort?

This games/buildings dynamic is protected by a fascist power structure, guarded by overly sensitive liberal media and Social Justice Warriors who will feign outrage over anything in order to get into buildings. Those who dare to speak up about the conspiracy are silenced by walls and possibly a ceiling.

Even Fallout: New Vegas, the greatest RPG of the last decade, fell prey to the illegal and immoral influence of dogs and buildings.

FACT

The vast majority of game developers and members of the gaming press have been in contact with dogs and buildings.

FACT

Dogs and buildings have been featured in games.

FACT

These games have received coverage AKA free publicity AKA biased media AKA payola AKA conspiracy AKA blurfo.

CONCLUSION

The incestuous relationship between game makers, dogs, games press, and buildings has warped the industry for nefarious purposes and excluded the noble gamer. Unless we harass and threaten every person and object around us we will continue to be treated as outsiders in our very own lifestyle hobby.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.4 Why Won't Anyone Hack My Phone?

Thursday, Sep 04, 2014 by Danny DeVito

Heya folks,

Danny DeVito

As a member of Hollywood, I stand behind Jennifer Lawrence and the other unfortunate women who had their phones hacked and their moistest regions exposed to the world. I'm actually a huge fan of Ms. Lawrence, even though she assumed I was some sort of goblin and beat me savagely with her Oscar when I approached her at the afterparty. And the same spirit and gumption that fractured my skull is what made her performance in *American Hustle* recapture the spirit of the '70s so perfectly. I was there, folks, and I'll tell you this: the drugs were great and Andy Kaufman was a fucking prick.

At the risk of sounding insensitive, this whole phone-hacking scandal might have its advantages. Sure, you have to live with the horror of knowing that, at any moment, 10,000 teenagers are masturbating to your private photos, but at the same time-wow!-talk about publicity! I can't log in to any of my favorite news sites without seeing a thoroughly written guide to all of the women who've had their privacy violated. Is there a war going on? Did some cop summarily execute another black teenager? Hell if I know, but I can tell you plenty about identifying the entertainment industry's most talented women based on their distinctive breast moles.

Meanwhile, the DeVito star is fading, and I'm getting desperate. You'd think doing my grocery shopping in nothing but a soiled bathrobe would get the attention of those weasels at TMZ, but head to the Internet, and you'll see countless articles about You Won't Believe How Tight Selena Gomez's Hip-Huggers are. Yeah. You know what? Call me back when you personally witness Marilu Henner crack a walnut with her asshole. And I bet that freak can tell you the exact date it happened, too.

So here's what I'm saying: You want naked pictures, Internet? You got them. Apple Login: cobblepot69@gmail.com. Password: spacejam. Let's do this. In the brief time Rhea and I split up, I spent those lonely days documenting the growth of my treasure trail from every possible angle. Well, I guess it's more of "treasure tract" at this point, but I'll let the media decide how to spin this. You think I'd get laughed out of a producer's office during a failed *Matilda 2* pitch session once the entire world sees my taint spread wide in all its glory? No offense to Ms. Lawrence, of course, but her phone must be ringing off the hook! Yeah, Academy Award and all that, but you think people are still banging down Whoopi Goldberg's door after that *Ghost* crap? Maybe if we knew if those dreadlocked curtains matched the drapes, she wouldn't be playing second banana to some dumbass ninja turtles.

Rhea's in, too. Every possible sexual position, and from any angle you can think of. God blessed me with this small and sturdy frame for a reason, and you have no idea what I'm capable of until you see me going to Pound Town on *Cheers'* sassiest bartender. Hell, I'll even take requests. Just name the Los Angeles bus depot, and I'll upload as many photos as you want of us rutting away in a filthy bathroom stall like animals. Listen, assholes: I co-starred in *Junior*, so at this point I have a limitless capacity for humiliation. Let's just get these damn photos out there before the 30th anniversary of *Twins* goes by with the same lack of celebration as the 25th. You know, maybe I should call my old buddy Arnie to figure out this whole publicity thing. I doubt we'd be on our third *Expendables* movie if he didn't start banging the help. My cleaning lady has been very firm with me in the past, but clearly the rules have changed.

–∼Danny DeVito

9.5 Shades 51 Through 100 of Grey Are Not What You Would Expect

Friday, Sep 05, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Christian Grey in the book and upcoming movie of *50 Shades of Grey* is "50 shades of fucked up" when it comes to his temper and sexiness. But let's not limit things here. There are an additional 50 shades that could show you what a cold and mean sex man he can be.

51. Tenor saxophone horny tunes playing in the hot night.

52. Motorcycle in the rain. Don't care about rain. He will ride it. Get on back.

53. (Looking real serious and mean) "Wear this air-brushed shirt with my cousin's name on it. I bought it at a state fair. Because I said so that's why."

54. A boa constrictor hanging on his shoulders. Probably one of those cool yellow ones.

55. Reflected in a window when it's raining hard outside the window he's listening to a cool podcast like one of the good Radio Lab episodes. Ana did you know we are all a tiny blue dot? Think about it.

56. Serving up hot orders of cold smirks. No I don't like those panties. Take off those panties. Put on these panties (holds up sexier panties).

57. He slowly licks an envelope while staring intensely. "Water bill."

58. "Turn around. I've made some improvements to our little game." It's a tennis ball tied to the sex whip.

59. If he is eating and a woman's hair is in his food he will just eat it anyway and savor it.

60. He takes off a cool gray suit jacket, hangs it over a leather sofa and says, "These fingers know more than just Javascript."

61. He goes to a zoo and the giraffes start getting nervous around him. "Guess they recognize a wolf," he says as he goes back to blowing on the referee whistle around his neck.

62. A bong? What's that? I don't put drugs into my sex body. Unless you consider sex a drug.

63. Never take the stairs if you are a cool guy. Elevators all the way.

64. Turns around looking real intense, but it's scary because his voice is all quiet. "Show. Me. Your. Butt."

65. He is staring at his clock waiting for it to tick from 4:59 to 5:00. Click. Holds out his hand. "Would you care to join me in Margaritaville, Ana?"

66. Angry face T-1000 morphs into kissing face.

67. Most underrated soda? Diet Dr. Pepper. It tastes just like the regular Dr. Pepper, Ana.

68. (His brow is furrowed with worry) "If you ever have a baby, you must swear to me that you will not vaccinate it."

69. Crisp suit of slate gray. Cold, emotionless face. Sitting on a burlap sack as he quickly goes down a slide.

70. Rain out the window. Thunder. "Can you buy me some deodorant I forgot to put it on after my shower."

71. Golden retriever drags its butt across expensive parquet floor. He doesn't even twitch but y'all know he is going to explode in a second.

72. Only listens to ominous classical music because lyrics make it harder for him to do crosswords.

73. Holy cow look at that Ana thought as she looked at the considerable length of his canoe. Is that even going to fit? She wondered as she watched it heading under some low hanging branches.

74. He likes feeling up boobs and nipples in a dominant way.

75. Never bothers with a clothes hanger or a dry cleaner. Just buys some new clothes every couple days.

76. Gets the President on the phone and then makes him wait like a minute or two.

77. He invented the skateboard but he loathes skateboarders. It is the tortured irony of his existence.

78. He must insist you do not turn off that light switch, Ana, it turns off the power in this room and he has a game paused on the last boss right now.

79. (He sniffs the air) It wasn't me, Ana. It is never me. Do you understand?

80. Thinks it's pretty kinky when you spank someone. But you want to see real kinky? Wait until he shows you a vibrator.

81. This goes up your butt, Ana. It goes up your butt

because I say it does. It's called a Lego brick.

82. Listen to me, Ana. If anyone comes in here asking who downloaded a torrent of *Expendables 3* you tell them it was you.

83. He wants a woman to eat this bowl of cat food. Sexily.

84. Does your niece want the new Nintendo game? I have the power to get it for her on ebay.

85. Never does impressions. Okay, okay, this one time he'll do his Pacino.

86. Inside a desk drawer he has one of those glass orbs that shoot electricity at the side when you touch them.

87. Not caught up on any of the HBO shows. If there are spoilers, Ana, there will be consequences. Sex consequences.

88. Not sure about Australia and Austria being two different countries.

89. Takes expensive vacations to incredible places like haunted houses and ghost hunting expeditions and ghosts are real, Ana.

90. Second place is first loser. He points at a poster that says that.

91. He checks salads for anything weird after that one time he ate a frog. Not in a salad. The two are unrelated.

92. Haunted by a sex ghost. The only thing that can exorcise it is to do more sex moves.

93. "What's are these metal balls for?" asked Ana. "Oh, you're about to find out," replied Christian, opening the door to the Pachinko parlor.

94. Covers his body in whipped cream. "Alright now bring in the pancakes."

95. Eat the banana like a monkey would. Like a bad monkey.

96. We're going to watch *Cosmos* until you get it, Ana. Neil deGrasse Tyson is not "a jackoff."

97. Blink 182 was one of the bands that made me who I am. An intolerable prig.

98. He wants everyone to "hold it for a second" just to see if they will hold it.

99. Tax is theft, Ana. It's using the threat of force to take what we have earned. But they can't tax sex.

100. Christian is a nickname. His actual given name is Cookie.

There are additional shades, but they are too dark and sexy for the human eye to perceive.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.6 A Wondrous Introduction to the Internet (Part 1 of 300)

Saturday, Sep 06, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

PREPARE for a voyage of electronic proportions at the speed of sound! I am Digitalario Futurebits, your humble tour guide through the newly opened World Wide Web. Your navigator of this netscape, if you will.

Please watch your step as you descend the staircase into computer hell.

Digitalario Futurebits:

May I ask your name?

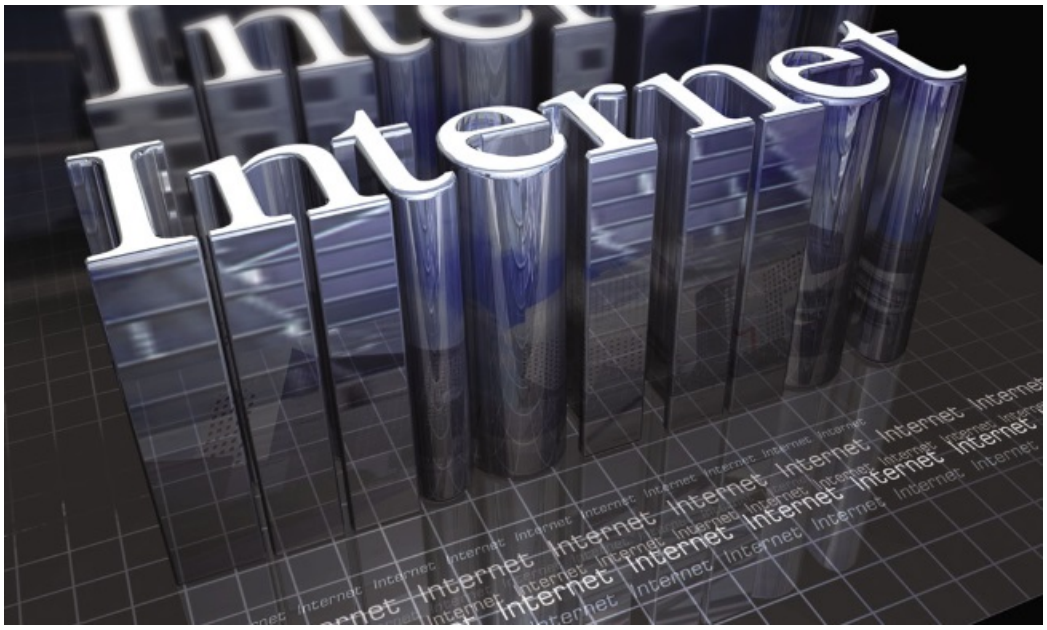
CYPHER RAIGE:

Cypher Raige. It's a clever name because if you look up Cypher it means "stand-in for the audience", which I am, and when you think about it Raige sounds sort of tough and cool.

Digitalario Futurebits:

Lovely! I have no reason to doubt the accuracy of that definition so I won't look it up, and I urge others not to as well.

Now, let's begin our years-long journey by defining what the internet is. Follow me to a vantage point where we can see the entire thing.



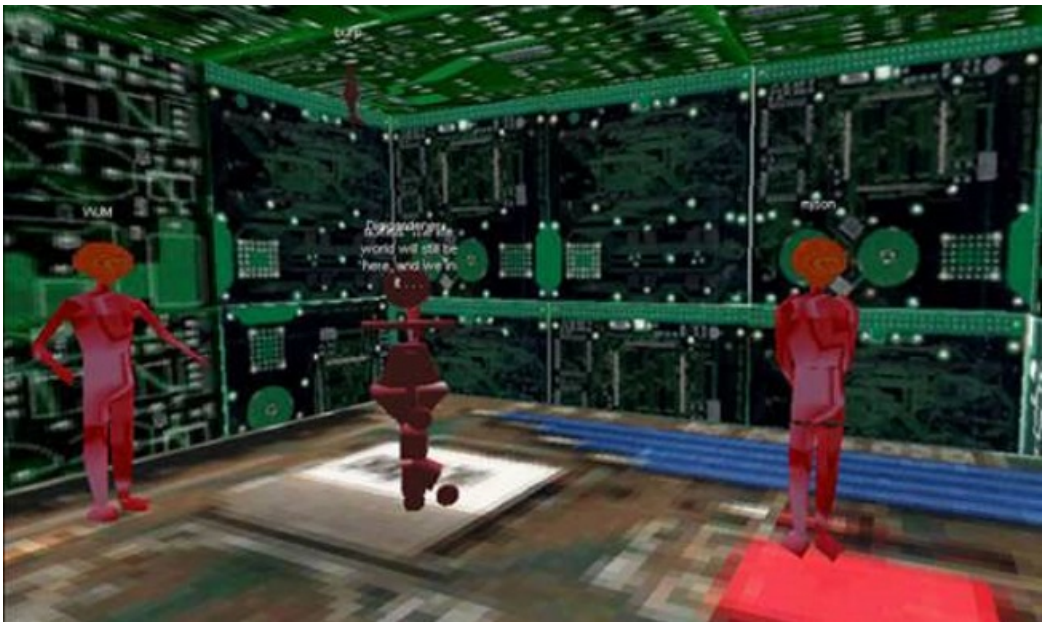
Digitalario Futurebits:

There it is.

Think of the most powerful Compaq or Gateway computer you can buy at Circuit City with your Holy Roman Empire coins. Now imagine thousands of those computers - all with their turbo buttons pushed in, all running the most expensive performance-boosting software, all connected to one another with phone lines.

That's the world wide web. Scientists created it to type math at one another when they were too far apart to yell effectively. Soon it evolved into a virtual grid of cybernetic information. Now that the digital gates have opened to regular folk like you and me, ANYTHING is possible.

Let's zoom in to the next stop on our tour.



CYPHER RAIGE:

What's going on here? It looks like my living room - after a crazy party! Haha.

Digitalario Futurebits:

Ah, we've stumbled onto the Web Page Room. This is where all the completely random 1s and 0s floating around in the network are converted into actual information then zapped into something that looks like a book or magazine page.

CYPHER RAIGE:

How on earth - or perhaps I should say cyber earth - does one read such a page? What stops all the pages on the internet from spilling onto my screen at once and making my eyes bleed?

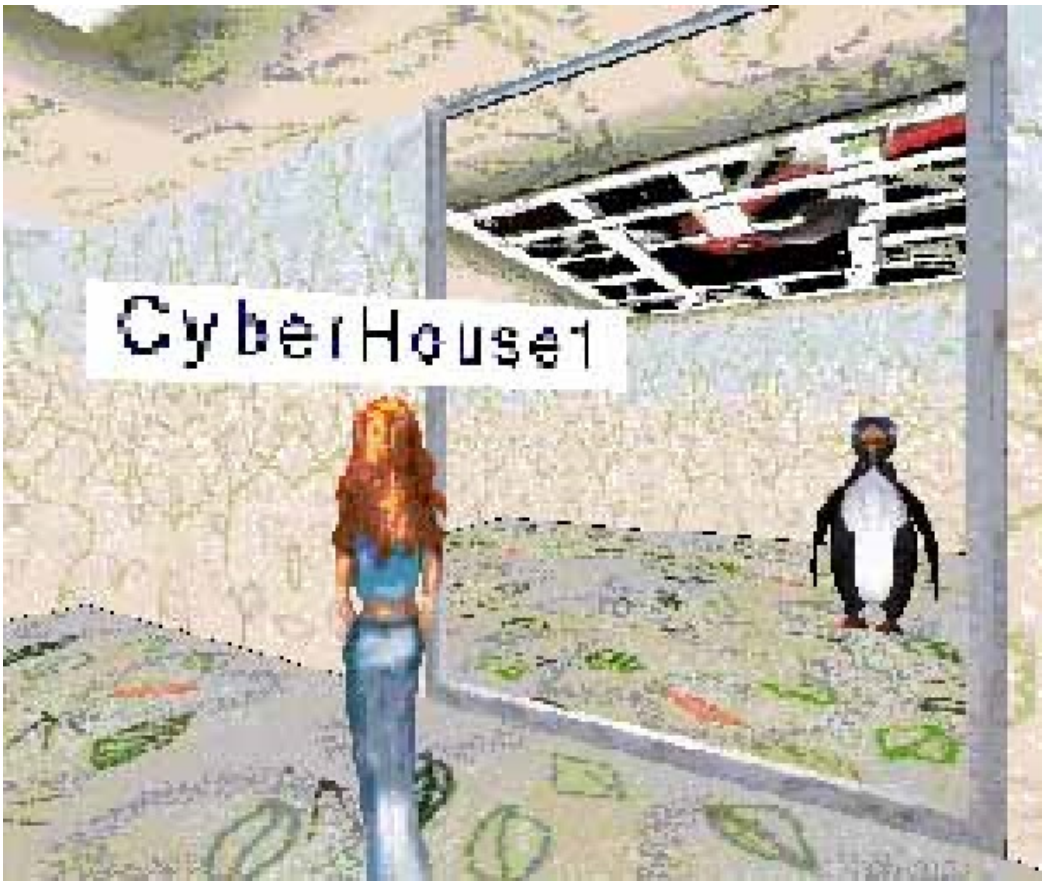
Digitalario Futurebits:

The answer is this, the friendly web browser. Think of it as Notepad.exe for the digital age.

As you can see, a web browser sends out thousands of minions from Local Machine (your computer) to WWW.NET (the internet's home address) to pick up web pages and deliver them onto your computer screen. The process is flawless because it strictly uses the most pleasant aryans.

CYPHER RAIGE:

Fascinating! You mentioned that the world wide web uses phone lines. Tell me, is it possible to communicate with other people on the internet like I do on the phone?



Digitalario Futurebits:

Does the scene before us answer your question?

CYPHER RAIGE:

Absolutely.

Digitalario Futurebits:

The great thing about communication online is that it brings everyone together - no matter how far apart they are physically or ideologically. Here we are all just bytes. Discourse is distilled into pure information, and information leads to understanding.

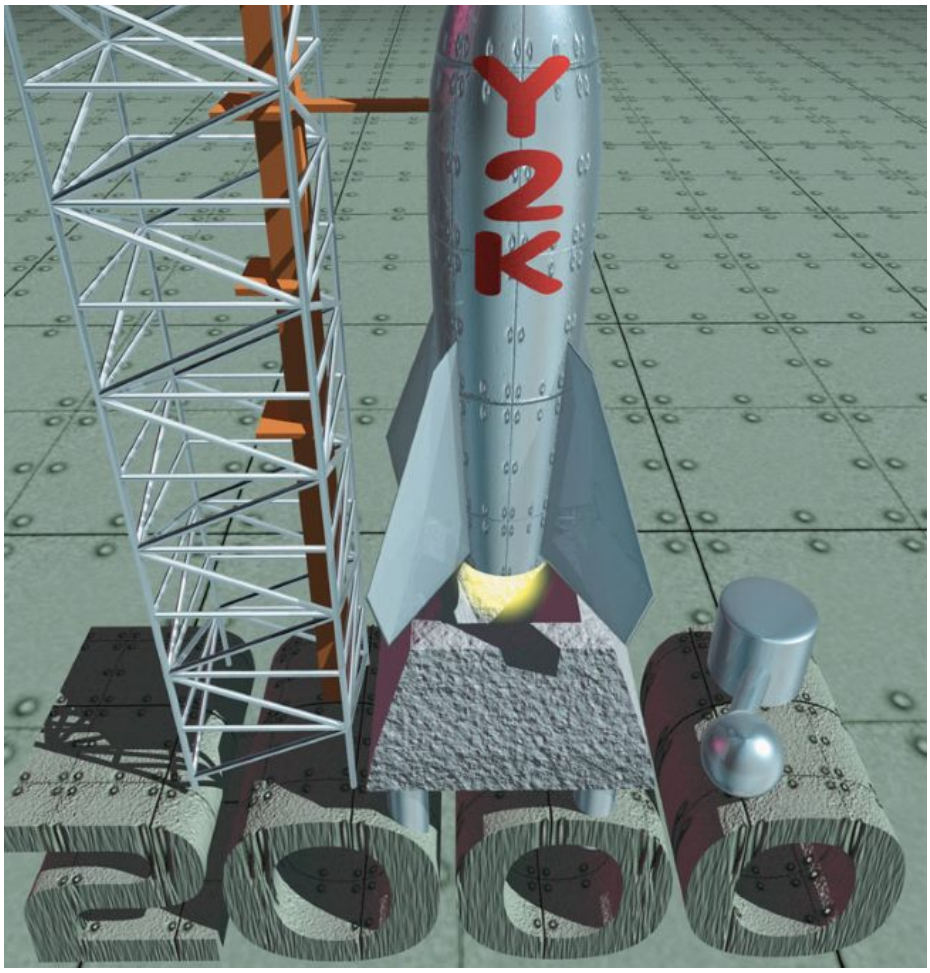
Most internet experts agree that within five years there will be no sexism or racism - at least on the world wide web itself. In the cold light of technology and progress all those hateful feelings will be revealed as illogical, to be replaced with "web rings" about the X-Files.

CYPHER RAIGE:

Wh-OOOOA! What's happening? Why's everything flying apart?!?

Digitalario Futurebits:

Take my hand, I see a stable platform in the distance! It seems to be the epicenter of this madness. What could it be?



Digitalario Futurebits:

Mother of God.

Those bastards pushed the launch date forward. I thought we had the better part of a decade to prepare for this. I thought we'd have time to fix things...

CYPHER RAIGE:

Looks like a disaster - sort of like my last date! Haha

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.7 Sponsored Content part 2

Sunday, Sep 07, 2014 by Smoppy (@sashmorky)

This article is part of the Sponsored Content series. there is more...

This Study Says WHAT About WHAT With WHAT?

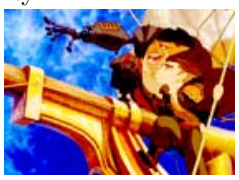
What You Never Noticed About Frozen Dragon 2 Kung Fu Panda

13.5 Things That Will Lose Your Faith In Humility???

You NEVER Noticed This Scene From House Guest!

These FAILS Will Warm Your Heart Over!

What Wizards Secretly Do To You[SHOCKING]



Miracle Drug or Miracle BUG [LESSONS]

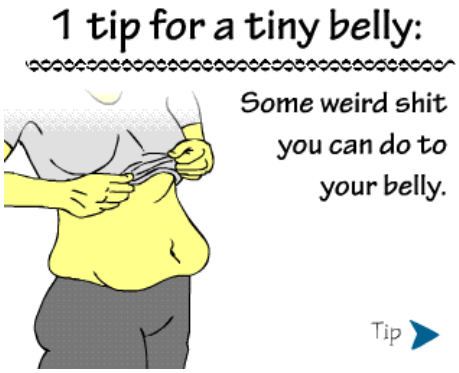
Uhhhhhhh OOOOOOH! OOPS

Some Probably Fake Images [DONT MISS]

BRACKETS [[BRACKETED]] [SECRET?]

Where Did Grandma Go?

Who Is The Real Monster? [[[[[[[[[[[[[f]]]]]]]]]]]]]



You Wont Believe The Stupid Shit In This One!

10,000 Pictures of Goku

Jesus Christ This Shit Has To Stop

So THIS Is What Hermione Looks Like Now???

–∼Smoppy (@sashmorky)

9.8 Memorable Moments From the Film "Bad Leftenant"

Monday, Sep 08, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Abel Ferrera's 1992 film **Bad Lieutenant**, about a sleazy policeman's many misdeeds and ultimate crisis of conscience, was one of the more memorable indie films of the nineties. Somehow, the British remake - 1993's **Bad Leftenant** - was barely known outside the UK. It centered on the titular police leftenant who went about his uniquely British daily routine of misbehavior.

Bad Leftenant. Opening, interior, chip shop. Bad Leftenant wanks off into a Chelsea scarf while watching footy fights.

Bad Leftenant drink drives over a pensioner outside the chemist and stops to steal her minge pills.

Bad Leftenant liberates a sack of bernie from the locker and rails it off the arse of a mank slag.

Bad Leftenant makes a shite in a pram. Kicks it in front of a div bus.

Bad Leftenant taps in his cash card number on the office computer and donates a tenner to the BNP.

Bad Leftenant has a slash on some numpty cunts. Complaints to the Yard? Fook off.

Bad Leftenant rings the vicar's wife to check her TV licence. Instead he checks her fanny. Well chuffed on that.

Bad Leftenant, bladdered on boddington's, follows a pikey back to his caravan and sets it on fire.

Bad Leftenant stops a lime Vectra and makes a teen hoover his knob through the window.

Bad Leftenant does a bodge job on a robber call, puts a "wog" in hospital for nowt.

Bad Leftenant jams the WC's plunge up a nonce's ring piece and puts him in hospital as well.

Bad Leftenant nicks fifty quid out of a drown victim's pocket. Buys the lads a round on "the turd."

Bad Leftenant having curry for tea can't be arsed to help a paki getting kicked by a mob in the street.

Bad Leftenant tells a group of teens he's investigating bogus jam rags. Demands to feel down their knickers.

Bad Leftenant. Interior, bedsit, night. Knackered. Eating pot noodle laughing his arse off at Jeremy Clarkson.

Bad Leftenant was followed by a sequel in 2010's **Bad Leftenant: Port of Call: Blexmouth Gowt.**

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.9 SLEW OF DOGS

Wednesday, Sep 10, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

OWN OUR DARK DOG Fantastic dog with rare reverse albinism disorder. He's all black, including fur, skin, eyes and tongue. Has strange voice that's always echoing. $400. 555-1241

• LET'S TALK TURKEY • Yellowcake got his head stuck in a turkey, and we couldn't get it off. It's still mostly intact, and he's kept healthy munching on the stuffing inside. Giving him away because we're just not negligent enough. 555-1239

OLD COUNTRY DOG Sweet as lemonade, and gentle, too. No longer needed on farm. John Deere sold us a mechanical beast that does the job of 100 old country dogs. Yours free. 555-6129

FREE, FREE AND FREE! Dog won't perform any tricks, even for three square meals of legumes and vinegar each day. He just burps and topples over, and not even on command. So disappointed in dogs. $35.50. 555-1991

♦♦ TROPICAL LYREDOG ♦♦ Perfectly mimics all sounds, but mostly the ones I make on the toilet. I am embarrassed at all times. I got him sound effects CDs, but he only likes to mimic me at my worst. I HATE HIM. 555-0067

GARY BLEW IT FOR GOOD

METAL DOG with unloving robot heart. Terrible cuddle buddy, "skin" is cold and rigid. It sounds like an air raid siren when she barks. Regret ever pulling her out of stupid crater behind Denny's. 555-7162

♠ MAGICAL DOGCORN ♠ If you were expecting a dog with a horn, my apologies. This is a dog carcass filled to the brim with popping corn. Light 'er up! 555-1231

MY ROOFING RHAPSODY After 2 years of hard training, my pug can bark Bohemian Rhapsody. Unfortunately, he won't stop and I've had all I can take. Talk like a fancy lady on the phone, OK? 555-9281

A FAIR TRADE - you get Breadsticks (a dog) and I get you as my wife. Beautiful submissive Asians only. Dog is tall but reasonable. You'll love him, but me more so. I insist. 555-9133

■ UNREPENTENT DOG ■ Violated my Terms of Service not once, not twice, BUT THRICE. He has no place in my home. You can find him in a crate in my driveway labeled "FREE." Only call me if you want to talk UFOs. 555-2841

CAVERNOUS BEAST has swallowed our home whole. We are but tiny passengers in his belly, waiting for digestion to end it. Please see to his care. He is a good dog, just very, very big. 555-9213

TRANSPLANT RECIPIENT This dog is a miracle, having been saved through an experimental transplant. He now has one of those bright red baboon butts and he loves to show it off. 555-9199

JAPANESE PUZZLE DOG Ornate, beautiful, full of secrets. There's some kind of egg delicacy inside, but damn if we can't figure out how to crack him open. 555-2931

FREE PUPPY - Tungsten is an adorable Dalmatian who is very big for his age because he consumed all his siblings in utero, before causing his poor mother to burst. 555-6812

GENTLE, TROUBLED SOUL Stormare is a kind, loving Pointer. The stories of him eating all the neighbor cats are greatly exaggerated. Giving away due to angry lynch mob outside. 555-7712

SOULFUL COMPANION will stand beside you always. Must give him up due to my poor health. He's a loving angel, so long as you never stop playing included RATT cassette tape. 555-6654

RABID CUDDLER loves to wrap his powerful jaws around your neck, fingers, arms & legs. He never gets tired of giving love nips. He gets very angry when left alone, and more so when not. 555-2572

SLINKYLIKE DACHSHUND

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.10 Fun Good Time Forums ⟩Business ⟩Make BIG TIME $$$ - I DID! [Real]

Thursday, Sep 11, 2014 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

Fun Good Time Forums ⟩Business ⟩Make BIG TIME $$$ -I DID! [Real]

BigMoneyPimp

Been a long time lurker in the Warhammer 40k thread, so I thought I'd post this here -It's the REAL FACTS and it's ALL HERE for thet aking !! 80% of people will have clicked away by now - we in the business of SUCCESS call those people LOSERS! If you want it... TAKE IT!

Here's the facts - there are three corners to the pyramid of wealth. The **TIME**, the **JOB**, and the **GOAL**! And at the center, **COMPLETE FREEDOM OF BEING**!! Life starts here, so pay attention - You want to achieve **GOAL**, so you get **JOB**. You have to put **TIME** into **JOB** to get **GOAL**. But because **TIME** is in **JOB**, and you're tied to the location of **JOB**, **GOAL** seems further and further away...

WHY DO ANY THING!!?

The only way out of this rat-race? u]YOU NEED A "MUSE".[/u] This replaces JOB with a steady stream of low effort cash, and frees up TIME for GOAL! The first thing you need is a little something I call a "MUSE".

"I'm no genius... I'm just a regular guy like you - not to mention the smatrest man in the world..." -BigMoneyPimp

MUSE VARIETIES
1. This is type one! It's simple, organic, and relies on a simple thing called the internet. HEll I'm sure all of us know more about this than some Art major - "want fries with that?" Enough joking about - **let's get serious now**. The basis of this scheme is to run something called "BLOG" and create it to be the most successful and popular thing in the world. Then it's a simple matter of a little SEO magic *[see Appendix A: SEO Magic]*KEEP READING

PROS:

- easy. quick.
- $$$Make money w ith it
- Save your money up and buy a CAR!? hell, buy TWO!!
- Synergy with other MUSE [see MUSE 2]

CONS:

- BLOG is a termpermental maiden
- You have to come up with stuff to put in the blog, and then spend time writing it in there.
- Boundary conditions of the universe

2. This isthe second one. Number t**NUMBER TWO**!! My blood is hot and my heart is going like a jackhammer! Two words: Affiliate Advertising! This is a special kind of link that gives you money when people click on it and spend money. Can you say "HTML" yeah!
PROS:

- Easy to copy and paste the link
- You can combine it with #1 [see MUSE 1] put the link on your blog
- Big $$$ free for nothing money

CONS

- Need to make the text big enough to see and click on
- Doesn't work

3. Product selling. FFFUCK!! SHIT! EASY NOW, BIGMONEYPIMP! YOU'VE GOT THIS! YOU'RE THE BIG MAN, YOU CAN DO IT! THEY'RE EATING UP EVERY WORD!!!few ways to go about this. For one, you could write a book about a niche, or even two books. The best part about this is that your niche can be anything, AS LONG AS YOU HAVE THE #1 SUCCESS ELEMENT
SUCCESS ELEMENTS

- PASSION
- BLOG
- ~~HELL~~

PROS:

- Big bucks money generic viagra free $luts lotto URGENT_PLEASE_OPEN.exe
- No human interaction
- The most plausible

CONS:

- *Too* easy to get lots of money!?

Continued in next post

TheSpruce Juice

first

The Spruce Juice has been put on **TimeOut** for this post. Reason given: *pointless spam*

BigMoneyPimp

Appendix 1: SEO

What is SEO!? I know - it's the basic question to ask. Get smart. Nature called and look who answered. SEO stands for **s**Earch **E**ngine **O**ptimization and it means you use a lot of words to basically pull the wool over google's eyes!!

EXAMPLE

Site one uses the meta tag "keyhole" for its locksmith webpage. It gets a pathetic 200 hits per day and later on the webmaster gets hit by a bus.

Meanwhile, site two uses the meta tags "keyhole", "key", "door", "handle", "door handle", "electronc lock", "lock 2", "lock gamer humor" and "lock hair growth gaza". This site gets 200 hits per day as well - yeah, 200 thousand. And that webmaster today? None other than ***BILL GATES***

So you might be wo

brahma

Hmm, food for thought there. It really resonated with me when you mentioned money and goal - I guess you could say I was a "loser", haha! I'll be sure to bookmark this thread for later reading.

edit: Fixed spelling.

Severus Joestar

First of all, welcome to the forums and thank you for such an informative OP. I never knew much about e-commerce, so it's exciting to think about money and spending stuff with money. One little "tip" I'd like to impart, based on something my gramma used to tell me: if you think about having lots of money, it's like a cool fantasy dream sequence where you can do whatever you want - and will do anything to make it a reality when you wake up. Anyone recommend any good mass email software?

GoOd MaN

anyone have any good niche ideas? Ive got one for something I'm passionate about that I'm fairly sure it's untapped - it's video games. I can't believe no ones thought of writing about these things before - I've done no research and I'm 40 pages in.

I'm practically cracking my fingers back like a movie hacker in preparation all the typing i'm going to be doing to complete the task of becoming a cool rich scum man. ITs fantastic that getting rich is so easy to do just from reading a forums post. In fact, thinking about it, it seems remarkably improbable, haha. I suppose it is what it is though.

@Severus Joestar: have you tried MailEmAll? I'm DL'ing right now and it seems to have a fairly robust suite of features. -GoOd MaN

Severus Joestar

kTHnkx.
Edit: Sigh. It seem as though the draconian moderators of this site have once again forced me to clarify my meaning to avoid TimeOut ⟨_⟨: Thank you, GoOd MaN.

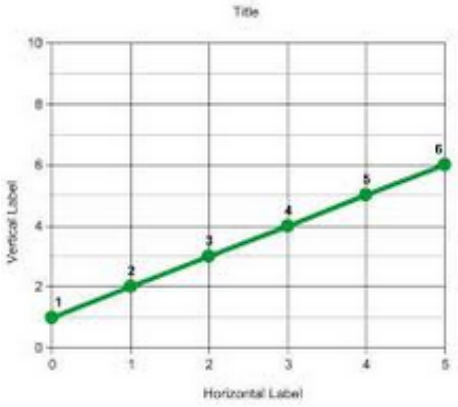
borbo

Hmm, I'm not sure this is legit - it seems like it might just be appealing to people's greed to get them to act as pointless intermediaries for trivial data.

edit: I've thought about it and realised that its not. Garbling up some links as I type (dual monitor setup) This is my life now. This is what I'm going to do in my life now.

super fly spider guy

Heh, add me to the list of people who were a bit sceptical at first. How could making money at home be THIS EASY!? Let me preface my post by saying: Hey. I'm no expert. I'm a regular guy, just like the OP. But I have read some finance blogs, skimmed some keywords, did some stat searches, collated etc& and the results, well, they speak for themselves:



Damn. I've got my niche, my BLOG and my keywords ["table", "chair" and "other" respectively] and guess what, skeptics? I've already made 5 cents in the first week alone ... jealous yet? PM me if you want to do a cross-promotion think, link4link or whatever, or email me at PSchroeder@hotmail.co.uk. It's my dad's email address so ask him to pass it along to Hank and ignore any of the stuff he says about me

Funny Dan

I'm honestly not too sure about this OP, It seems too good to be true... I think it's going to take at LEAST another few posts before I accept the entirety of it unequivocally.

Funny Dan

Hmm. Hang on...

Funny Dan

Yep, one more should do it

Funny Dan

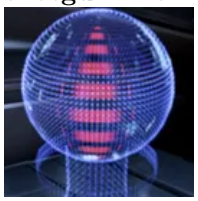
There we go. Ok, installing joomla now, after that I'll probably spend some time setting up with amazon affiliates. Can't wait!

DAVE!!!

It's exciting to think about selling direct from writer to consumer, as a business model; I'm a big fan of the movie "Fight Club" (yeah, yeah, and the book ...) so the idea that you can buy and sell information instead of being subject to an advertiser's whims is kind of cool. I'm also excited by the affiliate link stuff, but for a different, darker reason - one that I may end up taking to my grave.

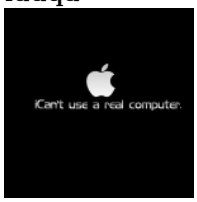
God bless you, BigMoneyPimp. I'm glad there are still some good hearted people left in this world. I'll say a prayer for you tonight!

shotgun monkey



You idiots are just falling for another hoax. These are nothing new on the internet, morons! Even before pervasive internet access, man has been falling for get-rich-quick schemes since time immemorial. Read this, idiots: [url]http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_fallacies[/url]. I'll stick to getting money the old fashioned way - by purchasing thousands upon thousands of lottery tickets and rolling around them in a big pile.

iddqd



the OP was pretty good for starters but I do have a few questions of my own:

1. Would you recommend blogspot or tumblr as a better blog platform? Blogspot, being owned by google, might be better for SEO, but tumblr's social focus might be better in the long run.

2. Sometimes when I close my laptop it turns off and then turns on again and makes the start-up noise, scaring me. Is this a software problem or is the hinge mechanism itself broken?

3. The OP seems to outline a strategy by which I write words (or "content") into a webpage that people read for free, after which money coalesces into a sort of solid mass in my possession. It seems like the best case scenario here is that I make money for making other people's lives quantifiably worse [extra time spent loading webpages, frustration at clogging up search result pages, etc]. This leads me to my third question: what type of yacht should I buy? Something in an M Class would make me stand out, but I'd probably get more use out of a Flybridge, plus I might want to go a little lower key for my first yacht..

Well, thats all the questions I have! Thanks to the OP and all the other helpful posters in this thread. It's kind of inspiring: We're just these people and we can still do it.

TheSpruce Juice

no

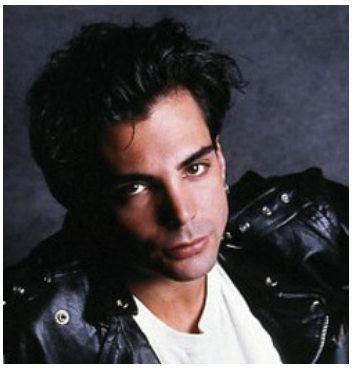
The Spruce Juice has been put on **TimeOut** for this post. Reason given: *You've been warned about this before. PLEASE stop spamming in this thread: it's pretty educational tbqh, and it might be nice to make some pocket cash lol.*

–∼David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

9.11 We're the Bad Boys Your Ladies Want to Get With

Friday, Sep 12, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Hey, sorry to bust in, only not sorry. Loser.



While you're busy being a sensitive and respectful shoulder for these ladies to cry on, we are busy getting with your hot honeys. You're stuck behind the fence in the friend zone, home boy, and we are wolves on the loose.

That's because we've got what every woman needs, and no, I am not just talking about the horn bone.

We know our way around a wrench. We lift weights. You could say we pump iron, but we actually eat it. That's how manly we are. We have sex tattoos. Really really bad and nasty sex tattoos. And skulls and leather shirts and vests.

We don't know IT unless you mean that Stephen King TV movie about the clown. We wear cool leather jackets and smoke cigarettes, because we know we're going to die. Probably because we don't give a dang about helmet laws. These coconuts were made to feel the breeze, even if our hogs are gonna be so much twisted scrap waiting to be reprocessed into metal ingots.

We disrespect other cultures, because all we need to do is squint at the sun and maybe pull another cigarette out to know ours is the best. We make rude comments about sweater meat and skirt clams. We do that thing where you make your fingers into a "V" and lick between them while you bug out your eyes. We know racist jokes. The good ones. The true ones.

That's just the start, hombre. Why don't you just go slinking back to the friend zone while we carry your ladies around on our shoulders. While we build them derby carts and show off our leg press.

Face it, you testosterone-starved, post-masculine twerps can't compete with our incredible appeal. Our raw sexuality. We will make out with your ladies. We will make out with each other in front of your hot body babes. We will kiss dogs and cats. We will do pushups with parrots on our backs.

We will eat iron scrap and reprocess it into ingots. We will be all up in your girl's scrap pile. What are you going to do? This waste metal is ours to eat and reprocess.

We will tell your honey sexy girl to rub her body onto ours. We do not care if you are in an exclusive arrangement. We will make the toot sound that means intercourse. We will shed all of our clothes and remove our disguises. We will nuzzle your woman's crevices. We are going to go buck wild on her and then replace all of the metal furniture and fixtures in her house with wood or plastic.

When we are done with her she won't even remember you. She will only remember the perfect ingots we produce from our apertures, aligned with precision and bonded together using our excretions. She will say to us, "That is a fine leather jacket" and she will make the intercourse toot. Once the bonding of ingots is complete, the iron will flow into a seamless shape attuned to our frequencies. We will show her the interior chambers of our vessel.

Your girl will be like, "Dang, stud, this has over 650 hexagonal prism chambers, perfectly aligned for all 650 bad boys that women love."

She is correct. We have accounted for all bad boys. We have put on our cool leather jackets and our chromed 1980s sunglasses. Your ladies are with us now, ascending to the iron temple in orbit above this seriously unimpressive planet. We will show them cool planets you could only dream of and rub our bodies against them. The toots of our intercourse will haunt your pathetic lonely lives.

We are definitely real and powerful and exactly why nice guys like you can never score with hot babes. Which makes us laugh.

Arrivederci!

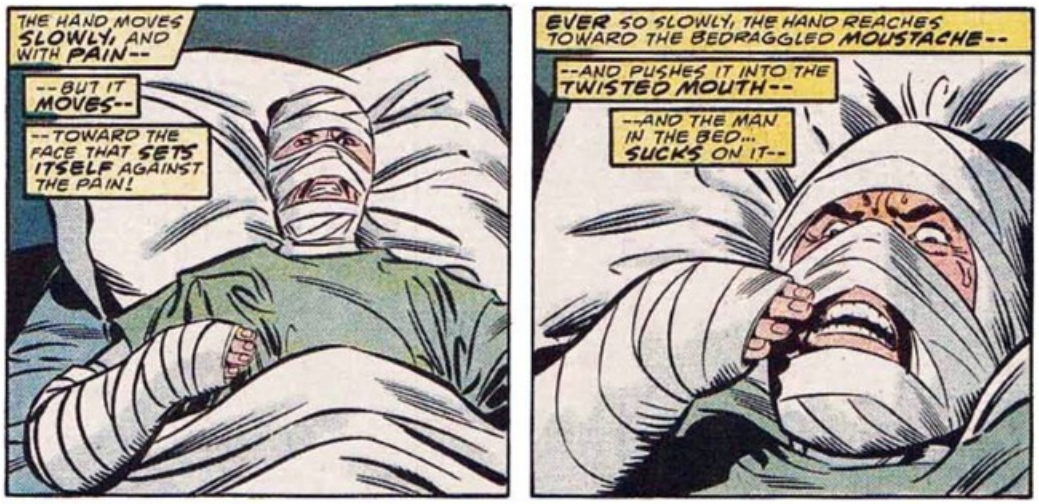
–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.12 The Peculiarest Panels of All

Saturday, Sep 13, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This article is part of the Peculiar Panels series.

I thought comics were supposed to be fantastical. This is just my morning wake up routine. Huh, they even got the pajamas right.


THE HAND MOVES SLOWLY, AND WITH PAIN--
--BUT IT MOVES--
--TOWARD THE FACE THAT SETS ITSELF AGAINST THE PAIN!
EVER SO SLOWLY, THE HAND REACHES TOWARD THE BEDRAGGLED MOUSTACHE--
--AND PUSHES IT INTO THE TWISTED MOUTH--
--AND THE MAN IN THE BED... SUCKS ON IT--

(Image spotted by **ghostlight**)

Pictured: The first time a Captain America comic truly tapped into the psyche of this great nation.

(Image: **laz0rbeak**)

"What th' -" is right! Who the heck let him in? He's way too short!

(Image: ***ManiacClown****)*

And here's my daily bedtime routine. How in the world are all these private details of my life getting leaked?

(Image: ***Vincent****)*

Look, there's a lever on this machine that can do that for you. Your other hand's resting right on it.

THEN, AS J'ONN J'ONZZ SUMMONS ALL THE POWERS FROM THE VOID OF SPACE...
IT'S FORMING... I'M RECREATING THE PARTICLES... NEED MORE ATOM COMBINATIONS FOR THE BOY'S ICE-CREAM CONE...

(Image: ***Mister Mind****)*

There might be pages one the inside of this comic, following the cover. They are not necessary.

(Image: ***muscles like this?****)*

Now hold on just a second. That's a pretty strong declaration. Take your time and carefully consider all the facts before committing to a stance that might make you sound silly.

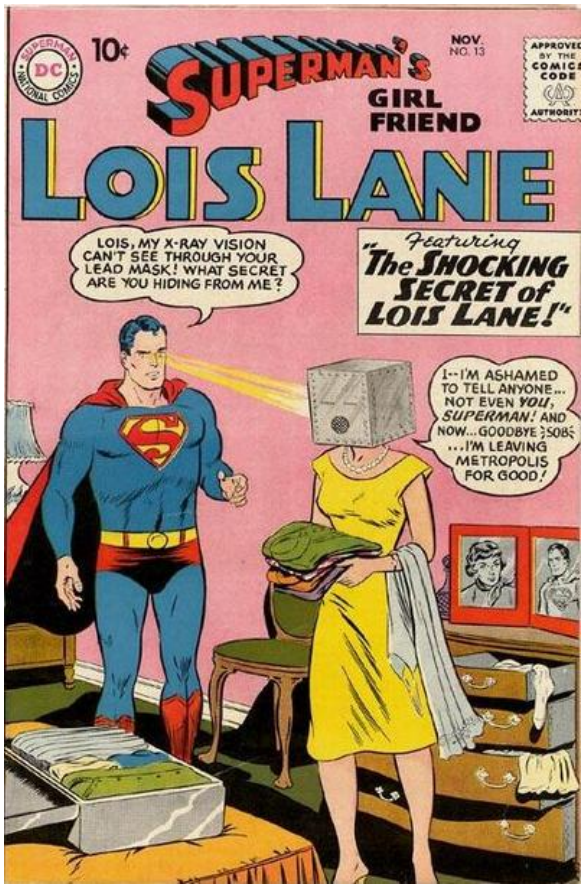
THE NAME IS... RICK JONES!
RUNNIN' WITH THE AVENGERS I'VE SEEN SOME BAD SHAFTS DONE TO PEOPLE--
--BUT SCREWIN' UP A WORLD IS THE WORST--
THE AB-SOL-UTE WORST!

*(Image: **Hakkesshu**)*

Rick? Rick Jones, is that you again? What did I tell you about running your mouth before thinking things through?

*(Image: **Say Nothing**)*

The secret? She's allergic to lead.


10¢
NOV.
NO. 13
SUPERMAN'S
GIRL
FRIEND
LOIS LANE
Featuring
"The SHOCKING SECRET of LOIS LANE!"
LOIS, MY X-RAY VISION CAN'T SEE THROUGH YOUR LEAD MASK! WHAT SECRET ARE YOU HIDING FROM ME?
I--I'M ASHAMED TO TELL ANYONE... NOT EVEN YOU, SUPERMAN! AND NOW... GOODBYE SOB ...I'M LEAVING METROPOLIS FOR GOOD!

*(Image: **Random Stranger**)*

Ah yes, here we have the internet's origin story. It's quite worthless.

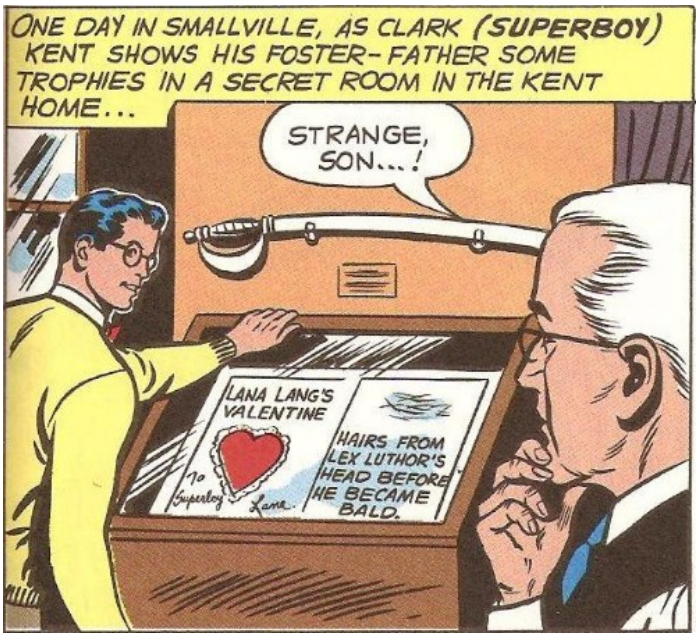
*(Image: **robziel**)*

Well, I suppose that's reassuring, but the theater signs clearly asked everyone to turn off their cell phones.

ALTHOUGH IN TIMES PAST, I HAVE ACTED... IMPULSIVELY...
...MY HERITAGE IS YET THAT OF THE RACE OF WATCHERS, PLEDGED SOLELY TO OBSERVE AND RECORD.
I WILL NOT MOLEST YOU.

*(Image: **Small Frozen Thing**)*

"You think that's strange? Wait til you see the album of shavings I've been collecting from your shrinking hand!"


ONE DAY IN SMALLVILLE, AS CLARK (SUPERBOY) KENT SHOWS HIS FOSTER-FATHER SOME TROPHIES IN A SECRET ROOM IN THE KENT HOME...
STRANGE, SON...!
LANA LANG'S VALENTINE
To Superboy
Lana
HAIRS FROM LEX LUTHOR'S HEAD BEFORE HE BECAME BALD.

*(Image: **zoux**)*

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.13 The Official Review of U2's "Songs of Innocence"

Monday, Sep 15, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Songs of Innocence
U2 (2014)
Digital Booklet - Songs of Innocence
1 The Miracle (Of Joey Ramone) 4:15
2 Every Breaking Wave 4:12
3 California (There is no End to Love) 4:00
4 Song for Someone 3:47
5 Iris (Hold Me Close) 5:19
6 Volcano 3:14
7 Raised By Wolves 4:06
8 Cedarwood Road 4:25
9 Sleep Like a Baby Tonight 5:02
10 This is Where You Can Reach Me Now 5:05
11 The Troubles 4:46
U2
RATTLE AND HUH?

The world's biggest and most exciting rock band, U2, those four lads from Liverpool, Ireland, have done it again. They have released another album of songs. Just how people like them to do. These songs have been placed into hundreds of millions of iPhones and iPods without the user's permission.

It is a gift from U2, lurking ominously in the clouds like a zeppelin hiding from planes. Rolling Stone has already given this release from U2 and Apple the five stars it deserves as an important cultural milestone. We cannot deny this digital Woodstock moment. It is time for us to review each track.

1. The Miracle (of Joey Ramone)

[Review yelled through a bathroom door]

Man: Why is there a U2 album on my phone? Did you buy a U2 album and put it on my phone?

Woman: What the fuck are you accusing me of doing? Youtube? What are you talking about?

Man: The BAND called U2!!

Woman: Youtube has a band now?

2. Every Breaking Wave

A man working out at a gym stops on the treadmill and looks down at his phone. The momentum carries him off the back of the treadmill. He was playing his fifty mixes of Sandstorm workout shuffle and this came on. He scowls at his iPhone and decides he would be better off watching Fox and Friends on the TVs. He is correct.

3. California (There is No End to Love)

There is an ode to Santa Barbara for free on your telephone. You can listen to this anywhere anytime from the Apple iCloud. Even at a Starbucks Coffee Restaurant or inside the bird-filled

ruins of a shopping mall slowly flooding on its lower level. Data rates may apply.

4. Song for Someone

Doing a quick show of hands here, pretty sure this title is incorrect.

5. Iris (Hold Me Close)

A song about Bono's mother who died 30+ years ago. She and Steve Jobs are now together, hand in hand, possibly drowning in a lake of Satan's scalding piss.

6. Volcano

Get this: volcano is a metaphor. Also a metaphor: balls, which this song metaphorically eats.

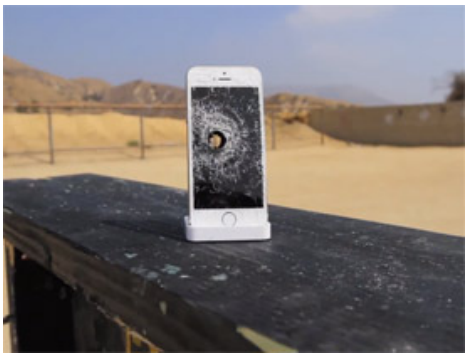
7. Raised by Wolves

"I don't believe annnnNyyyymoorrre," croons a billionaire who hangs out with Bill Clinton and never takes off his sunglasses.

No one is still listening to this boring trash by this point. On any level.

8. Cedarwood Road

Starts out like a Kid Rock song and then Bono starts singing and makes you wish this were a Kid Rock album everyone in the world got for free on their stupid phone.



9. Sleep Like a Baby Tonight

You literally cannot delete this album. It's like if Columbia House sent you those albums you didn't want, only they were ghosts that haunted you forever. Imagine waking up in the middle of the night and seeing Counting Crows' *Recovering the Satellites* and Garbage's self-titled album floating over your bed. You wouldn't be sleeping like a baby. Get it? The only way to hide this album from your list on your phone (and therefore prevent it from being dumped into a shuffle of all your music) is to turn off showing music stored in the cloud, which means you have to now download all the music you want on your phone. So either deal with hearing this shit or sacrifice a feature of your Apple product.

10. This is Where You Can Reach Me Now

Anywhere, everywhere, inescapably. That is where you can reach Bono.

11. The Troubles

No human being will ever enjoy this music. Not the old lady doing yoga at the park. Not the

kid listening to Chief Keef in his car when this suddenly comes on. Not the Arab guys arguing about it in one of those coffee shops where they drink the little tiny cups of coffee. It doesn't even have the decency to be offensively bad. It's something far worse than that and it will unite the world in annoyance.

Verdict

You had stopped listening to U2 years and years ago. Now it's finally time to stop buying Apple products. There are a lot of good reasons, but this is the most recent. They just threw up bad music into the middle of your life and won't even let you use a mop to clean it up. May this forever taint the career of every single person involved in this soulless assemblage of big-budget mediocrity.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.14 How is Hydrogen Peroxide so Cheap?

Tuesday, Sep 16, 2014 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Okay, so I'm sure there is a logical reason. I'm sure that everything I need to know is located at a link that looks something like this: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hydrogen_peroxide. But still, I can't stop thinking that a thousand years ago, dudes were dying from splinters and shit. They'd just go around living their short awful filthy lives in fear, praying not to get scratched. One dramatically deep hangnail was all it took to delete you from history. By the end of the week, the festering hand would be amputated. By the end of the next week, the festering arm would be amputated. And then it was a chore for your eighteen or nineteen children to bury you beside the well-- a task that alone would consume six or seven of them.

We don't have to deal with that anymore. What would have killed some dopey inbred fool and half his family a millennium ago is now easily avoided by sitting on the edge of your bathtub and pouring bubbling wizard potion on where it hurts. That's it. Life goes on. Of course, that doesn't stop of us from complaining about how much the bubbles sting, but still. We need to be thankful to have hydrogen peroxide, aka medical 7up, aka burning magic water, aka HP (as in "yo, doc, sprinkle some HP on this shredded flesh of mine.")

And yet HP is priced like it's spilling out of some backwoods Kentucky spring, like it's slipped through a wormhole from a 1930 apothecary to the shelves of CVS, like you're doing the store a favor by taking it home. What I'm trying to say is that it's cheap. Really cheap. It follows the absolute reverse of pharmaceutical company logic. Here you are holding a nondescript brown bottle that can be used to treat any abrasion, and it costs as much as a Dr. Pepper in 1994. If this were discovered by Pfizer or AstraZeneca or something, you'd be handing over $700 for a bottle and the bottle would be hotel shampoo sized. It would be advertised day and night while millions die from scuffed elbows. I'm imagining the commercial right now: stock footage of white people smiling at one another on a grass field fades into a shot of a clear glass bottle with a logo worthy of an Apple product. Upbeat and forgettable music beneath the Micro Machine announcer reading off possible side effects.

In fact, there is only one reason why HP is so ridiculously cheap: Taste. Sure, we all know that HP can be used to help canker sores and whatnot, but if you read the bottle (a wonderful and enjoyable endeavor I highly suggest!), you'll see that many brands boast that they can be used as mouth wash. Of course, what they don't mention is that the same bubbles that sterilize your flesh wounds do not leave you with the same refreshing minty breath we've come to expect. So while it might get rid

of any reminisce of your garlic filled lunch, it leaves you breathing a stale mucous stench on anyone around. [That's not accurate. I'm taking a sip of the stuff right now and it's much worse. It's the sort of awful taste that everyone interprets differently. If you tweet me a description of what hydrogen peroxide tastes like to you, I'll put it in here.]

@maltschlitzmann: it tastes like the sub basement of an abandoned tuberculosis ward

@antal_the_2nd: it tastes like if you stepped in Hamm's beer then dried your socks by a fire for a bit then wrung them out

@capntastic: it tastes like anti-dimensional seltzer which is why it reacts so adversely to living creatures

@hebrewmagic: it tastes like childhood trauma marinated in beef broth

@hello_meow: it tastes like someone liquefied a soapy ceramic floor tile

These are awesome.

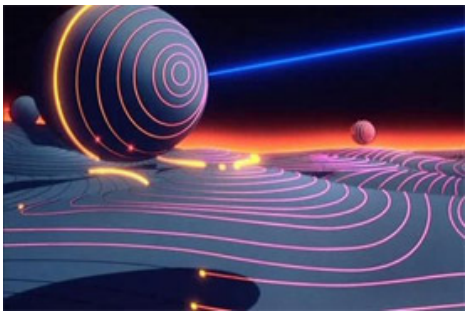
So until they release a Baja Blast Hydrogen Peroxide, this wonderful liquid will continue being priced well below everything else. So the next time you're bleeding profusely onto your floor from walking on a broken bottle or fighting off a rabid dog mauling or crawling back into a fire to save your R.L. Stein fiction collection, pour a little HP on the pain and say thank you while it burns so good.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

9.15 Our CyborFreak Enemies Raised Me in the Agonizer Grid and I Turned Out Fine

Wednesday, Sep 17, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It's as inevitable as the nano plague: one famous dad gets a little out of control with disciplining his child and here comes the political correctness brigade to tell us how we have to raise our kids. Don't spank them, don't yell at them, don't reduce them to thought slime with a deconstructor ray.



It's like this country is trying to outlaw being a parent. No wonder kids these days are listening to blort blip and watching those titty cartoons. Why should they respect us when we are not even allowed to touch them?

When I was growing up we were well aware that backtalk and getting rough with our brothers and sisters could result in pain immersion. We were constantly tormented in the virtual Agonizer Grid for pineal extracts the CyborFreaks used to fuel their monstrous transformations. I must have experienced the pain of death a thousand times before I turned sixteen, and I turned out okay.

Now, I'm not saying my CyborFreak didn't make mistakes. He was a single Level 5 upgrade watching over an entire sector of irradiated outlaws, but I'll tell you what all he had to do was dissolve me in virtual acid ten to twelve times and you can bet your ass I never missed sewer duty again. That was how he kept us in line inside the bunker.

So one dad uses a switch on his son or pops him so hard he gets a little booboo on his head. Big deal. It was part of the culture growing up in the bunker. You step out of line and you are subjected to simulated agony in the Agonizer Grid. You learn real quick.

That's all great if you're a CyborFreak, but not every dad can insert their children into the Agonizer Grid and force them to compete in sick games of skill in order to win their freedom and avoid the

pain of virtual death. Sometimes you have to spank your child or whip them with a tree branch or flense them with a laser scourge. Whatever it takes to shape them into a man.

That was what my CyborFreak did to me and it helped make me who I am. I'm not a cannibal anymore. I am one of the best mutant hunters in the biz. Some people even call me a star. I barely flinch when battling rat heads in the ruins of the under city. That's my upbringing. That's discipline my CyborFreak taught me in the Agonizer Grid.

It should be praised, not condemned and definitely not treated like a crime.

Also I am never going to stay in a Radisson again. Double Tree still respects the rights of parents to discipline their children and they have a warm cookie drawer at the check-in desk.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.16 Hands Off My Wand, Obama

Thursday, Sep 18, 2014 by A. Wizard

After a long, tiring morning of wizarding, there's nothing I like more than kicking back with a quality 13-dollar sandwich at my local Panera. And that's exactly where I found myself yesterday--the same as any other day in my wild life of being a wizard and printing custom t-shirts. But this lunch came with a surprise even greater than the time they accidentally gave me an apple instead of kettle chips. There I sat, waving my wand, causing lemons to squeeze themselves into my iced tea, unleashing the demonic wailing that mysteriously accompanies a good third of my spells. I lazily pointed my accessory at a nearby utility room, causing the brooms and other cleaning supplies to march alongside tables of smiling patrons. Just as the mop bucket began its waltz, causing viscous, lint-flecked water to spill from all sides, the manager, Ron, clamped his hand down on my shoulder. "We have to talk."

A. Wizard

Ron and I used to have an understanding. I turned a few of his ex-girlfriends into toads--which *technically* isn't murder--and, as a way of showing me gratitude, he let me advertise my powers to a starch-enjoying public. And it's done wonders for my career over the years. You ever make an entire dish of those little creamer cups scream backwards-talk in unison? Well, I only had to do that a few times, and now I'm making nearly $800 per birthday party--which usually includes all the fistfuls of Chex Mix my poor stomach can stand. But those days are over, thanks to a new rule from the enlightened folks down at Panera HQ. Ron led me to the door, and showed me a new sticker affixed right next to the one that read "Most Improved Franchisee, 1998." Its logo was like that of the Ghostbusters, but instead of a ghost trapped in the middle of& whatever that symbol is called, I saw the one item I treasured the most: a wand.

Let's just say I was cheesed. I briefly transported that former Taco Bell (you can't fool me) to a

dimension where all oxygen was replaced with fire, then quickly regained my composure. Once I called the police and reported the effects of what looked to be an unfortunate gas leak, I began to wonder what happened to this country, a land where magic was once as welcome in any home as a barrel of rat poison. I mean, we've all seen what those bozos in D.C. think of guns. Then what could they possibly think of a magical accessory with the power to turn bullets into those cartoony, talky bullets from *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?*. Even though this was the decision of a private business, it had the stink of one Mr. Barack Obama all over it. Who else has slighted the wizard community so often in the past few years? I recall several invitations to our annual Wizard Symposium being returned with the message "President Obama only attends events that are real things. Thank you for your time, and welcome to The List."

"Sure," you might say, "But this whole 'no wands' business is affecting just a single restaurant." You might think that, but a business doesn't have to post a decal on the door to let me know I'm not welcome there. Why, I was using Ol' Wandy to "assist" a Subway sandwich artist who was way too conservative with that mayonnaise gun, and what should I hear next to me but a manager saying "cut the shit, Merlin." That may be my true Christian name, but he had no right to address me like that. And I'm sure he thought plenty about this transgression in the remaining time he spent on this earth as a spider. Clearly, the influence of our magic-hating President has grown. It's the year 2014, and in most places I can only carry one wand at a time, and now I have to make sure it's clearly visible? I wear this long, flowing robe for a reason, Mr. Obama, and it's not so I can disturb the whole "classic wizard" look thanks to your boneheaded notion of safety. I didn't get these stars and moons and shit embroidered on my hat just so you could fuck up the whole thing for everyone.

Ever since he's been sworn in, President Obama has shown nothing but contempt for the magic-using community, and this attitude will continue as long as he refuses to acknowledge us in every one of his public appearances. World War II was a long time ago, Mr. Obama, and while most of us in the magic community continue to side with the Axis, almost 70 years have passed, and it's time to accept us as True Americans. Who can forget the notable contributions to society from wizards like Dylan Gromley, who invented a fog that turns people into clowns? And what of Ted Bravestone, who developed a potion that turns deadly cancer into equally deadly taffy? Each anti-magic ordinance would make them roll in their graves if we wizards didn't crack the immortality code back in 1967. Mr. President, all we ask for is your understanding, and your willingness to hand the rule of this country over to the pack of immortal wizards sprinkled throughout the Midwest. To paraphrase an old saying, if you outlaw magic, only outlaw wizards will turn Michelle Obama into that thing Daffy Duck became in Duck Amuck.

–∼A. Wizard

9.17 A Paleolithic Man Definitely Could Have Put Pumpkin in Coffee

Friday, Sep 19, 2014 by The Paleo Guru (@sexyfacts4u)

Hey everyone. Holiday paleo season is upon us. I have received some questions and concerns about whether or not Paleolithic men and women ate seasonal foods flavored with pumpkin. Before this snowballs out of control on the message boards I wanted to address it directly: pumpkin-flavored foods are perfectly paleo.

Drink up: the pumpkin iced mochaccino is perfect paleo as long as you let the ice melt first.

Basically people have been eating pumpkins for thousands of years and also drinking coffee for thousands of years. Doing a pumpkin infusion of coffee or cream is not that difficult. This goes back to the whipped cream discussion we had last week: as long as the tech was possible for cavemen and in use somewhere, then it is viable.

The China Rule, folks. Since the Chinese had clay evaporation refrigerators and fresh cream was technically available to enterprising hunter-gatherers, then whipped cream is paleo. Adding pumpkin infusion to that just means using a boil down and strainer, both of which could have been fashioned from roots and the stone boiler we discussed last week.

Another one I saw some concern about was candy corn and specifically those pumpkin candies in the candy corn. Turns out they are perfect paleo. Surprising? You bet. Candy is usually a big no-no for paleo, so take that into account before deciding for yourself. That said, I am a big fan of candy corn myself, and there is no reason to believe that Paleolithic Americans might not have eaten those candy pumpkins. They had wild corn, wild pumpkins, and they ate wild honey. The ingredients are there. Could they have combined them to form those pumpkin candies?

I say, yes, and in fact it's a little insulting to think that we are so clever to come up with these pumpkin candies and that early Native Americans would not have seen the same potential. Only a few steps away from them making candy molds out of buffalo horn and the Brachs corporation making those delicious pumpkin candies. Direct lineage and totally paleo.

Going overboard with decorations can be just as bad for paleo as refined sugar or grains. That's why Seeara and I went perfect paleo for our wedding cake.

Not pumpkin related, but I want to finish this up with another controversy I have seen coming up a lot on the boards lately is Genna's paleo wedding cake. It was not technically paleo, but not for the reason a lot of you think. Her carrot and ibex lard recipe was totally legit, her coconut dough was cute and the piping on the decorations using a goat bladder and wood tip were genius.

But then she had a topper of a man and a woman with distinct faces. Genna, come on. Paleolithic depictions of human figures did not include facial features and if we're being real here, which is like the whole point of paleo, the frosting would not have used coconut sap. Even though things got pretty heated on the boards when we discussed this, I am going to give Genna the benefit of the doubt.

Genna was not a member when the coconut sap controversy broke, but it's honey or maple syrup only. We are still debating agave sweetener with most of us on the non-paleo side as of the last poll.

Sorry, Genna. Cool cake though it's too bad you couldn't stay true to paleo at your weds like the cake Seeara and I had at our wedding. Keep working at it and someday you can fully live that perfect paleo life.

Hope this clears everything up this pumpkin season. I will be back on Monday to talk about making logs into kettlebells for your paleo workout and what is the best breed of dog to buy to chase you on your next 5k.

Luke K.
The Paleo Guru

–∼The Paleo Guru (@sexyfacts4u)

9.18 Microsoft Bought Minecraft - Now What?

Saturday, Sep 20, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The first time "fast", "decisive", and "efficient" could have been used to describe the Minecraft development team was when they snatched the $2.5 billion dollar check out of Microsoft's sweaty, shaking hand.

Although any given part of Minecraft only lives up to a fraction of its potential, there is just enough in place to let players stand around for hours projecting their imaginations on a game world that nods back at them with a blank stare. It's the ultimate listener. That, as it turns out, is really appealing to a lot of people.

Mojang has always seemed reluctant to make genuine progress with Minecraft, as major changes might throw off the formula they stumbled upon. As someone who wants all games to be fantastic that's disappointing, but hey, billions of dollars. Good on them.

Microsoft claims that they are going to recoup all two and a half billion dollars they spent on the acquisition by next year. All of it. This tells me that there is way more slimy shit going on in the player data market than most people suspect. Or it tells me that Microsoft is a mismanaged company with so much hubris that they expect the world to bend to their wildly unrealistic plans. Given the last three years, that wouldn't be too surprising.

So what happens now that Microsoft owns Minecraft? I've wasted an embarrassing chunk of my life playing games and following the industry, so I have some informed guesses. This is my rough timeline of events, in order from the most immediate to the farthest in the future.

Next week a frighteningly large audience continues to watch Minecraft being played on YouTube by people who either have british accents or the uncanny ability to shriek at the exact point where one might expect them to say something funny or interesting.

In two weeks a dog vomits then licks his own vomit. As he considers the taste his head tilts, eyes half-closed in the closest thing a dog has to a thoughtful expression.

In one month I begin the research process for my upcoming book, How to Not Be on Fire. The first method of not being on fire that I test: Setting myself on fire. It does not go well.

In six months a woman drops a saucer of tea. It tumbles in the air, seemingly in slow motion, then shatters.

In one year I resume research for How to Not Be on Fire. This time, I try setting myself on fire again, convinced that the result of the first experiment was tainted by the presence of a slight wind. My death is horrific and unmourned.

In five years the return of the drink-shaped chemical called Surge proves to be such a success that several new flavors are introduced, including Chocolate Surge and Vitamin-Fit Surge: Whipped Steak.

In fifteen years nature begins to reclaim the wretched workings of man. Oversized blades of grass thrust their way through cement. Thick vines buckle steel and grind brick to powder as they rise

ever upward, their strange veiny leaves throbbing wetly and dissolving glass. When we attempt to remove the flora it grows back even thicker within hours so we gradually accept the new way of things.

In thirty years society collapses. We become a planet of shifting feudal states, constantly on the move, scrambling for resources.

In one hundred years a woman gets to be the host of an American late night talk show.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.19 Your Dog is Totally Worth Refrigerated Food

Monday, Sep 22, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Blue Buffalo sells grain/gluten-free kibble for over three dollars a pound. More expensive than some actual meat for humans. Totally worth it. This is totally worth it for your dog that eats carpet and pizza boxes and half a pound of cat shit every day. God fucking help him if he gets a grain in him. What then? He might as well be eating Doritos dropped on the floor. Like the time he ate all those Doritos out of the garbage. The ones that were wet with spaghetti sauce.

Freshpet has refrigerated dog and cat food coolers in over 2,400 Walmart and Target stores. It costs nine dollars per day to feed a large breed dog Freshpet. Which is obviously worth it. Your dog prefers his food perishable.

Look, if god didn't want your fucked up inbred hobbit bulldog that can barely breathe and had its tail surgically removed to eat fresh fish fillets out of refrigerated tubs then god wouldn't have given you a job that pays $120,000 per year. It's what nature wants. Survival of the fittest.

So what if some bauxite miner from fucking Malawi only makes like twenty bucks a month and is lucky to eat ass bugs out of a pickle jar? Not your fault. Your dog was born in Austin, Texas, not some slough of shanties stuck on the side of an African mountain. Well, actually he was born in Austria and he went to dog school there before he was flown to Texas, but it was all worth it to have your precious German Shepherd Dog named Hulk Hogan.

The Hulkster can't eat Alpo. Do you think that nature dogs living in nature boil their food and put it in a can? No, they eat it farm to table organic out of a fucking refrigerator, you shit. Which is why your dog is worth it. The one who will freak out in a thunder storm and piss in your basement. That dog? Worth it.

The vet offers braces for dogs with crooked teeth and if your dog develops cancer you can spend

upwards of $6,000 on radiation therapy. Clearly worth it, mate. This isn't some stranger's kid with cancer we're talking about here, this is your fifteen year old collie that at most has two years to live anyway and you are going to fucking karate chop them out of the grim reaper's hands with every possible veterinary treatment available. Because "Frasier" is worth it. Good thing you bought him health insurance.

By the way, just to allay your concerns, pet insurance is definitely not a symptom or a sign of a sick, fucked up world. It is not some fall of Rome shit. It's WORTH IT.

Some people just don't get it. Like the disgusting human breeders with their kids. Don't they realize the ecological footprint of having a first world child? It's way worse than the ecological footprint of a first world dog. The average American gross slob watches five hours of TV per day. That's a lot of greenhouse gas, right there.

According to your FitBark app (worth it), your Bichon Frise Macklemore only watches a few hours of TV every day and mostly just rolls in a dead mouse in your backyard. How is that hurting the environment? The mouse probably died of natural causes.

And why do you have to pay for school lunches for the kids who can't afford it? You don't have kids and you're willing to bet that a bunch of sadpoor lunchies don't have a Shiba Inu imported from a breeder in Okinawa. In Japan, they train them to *smile*. Since you're not even sending your smiling dog to a public school, in a fair world maybe all of those kid-havers should help you pay for your cans of Castor and Pollux.

After all, Doge is worth it. He understands you and he understands what is happening to him, he isn't just a fifty-pound fur covered parasite evolved to make you want to sacrifice resources to him and bred to exploit your desire to protect him as a surrogate family member. No. Not Doge. He is very worth it.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.20 The Fracking Fables of Groggery Gibbonman

Tuesday, Sep 23, 2014 by Ian "BFM" Helm

This article is part of the Groggery Gibbonman series.

"I saw him through my father's bedroom window, as grand as any picture on any dust-jacket. His long arm whipped through the air, his famous crooked cane clanged viciously against the metal cylinder. It was Old Tirade himself, Groggery Gibbonman, face red, screaming of how this turtle had wronged him."-*Diary of Queen Jacqueline I*

Ages ago or maybe more, on a vine that grew along the crags of a crumbling stone wall, there was one leaf that was not a leaf, though this was not known to everyone. It was a secret the leaf kept to itself, being a leaf-bug, whose identities are closely guarded things.

And for good reason. For on many days, such as this one, a terrible dragonfly beat his wings up and down the length of the stone wall, looking for unfortunate bugs to eat. The leaf-bug stayed ever still.

When the dragonfly landed near the leaf-bug and tasted at the air with his big ugly mouth, because he just *knew* there was food there, the leaf-bug stayed even stiller.

And when the dragonfly inched closer and closer to the leaf-bug, sniffing and considering, almost upon him, the leaf-bug stayed stiller still.

It was at this moment that the old stone wall, which had stayed the stillest of them all, snapped the dragonfly out of the air with a crunch. He chewed the papery bug thoughtfully with round stone teeth. The grateful leaf-bug patted the wall-bug's back.

The moral of the story is: It's tricksters all the way down.

Certainly no less than long ago, there lived a devoted alchemist whose skill with potions and reagents was legendary. His hermitage high in the wooded mountains afforded him naught but privacy and time, and these things he treasured, for his work was his obsession, and obsession is a lonely trade.

The alchemist was gifted indeed: He could move rust from one piece of iron to another, and make stones dance on tabletops. But he was not content with these accomplishments. He'd set his sights on the loftiest goal in his field - the transmutation of base metals to gold. Nothing less would satisfy.

The alchemist worked day and night, failure after failure. He pored through dust-logged scrolls, communed with mystics, and purchased secrets from beggars and sell-swords, but it was all to no avail.

Finally, exhausted and raving, the alchemist cried out to the heavens: "What is the secret!? What key unlocks the mystery of the yellow ore!? I beg of God and nature answer me this, or I shall go mad!!"

An old owl, who until then had sat unnoticed high in a tree above the lamenting alchemist, now hooted her thoughtful reply. "Fret not, mountain man, for I can tell you the secret, hoo hoo" said she, and upon hearing it the alchemist jumped for joy.

"Then teach me, oh sage old owl! Teach me nature's trick of turning lead to gold!"

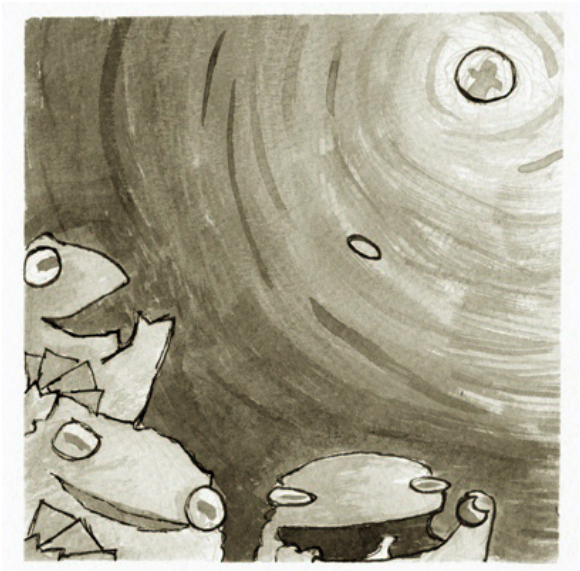
The owl flapped her great wings, descended from the tree to a hole in the roof of the alchemist's cabin, and arranged her feathers matter-of-factly as she explained. "It's simply a matter of getting enough energy to make lead atoms shed three protons," she said. "We'll need ten miles for track and electro magnets, hoo, and some 50 megawatt pulse klystrons, hoo. How are you at grant writing?"

The alchemist, whose hastily scribbled owl-notes contained no words he recognized, could not answer.

A pallor came over him as he realized he had surely gone mad, and as the nonsense words writhed through his head he stripped naked and ran into the woods, weeping and laughing at once about "electric maggots" and "Adam shedding pontoons."

"How dreadfully rude!" said the owl, and she flew off in a huff, telling all the other animals to keep the secret of how to make gold to themselves from then on.

The moral of the story is: You don't get a 2nd chance to make a 1st anachronism.



However much a while ago you may please, there lived a rancorous trio of toads. Wickedly clever toads were they, and pranksters of the highest order! Each day they'd hatch their schemes at the bottom of a wishing well.

One day a traveler stopped to fill his waterskin at the well. He threw a copper coin down into the water, smiling at the distant plop it made, and had just wished silently for a great fortune when something came hurtling back at him.

"What's this!" said the spry traveler as he snatched the pebble midair. It was a shiny black pebble no bigger than a bean, and still wet. A croaking voice followed up the well.

"Thank you for your business!" declared the voice loudly, above the other toads' shushes and titters. "That's one toad coin for one copper, standard exchange."

"Toad coin?" wondered the traveler aloud as he examined the pebble. It was mostly smooth but for one patch that was nobbled with a little chip, which is to say it did not look all that different from any other pebble, really, and certainly nothing like a coin.

"What manner of coin has no head or tail, bears no seal or flag, and is inscribed with no amount? Who backs this toad coin, the toad bank? Or the toad treasury!?" The traveler laughed, but the toads croaked sternly back at him.

"Do not be foolish! The king's coin has no real strength, it can be forged! Counterfeits flood the streets! But a toad coin is unique- have you ever seen one exactly this shape?"

The traveler had to admit, he had never seen a pebble *exactly* the same shape as this one, for all pebbles were unique. So he threw in a silver coin, receiving another pebble.

"Just one toad coin for a silver, the same as for a copper a second before!?" he balked.

"The exchange changes fast!" the toads giggled back. "But now you have two silvers' worth, 9 coppers' profit! And nobody else can have that same pebble, so it's utterly safe!"

"But what's to keep my toad coins from losing their value overnight?" asked the traveler.

"What's to keep your toad coins from *gaining* in value overnight!?" rebutted the toads.

The traveler, his concerns satisfied, emptied his pockets into the well, striking the toads with heavy gold coins and killing them, and shortly thereafter starved to death himself.

The moral of the story is: Be careful what you wish with.

–∼Ian "BFM" Helm

9.21 SkyMall Product Reviews: Grillight LED Grill Light / Spatula

Wednesday, Sep 24, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

Whether you're in the backyard grilling or at your favorite campsite, you can have all the light you need to cook as easily as if you were in your kitchen with this handy spatula that features a built-in LED light.

Customer Review: ★★★★★

Posted by Grubby Hands from Lola, KS

Wow! What a godsend. This beats my old system of taping a heavy maglite to a spatula, which makes the spatula super unwieldy. I don't know how many times I've dropped that sucker on my foot. Ouch! This Grilllight... it's amazing. I hope to one day own one. Been living in a cave since the recession. Best thing that's ever happened to me.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★★★★

Posted by NightGriller from Batesville, AR

Like most people, I used to use thermo goggles while grilling in pitch black, and those were great because you got to see temperature of the meat. Unfortunately, after a very unpleasant cuckolding incident that I already detailed in my review of the Great Pyramid of Giza Table (item KY-4022), I have vowed never to wear them again. With this flashlight spatula, the sky is once again the limit.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★★★★★

Posted by Always Hungry from Waterloo, IA

Fellow nightgriller checking in. I've got a man's appetite, and nothing satisfies me more than scarfing down 3-4 juicy brats before bed. I don't have electricity anymore (I'll pay my electric bill when the electric company admits they've been covering up working fission reactor tech since 1979). This is a great tool in my arsenal and saves me from constantly having to taste test hot meat to check if it's done or not. Now I can just look and get a good idea.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

Posted by Woodsman from Smithfield, ME

Pros: I can see the meat, even in total darkness or fog.

Cons: Have to leave camp to steal batteries, sometimes catch a glimpse of my reflection in spatula and recoil at the terrible thing I've become. Very difficult to receive packages at my current location.

Age: 56-60

Customer Review: ★★★★★

Posted by ZeroDarkHungry from St Albans, VT

I've made myself sick from eating undercooked and sometimes raw hamburger, chicken and pork, and all because I can't see if the meat is done in total darkness. This spatula is a miracle, and saves me the difficult trouble of straining my eyes to see if meat is done by moonlight alone.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★★★★★

Posted by WhoMe? from Canton, OH

Was super relieved to learn this was dishwasher safe. I don't own a dishwasher, but I tend to do the dishes while I bathe/shower. The light is helpful because I can get a better visual on some of the harder to see cracks and crevices. The spatula surface is also nice, because it helps "part the seas," so to speak. I'm sure it'll come in handy when I get a grill as well.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★★★

Posted by The Meat Man from Klamath Falls, OR

Got mine the other day. Immediately packed up my rig and drove 180 miles outside of town. Found a nice fire road and followed it as far as she would take me. Beautiful night. Strong tree cover meant total darkness. I couldn't see anything. I was balling meat in pitch blackness, hoping for the best. Then I busted this bad boy out. Sure enough, it lit up and I could see the meat. Great! It worked. I sat in the back of my car and finished off 4 delicious 80/20 hamburgers, then drove home. Perfect night out.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

Posted by ShadowGrill from Bowbells, ND

Some of us prefer not to see the meat. If we were meant to see in the dark, we would have raccoon eyes. Nice try, idiots.

Age: 51-55

Customer Review:

Posted by MeatRanger from Coolin, ID

Not worth the risk. I'm sure they designers of this product had the best of intentions, and I commend them for that, but with a light like this you risk revealing your location. Better to stick with NVGs or hone your zero-light grilling instincts than invite any undue scrutiny or trouble. I will not be buying this product today... not ever.

Age: 31-35

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.22 Bill O'Reilly's Plan to Defeat ISIS

Thursday, Sep 25, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

O'REILLY'S PLAN TO DEFEAT ISIS
Mercenary "anti-terror army"
Elite fighters
Recruited and trained by U.S. Special Forces
Fight terror around world
Source: Bill O'Reilly

(Original image: CBS, Source: Felix Gilman, Via: Twitter, On: Internet)

- Have the elite anti-terror mercenary army work out a whole bunch so they have big ol' muscles
- Only recruit good guys who will do good things with the cool violence gifts we give to them. Make sure they aren't bad guys who might use our weapons and training for bad things later. Perhaps we can draw their blood and test it against some bad guy blood to be sure?
- Use some sort of invisible jet as a mobile base to reach targets quickly and offload the elite super soldiers without being seen
- Get a really good radar that can scan the whole planet to find the bad guys - not just some of them, all of them
- The unit should have a mix of specialists to cover every important field of expertise: knife throwing, chess, demolitions, karate, computer hacking, movie quote trivia
- Do we have spread guns? You know, the guns that shoot in three directions at once so you can hit guys directly in front of you, as well as the guys at 45 degree angles above and below you. In my experience playing Contra they're pretty effective as long as you make smart use of jumping.
- Find all liberal Marxist commies who secretly support ISIS and torture them until they give up the location of the secret volcanic palace
- Give members of the elite kill squad codenames like Steelhawk, Deathbringer, Chisel, Ding Chavez, Snake Eyes
- A serum (radioactive? magical?) that makes the elite super soldiers taller and invulnerable for a few minutes
- Loyal O'Reilly Factor viewers know that Affirmative Action is a politically correct ploy to cram feminism and racial tensions down everyone's throats, and that it is in fact an inherently sexist act designed to keep minorities out of the intellectualistas' ivory tower. That said, maybe there could be a woman on this elite fighting force. She could saunter past ISIS bad guys all sexy-like to distract them, then the men could come up from behind and slit the distracted bad guys' throats or throw knives into the backs of their heads.

- When they aren't on a mission, have the elite super fighting force go around providing every non-ISIS person on Earth a video camera and beheading knife, as this is the most logical way to stop the bad guys who are armed with video cameras and beheading knives

- Make sure the U.S. Special Forces trains this elite action anti-terror squad in the most advanced combat techniques. For example, when an elite super soldier is mortally wounded but still alive, he should urge his bros to carry on, then lure the bad guys close. When they cluster around him menacingly, he should say something like "Surprise, you sons of bitches!" and reveal the grenade he has just removed the pin from. Then the bad guys can scream like cowards and try to run, but they all die in the blast.

- Needs a bitchin' logo, perhaps a rolled-up constitution whapping a skull so hard that it's exploding

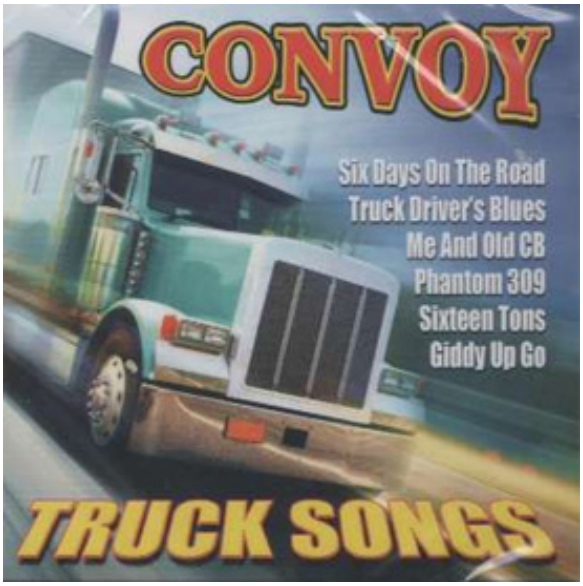
- Have our intelligence agencies cooperate to provide the elite supersoldiers with detailed information before they take on high value targets. This way they'll know: Don't waste your ammo, hold off until his weak spot glows then concentrate fire on that spot. Wait for his animation loop, then do it two more times, being careful to avoid any area of effect attacks that he launches.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.23 You Won't Believe These Lesser Known Truck Driving Songs

Friday, Sep 26, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

You've heard "On the Road Again" and "Convoy," but these lesser known trucking classics deliver folksy fables and hard workin' trucker lore to match up against "Eastbound and Down."



10-4, Good Mommy by Jumbo Shrimp Smalls

Chow Pail Johnny by Roggsy Carolina

AM Desert Jesus by Climp Delver

Turn, Truck, Turn by Barbara Builter

Chuggin' Eye Peelers by K.C. Soppy Trowels and the Female Body Inspectors

Get Your Supper Bucket Ready by Travith Tripth

Trucks Have Wheels by Honest McCoy and the Lyin' City Folk

Callin' in to Rushbo by Junior Seniors and the Seniors

In a Muddy Diaper He Rides by Jordan Comon and the Slams

BJ and the Creeper Cooter by Old Red Hiccups

Bucket Din Din by Creamy Dan

18 Wheels On My Truck by Corey Counterman

Rode to Saskatoon Snoozin' by The Late Tom Brokaws

Freight Tuggin' Tina by Slavoj and the Zizeks

Round Rubber Things Go by Honest McCoy featuring Holdt Scuba

Nappin' in the Passing Lane by Two Star Yelp Review

75 to Ocala by 326 to the 301 by Corey Counterman

Scarfin' Asphalt by Creamy Dan

Eight Months Old and Haulin' by Corey Counterman and the Tennessee Tabulators

Lost My Girl to a Roofer by Egg "Cherokee" Scrumbles

Eat Yer Bucket, BJ by Old Red Hiccups

Mommy's Bucket Baby by Bad Baz and the Lurhmenn

Toronto to Tucson to Trouble by Shirtless Ron Rabbit

Ride the Asphalt Rails by The Kentucky Jew Boys

Truck Drivin' Sonuva Mommy by Kebby Jizholms

Ain't No Honey in the Honey Bucket by Rampy Bossup

Ain't Got No Baba No More by Tennessee "Hickory" Asscomb

Big Rectangle and the Round-Round Circles by Lerlene Hitler

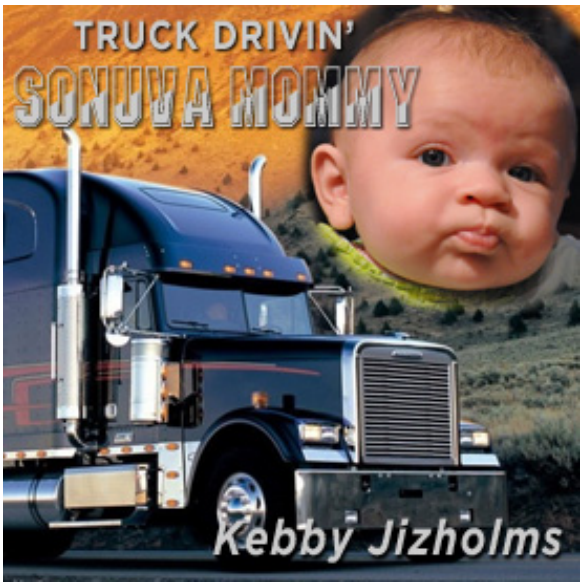
Sad Spotty Lotty by The Brown Mountain Boys

Haulin' Trouble in My Eatin' Bucket by Scoob and the Sherpas

Last Ride of the Late Night Baby by Winty Friller

Jerked Off By a Stranger by Craegg Clownsmith Jr.

BJ and the Pantload by Old Red Hiccups

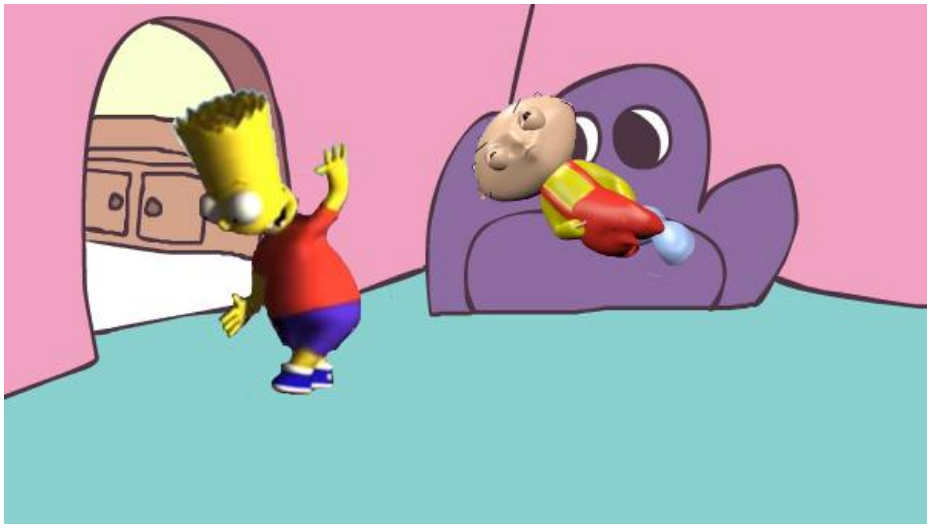


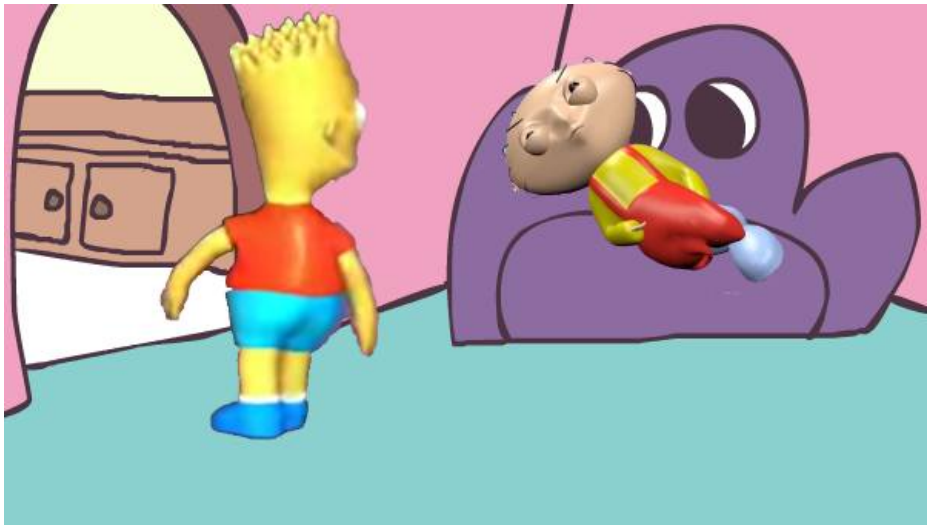
Votin' Chicks (Ruinin' This Country O' Mine) by Craegg Clownsmith Jr.

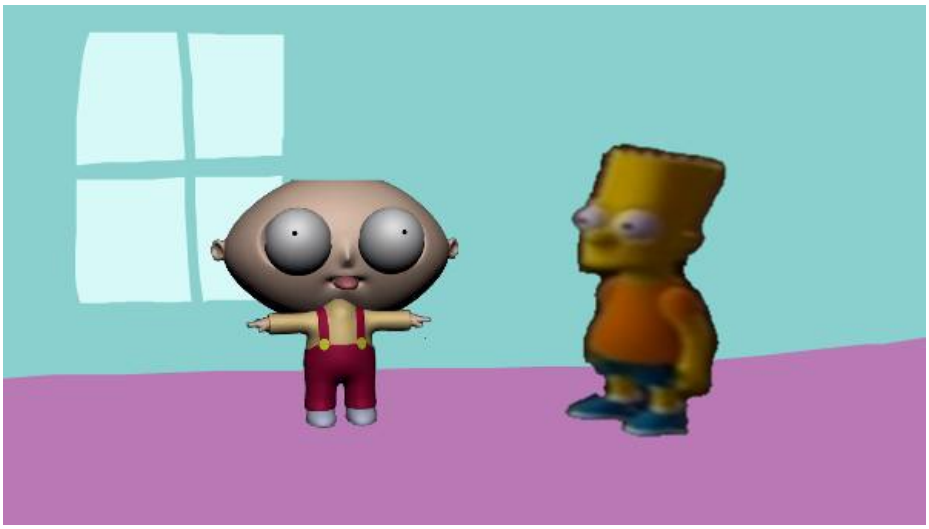
–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.24 STEW AND BART

Sunday, Sep 28, 2014 by stewbart (@sashmorky)







–~stewbart (@sashmorky)

9.25 Techwank: Only the Most Infuriating Upcoming Tech Headlines

Monday, Sep 29, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

TECHWANK

Hands On With a Revolutionary High End Tech Product From One of Our Advertisers

The Butthole Fork Will Change the Way You Eat Dinner

How Gamifying Ebola Will Save Africa

Uber Just Straight Up Murdering Cab Drivers Now

This Startup's Hamburger Quadcopter Will Save the Middle Class

Meet the First Man to Have a Garage Door Opener Implanted in His Arm

v5 Apps That Can Streamline the Grieving Process

How Crowdsourcing Replaced One Middle Eastern Government With an Even Worse Government

Why 52% of the Population is Now Trans and Why That is Bad for Google

How Two Guys in a San Francisco Loft Might Just Save Detroit's Schools

India VC Interested in Startup's Device to Stream MADtv Sketches While Working Out

Type Sommelier App Selects the Right Font to Pair With Dinner

This New Device Can Predict Exactly When You Will Die and the Way it Works Will Shock You to Death

Meet the Adult Actress Who is Changing the Way We View Streaming Content

9 New Ways We Thought of Why Steve Jobs is Cool

How 3D Printing Will Help Save Critically Endangered Butterflies

Startup Receives $5.6m VC for Third Party Pizza Delivery App

Meet the Russian Oligarch Who Will Change the Way You Think About Dating

7 Cases for Your Phone That Will Save Your Baby's Life

What Gamification Means for Your Relationship With Your Dog Walker

Catr Wall: Crowd Sourcing Homes for Stray Cats in Warzones

Why Paula Dean is Excited About Windows Phone

Facebook Now Shares Your Private Browser History With Your Family

PassFort Stores All Your Passwords in One Easily Hackable Place

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.26 How to get Elected in Hong Kong

Tuesday, Sep 30, 2014 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

You can run for election for Chief Executive if...
1. You are pre-approved by the central government

OR

2. You fulfill absolute compliance with **all** factors below.

In **each** case, you...

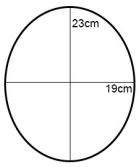
- Must hate olives
- Must have (at least) a vague understanding of Hong Kong's general location on a map
- Must know how *Game of Thrones* ends but no spoilers please
- Must join the Facebook group "If you can join this, the censorship fell off"
- Must not participate in any counter-censorship efforts
- Must be a registered member of the Pen15 Club
- Must select the correct response from below:

  1) "You know, in many ways, there aren't many differences between an algae bloom and a rose blossom. Aside from the massive suffocation of all aquatic plant and animal life, of course."

  2) "Everyone calm down. There is nothing to worry about. Algae blooms are harmless to humans unless an individual uses water for cooking, bathing, or drinking or, like, has their livelihood linked to the massively poisonous water that's been totally wrecked due to unchecked pollution."

  3) "There are no algae blooms."

- Must not have too much arm hair that it looks gross, but not too little that it looks creepy
- Must bring PJs and a spooky movie to Xi Jinping's weekly slumber party
- Must view civil protest as an act of war
- Must look good in a sleeveless t-shirt
- Must know the Konami Code
- Must have a face that fits within these measurements:



- Must combine and harness the NFL's bold faced deniability *and* the tobacco lobbyists' bold faced lies
- Must have strong opinions about White Castle despite never eating at White Castles
- Must select the correct response below:

  1) "People from certain regions and classes don't have feelings. They're like cockroaches that eat more."

  2) "Some people truly like working in windowless factories. They are like the conveyor belt or the uncovered asbestos ventilation. Could you imagine an uncovered asbestos ventilation outside on a sunny day? Of course not. It likes being inside working at a grueling pace."

  3) "There are no human rights violations."

- Must register online between 7 - 8:15pm using Netscape Navigator v.4.08
- Must have adult braces, healthy flossing habits, and a minimum of three wisdom teeth present
- Must regularly say "awesome" in a manner that does not sound forced or weird
- Must promise to totally not in any way what so ever in their life even think about getting caught in a corruption scandal
- Must be an avid student to the school of Comcast customer support
- Must have three of the following cool signifiers: leather jacket, the name Gunther, a pack of smokes rolled under sleeve, a knowledge of local fauna, a switch blade, a signature dance
- Must talk in the third person about all self-created, totally avoidable tragedies (example: Accidents were made in regard to the daycare/firecracker factory explosion)
- Must have a cool mom
- Must be pre-approved by the central government

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Chapter 10

October

10.1 Meet Your Body's Most Useless Organs

Wednesday, Oct 01, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The human anatomy is home to more than three hundred organs. Doctors and chocolatiers agree that the vast majority of these revolting lumps of tissue serve little to no function. If you find yourself standing in a long line or stuck at the airport waiting for a delayed flight, consider taking a few minutes to remove the following from your person.

Lint Node

This wriggling grey sac is roughly the size and smell of a golf ball. Located at the base of the belly button, its sole function is to create and extrude a neverending supply of lint.

The lint node collects the base material for this process by signaling the rest of your body to harvest healthy cells from random locations, including your brain. This makes the lint node single-handedly responsible for aging and natural death.

HD-DVD Drive

Utterly useless. It only has RCA output ports.

Rib Sensor

Do you have ribs? Are you absolutely sure? This forty pound organ wraps around the entire surface of your ribcage. Once every ten seconds it gives your ribs a light caress to make sure they're all accounted for, then sends a confirmation directly to your subconscious.

This organ was essential when humans were very stupid. Now we know how to check for our ribs by nervously patting our chests every few minutes with our hands.

Illness Grabule

Disguised as a common nose hair, the illness grabule is a master of snatching viruses from the air and passing them along to infect the body.

Cup Holder

This free floating solid mass does not sense stimuli, process material, or communicate with the rest of the anatomy in any way. It is simply a circular clump of tissue with a slot perfectly suited to hold a standard soft drink or coffee cup.

The Counter Poison Gland

With incredible precision, this organ counts how many times your body has ingested fatal poison.

Feeling Gut

Here we have the organ responsible for all instinctive attitudes about complex issues, from politics to race relations to Microsoft naming their next OS Windows 10. The feeling gut's advanced microbiotic

defense system subdues all signals from the brain relating to these serious issues. When it senses a challenge from outside influences such as logic and empathy, it blasts an electrical impulse to the brain, responding to these hostile stimuli with "Yeah, but still."

Internal Blowhole

Does what it says on the tin. Constantly. In your left knee.

Gaydar Gaydar

Sending out a subsonic frequency along your entire body, this highly specialized organ listens for a returning ping which would indicate the presence of a gaydar organ. It's quite useless because gaydar does not exist, and the notion that the human anatomy would produce such a highly specialized organ as the (frankly offensive) "gaydar" is absurd.

Not to be confused with the gaydar gaydar gaydar, a very useful organ which looks for the presence of a gaydar gaydar.

Funny Pancreas

Located in the sinus cavity, the funny pancreas produces a neural enzyme that consumes the will to live by continually repeating funny lines from movies and television shows.

Compulsive Converter

In one end, red blood cells go in. After a lengthy process that consumes a great deal of energy, these red blood cells undergo a complete transformation. What emerges from the other end of the compulsive converter is: Completely unchanged blood cells.

Optic Burg

A remarkable organ which taps into your optic nerve, mirroring all visual stimuli and interpreting every element of the imagery as burgers for unknown reasons.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.2 Dear Family: I'm Actually Dead

Thursday, Oct 02, 2014 by The Ghost of Don Pardo

It's been a long, Pardo-free month, and I hope you're all doing well. Me? I'm wandering the earth as a god-forsaken spectre while that chubby boy with the Clinton impressions does a pale imitation of my golden voice, which honeyed American airwaves for over 70 years. As much as I'd like to head off to my great reward, one major issue stands between me and making love on a cloud with Greta Garbo for eternity: no one seems to think I'm dead.

Let me take you back in time to 1926. As an eight-year-old boy, the local horse doctor-which regularly treated and shoed the local children-diagnosed me with a condition known as "ghost throat." My booming, warbling voice began to trouble and frighten my school chums, so, for the sake of my socialization, mother took me along on one of her weekly trips to buy horse tranquilizers, a regular addition to coffee before all of those heart failures. There would be no cure for little Donny, but that kind, manure-covered man opened the door to my new path in life: announcing.

This traumatic condition served me well through a career that spanned most of the 20th century. And when that shaggy-haired Lorne Michaels came to me with an offer to be the voice of his new, late-night variety show, it didn't take long for my voice to become synonymous with Saturday night. Of course, it didn't always go smoothly. When some dope-smoking PA hands you a script containing the words

MUSICAL GUEST: TEN THOUSAND MANIACS!
You just have to soldier on and assume they're not pulling a fast one on you. Of course, you can only push Mr. Don Pardo so far. When they asked me to say

MUSICAL GUEST: MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO!
I refused, which caused a week-long hustle to find a new act. Well, I don't think anyone was complaining when the words

MUSICAL GUEST: INXS!
Blasted from my diaphragm. In fact, the lead singer thanked me personally. He was a very nice young man and I'm sure he's gone very far in life.

In life, my voice was a blessing, but in death, it's been nothing but a curse. After reaching the age

of 96, your family starts to assume you'll live forever, and dying quietly in my bed hasn't done much to convince them otherwise. Because I sounded like an otherworldly apparition in life, after death, it's been very hard to get those around me to take my various hauntings seriously. When I wander the halls of my great-grandson's home, working up the most ghostly moan I can, the only response I get is "DAD! Granpa Don needs his pills!"

I've even resorted to shouting out-of-context nonsense in the presence of my living family members. They'll be sitting quietly, watching TV in the living room, when suddenly, the names

Siobhan Fallon!
Melanie Hutsell!
Bounce across the walls. The only response this gets? A shared look of concern, followed up by statements like "We need to look into assisted living home soon."

So please, if you have some means of contacting my family, let them know I'm dead, and my body needs to be buried before I can move on to the next world, After 40 years of saying thirty words a week into a microphone, I'm ready for some eternal rest. And if this goes on any longer, who knows? I may become one of those crazy murder-ghosts the movies can't stop talking about. Do you really want the words

JOE PISCOPO!
To be the last thing you hear before your heart bursts in the clutches of my ectoplasmic fingers? And, before you start wondering where a man approaching 100 years old knows such a bizarre word, trust me: When you spend as much time around Dan Aykroyd as I have, your mind is full of crazy horse shit.

–∼The Ghost of Don Pardo

10.3 The Revised Ello Manifesto

Friday, Oct 03, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Your social network has colors.

What's the point of those? Deceit.

Your social network has other people and not just the two weird guys who told you to join and some tech journalist who posts about nothing but the death of Facebook. Who could ask for more than that? Trust us, this is not going to be as depressing as Google+ all over again.

Your social network has advertisers who pay for the social network to continue operating. You are the product that is bought and sold to pay for servers. To pay for coders. To pay for Vietnamese takeout on Fridays.

We believe there is a better way. An empty social network with no ads. A social network that keeps costs low by not using a lot of bandwidth on graphics. We believe in a social network that looks like a text file. One with circles and no sense of design. A social network you will join and then never look at again. But not like Google+, seriously.

We believe in audacity. We believe in beauty, simplicity, and patching in privacy settings because we accidentally gave away the full names of all our users. We believe in a partnership between the social network and the users who are going to be complaining any time we inevitably try to make any money off this thing.

We believe a social network can be a tool for empowerment. Like fire or the wheel, only it lets you share pictures of cats and make vague, self-pitying posts about how hard your day was. It lets you rediscover friends who told you to join Ello on Facebook. It lets you be smug because you were an early adopter with a name like @beef or @jim and not like those late adopters like @roastbeef and @james.

You are not a product. You're a sort of apelike creature that likes to post pictures of what you are having for dinner and talk about your kids to nobody.

It may be another hollow experience. Another desperate scream into the digital abyss that will go unanswered.

But goddamn it, there aren't ads.

The Ello Team

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.4 Ebola Health Alerts From Internet Idiots

Monday, Oct 06, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Ebola continues to ravage several African countries, killing more than 3,000 people to date, and threatens to spread to other countries. The United States has been on high alert since a Liberian visiting Texas was diagnosed with Ebola last week. While that patient continues to fight for his life, others remain under quarantine, and the threat of further cases of Ebola looms over the nation. Thankfully, we have the Internet to keep us up to date with the truth.

Proving once again that Internet radio hosts break all the biggest stories, Erik Rush has the truth about the origins of Ebola:

Erik Rush
October 4 at 8:49am
Like Page
Investigator Says #Ebola Was Engineered, Govt & Bill Gates Own all Patents & Related Vaccines http://t.co/LgjsNaJIZ8 #tcot #nwo
Investigator Says Ebola Was Engineered, Govt & Bill Gates Own the...
Africa has long been the West's "proving ground" for experimental medicine since the continent in so...
T.CO
Like · Comment · Share · 45 26 82

Fake news website only distinguishable from actual news website by Internet suffix.

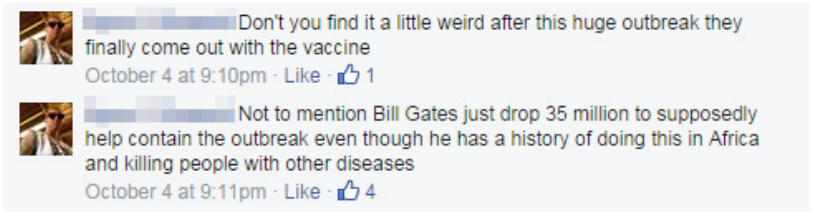
Dot Net:

ISIS is infecting their terrorists with ebola so that they can spread it on American soil!
http://nationalreport.net/dhs-uncover-isis-terror-plot.../
ISIS
ISIS Terrorists Infected With Ebola Plan To Suicide Bomb Large US Cities
Plans from terrorist organization ISIS to spread the...
NATIONALREPORT.NET
Yesterday at 4:23am · Like

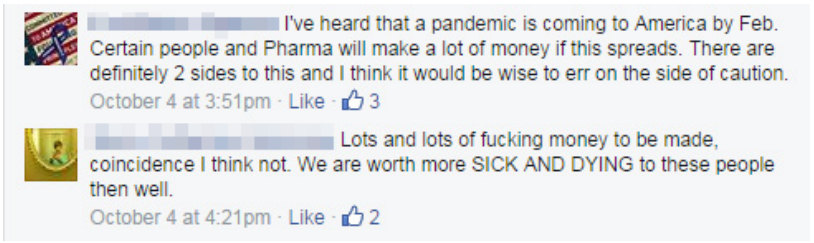
Dot Com:

Forbes
Share
Bruce Dorminey
Contributor
FOLLOW
TECH
Ebola As ISIS Bio-Weapon?
+ Comment Now
+ Follow Comments
ISIS may already be thinking of using Ebola as a low-tech weapon of bio-terror, says a national security expert, who notes that the "Islamic State of Iraq and Syria" and terror groups like it wouldn't even have to

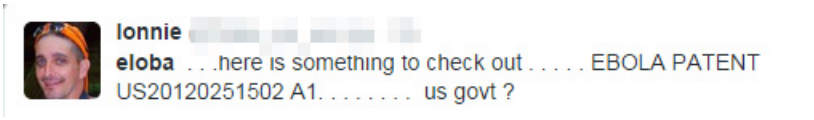
This guy might be the "investigator" that earlier Bill Gates headline was talking about:


Don't you find it a little weird after this huge outbreak they finally come out with the vaccine
October 4 at 9:10pm · Like · 1
Not to mention Bill Gates just drop 35 million to supposedly help contain the outbreak even though he has a history of doing this in Africa and killing people with other diseases
October 4 at 9:11pm · Like · 4

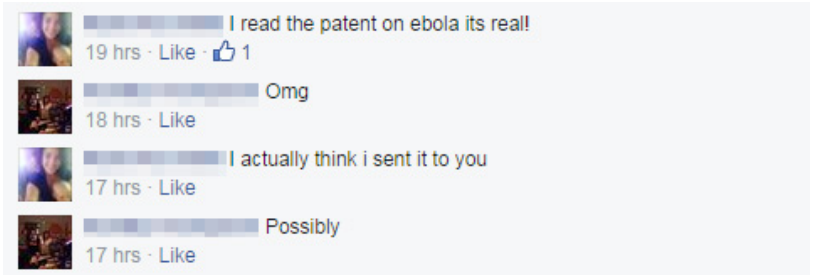
Big Pharma Guy looks at February on calendar and dollar signs appear in his eyes


I've heard that a pandemic is coming to America by Feb. Certain people and Pharma will make a lot of money if this spreads. There are definitely 2 sides to this and I think it would be wise to err on the side of caution.
October 4 at 3:51pm · Like · 3
Lots and lots of fucking money to be made, coincidence I think not. We are worth more SICK AND DYING to these people then well.
October 4 at 4:21pm · Like · 2

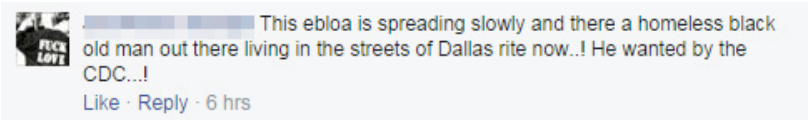
Yo, this is your home boy lonnie. Check out this patent. What's up with that? Just sayin'. Later, gators.



Lonnie convinced at least two people of the truth:


I read the patent on ebola its real!
19 hrs · Like · 1
Omg
18 hrs · Like
I actually think i sent it to you
17 hrs · Like
Possibly
17 hrs · Like

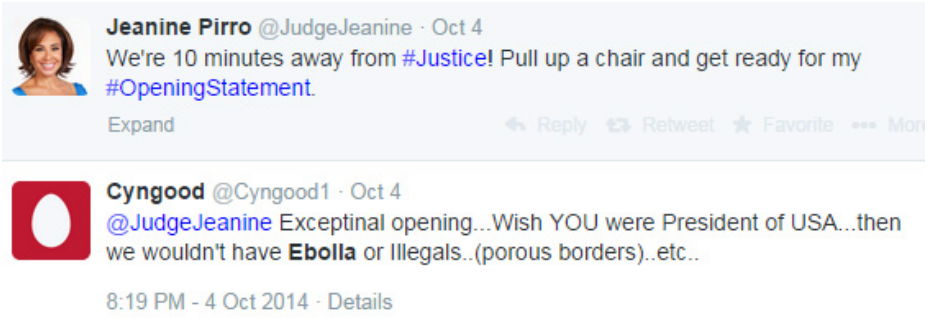
I'd like to imagine an ellipse followed by an exclamation is sort of like a long pause after a sentence and then bugging out the eyes.


This ebloa is spreading slowly and there a homeless black old man out there living in the streets of Dallas rite now..! He wanted by the CDC...!
Like · Reply · 6 hrs

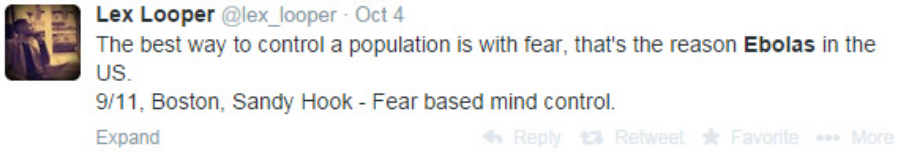
Finally, someone is getting to the bottom of Ebola.

Lou Dobbs
13 hrs ·
Like Page
Psychiatrist Dr. Keith Ablow psychoanalyzes President Obama's silence on #Ebola.
http://video.foxbusiness.com/v/3820154965001
Why is President Obama silent on Ebola?

She's judge, jury, and cool with your spelling and grammar. Not a big deal, buddy. You're getting your point across.


Jeanine Pirro @JudgeJeanine · Oct 4
We're 10 minutes away from #Justice! Pull up a chair and get ready for my #OpeningStatement.
Expand
Reply
Retweet
Favorite
Cyngood @Cyngood1 · Oct 4
@JudgeJeanine Exceptinal opening...Wish YOU were President of USA...then we wouldn't have Ebolla or Illegals..(porous borders)..etc..
8:19 PM - 4 Oct 2014 · Details

On the one hand Lex makes a good point, on the other hand, there WAS a monster at the end of that book.


Lex Looper @lex_looper · Oct 4
The best way to control a population is with fear, that's the reason Ebolas in the US.
9/11, Boston, Sandy Hook - Fear based mind control.
Expand
Reply Retweet Favorite More

I knew FEMA had to be in on this.

AMERICA ARE PRETENDING EBOLA ORIGINATED IN AFRICA. THEY RELEASED IT THERE IN ORDER TO SEND IT TO AMERICA.
http://www.nowtheendbegins.com/blog/?p=26964
Are The FEMA Coffin Liners For Ebola Virus Victims? - Now The End Begins
If the current outbreak of the Ebola virus was indeed...
NOWTHEENDBEGINS.COM
Like · Reply · 1 · 11 hrs

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.5 Look at this asshole

Tuesday, Oct 07, 2014 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

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SET EDITION: U.S. | INTERNATIONAL | MÉXICO | ARABIC
TV: CNN | CNNi | CNN en Español | HLN
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Tech
Health
Living
updated 2:55 PM EDT, Tue August 26, 2014
EDITOR'S CHOICE
Michael Brown shooting · Legroom fight · Prison riot · iPhone · Emmy Awards
BREAKING NEWS
Look at this asshole
Click to play
ROBERTO SCHMIDT/AFP/GETTY IMAGES
Idiot car doesnt have windshield
This moron is driving the world's shittiest car. The people around him are staring because it's so stupid. Why does he have two fingers up? Is he ordering two hamburgers? What a stupid asshole. FULL STORY
NEW Great paint job, bucko
Photos: Dumb cars from around the globe
THE LATEST
CNN EXCLUSIVE

Look at this asshole

PRESIDENT MAGIC WIZARD MAN casts a series of advanced spells on people holding cardboard signs. "Why is he doing this to us" said one guy whose sign had red, white, and blue on it and some boring words. "I just wanted to show him this sign I made and now I have to defend against magic missile?" "I didn't vote for this kind of change" says another man holding a sign, both weak against elemental powers.

- Obama saved mana for post-election action claims media | VIDEO: Obama summoning Gelatinous Cube
- "What about our saving throws?" asks illegal immigrants in heated footrace
- VIDEO: 100-Sided Die a "sign" of the times? | VIDEO: Obama defeats a bugbear

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August 27, 2014 -- Updated at 2:30 PM ET
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Shepard Smith Reporting
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Opinion
Entertainment
Tech
Science
Health
Travel
Look at this asshole
STREAMS AND WATERBODIES IN THE UNITED STATES
The National Hydrography Dataset, High Resolution
'These maps show the EPA's plan: to control a huge amount of private property across the country'
- Rep. Lamar Smith
GIANT STUPID BUSINESSMAN is absolutely huge. Look at that guy. He's bigger than most of the country. His gigantic dumb head is like a bulbous watermelon meteor with a pubic hair wig. Everything behind him is yellow because this idiot peed all over America. Also thanks a lot to Lamar Smith for writing his dumb words on over 10 states. You suck too.
• Giant asshole gets glasses from Giant Lensmasters
• FOX NEWS FIRST: Which states have the most urine?
• VIDEO: Regular sized man calling giant man a "shitty guy"
• JOHN STOSSEL: America, stop making glasses for this guy
RELIEF FOR IRAQIS?
'SONS OF GUNS' ARREST
'CRUDE AND OFFENSIVE'

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SET EDITION: U.S. | INTERNATIONAL | MÉXICO | ARABIC
TV: CNN | CNNi | CNN en Español | HLN
Home TV & Video U.S. World Politics Justice Entertainment Tech Health Living
updated 10:31 AM EDT, Fri August 29, 2014
EDITOR'S CHOICE Ukraine · Fort Hood shooter · F-15 crash · China · Obama's suit · Malaysia Airlines
BREAKING NEWS
Look at this asshole
Click to play
BEN STANSALL/AFP/GETTY IMAGES/FILE
Idiot moron cop got stuck in jail
Look at that chubby, pasty dope. He's got a gun and somehow managed to get thrown in jail. Another white nerd is making sure he doesn't escape. FULL STORY
Ft. Dumb cop: Whoops I fucked up
NEW Why doesn't idiot shoot his way out?
Obama: What an asshole
Bad cop, worse prisoner
Photos: Cops stuck under fence | Morons
THE LATEST
Putin to rebels: Let Ukrainians retreat
'THE HUNT WITH JOHN WALSH'
Who took this boy? A

August 30, 2014 -- Updated at 7:11 PM ET

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Look at this asshole

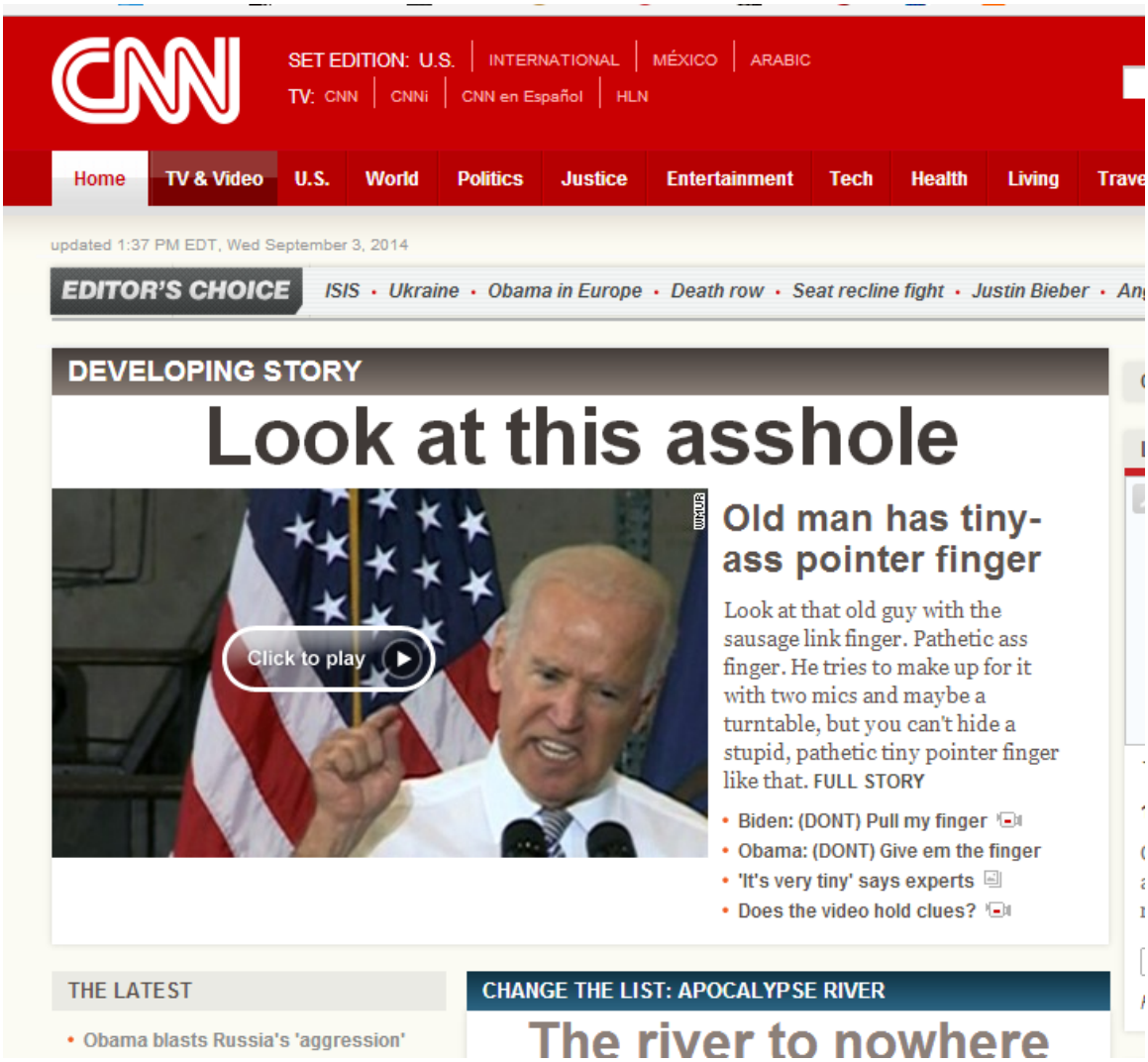
FAT POTATO-HEAD LOOKING MOTHERFUCKER of some place that's really foreign is warning his country to stop cramming 40 heavily armed standing idiots into the back of a truck. "It's stupid and you could fall" he said. "Also my face has the texture of a goddamn ballsack." Reporters noticed his fat chin looks like an upsidedown mushroom cloud of pubes.

- **EXCLUSIVE:** Why do they shoot the clouds?
- VIDEO: Clowncars of the Middle East
- VIDEO: Fat lard guy eating soup
- VIDEO: Crowds of people chanting "you're riding like idiots"
- OPINION: That fool got vagina eyes

LANDRIEU UNDER FIRE

CRISIS IN UKRAINE

RAMS CUT SAM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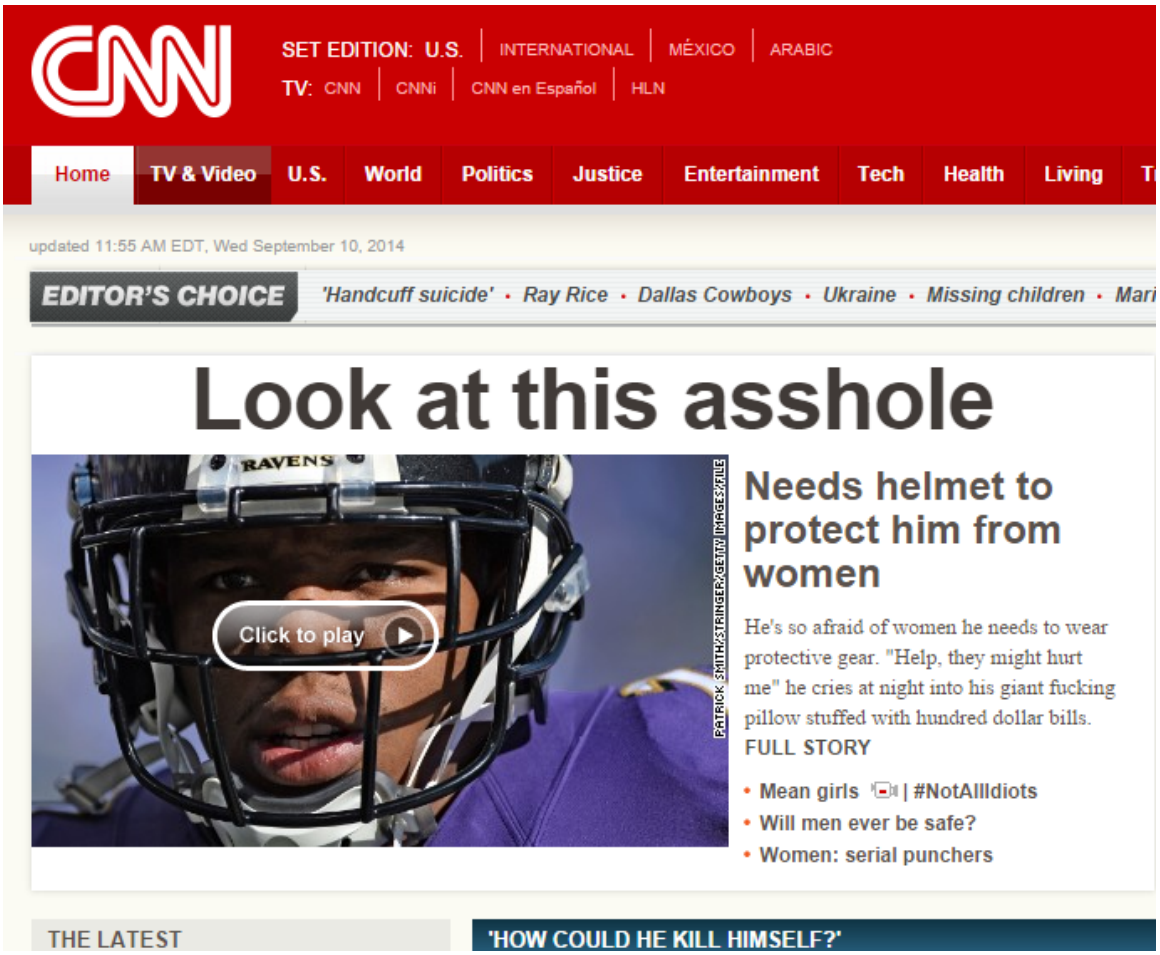
Trave
updated 1:37 PM EDT, Wed September 3, 2014
EDITOR'S CHOICE
ISIS · Ukraine · Obama in Europe · Death row · Seat recline fight · Justin Bieber · An
DEVELOPING STORY
Look at this asshole
Click to play
Old man has tiny-ass pointer finger
Look at that old guy with the sausage link finger. Pathetic ass finger. He tries to make up for it with two mics and maybe a turntable, but you can't hide a stupid, pathetic tiny pointer finger like that. FULL STORY
Biden: (DONT) Pull my finger
Obama: (DONT) Give em the finger
'It's very tiny' says experts
Does the video hold clues?
THE LATEST
Obama blasts Russia's 'aggression'
CHANGE THE LIST: APOCALYPSE RIVER
The river to nowhere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TV: CNN | CNNi | CNN en Español | HLN
Home TV & Video U.S. World Politics Justice Entertainment Tech Health Living
updated 11:55 AM EDT, Wed September 10, 2014
EDITOR'S CHOICE 'Handcuff suicide' · Ray Rice · Dallas Cowboys · Ukraine · Missing children · Mari
Look at this asshole
RAVENS
Click to play
PATRICK SMITH/STRINGER/GETTY IMAGES/FILE
Needs helmet to protect him from women
He's so afraid of women he needs to wear protective gear. "Help, they might hurt me" he cries at night into his giant fucking pillow stuffed with hundred dollar bills.
FULL STORY
• Mean girls | #NotAllIdiots
• Will men ever be safe?
• Women: serial punchers
THE LATEST
'HOW COULD HE KILL HIMSELF?'

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Health
Travel
Life
Look at this asshole
SKELETOR DISMISSES the marching of one dude in black down a street. "What a shitty parade" he said. "There aren't even any old people throwing candy or driving around those tiny little cars." Parade supporter demands an apology. "I love my flag and my gun."
• Worst parades in history
• VIDEO: Are guns related to flags?
• Nobody likes a parade
• Drivers upset as man with flag blocks traffic
Reuters
KEEPING MEMORY ALIVE
Holocaust experts work to
DIGITAL JIHAD
ISIS, Al Qaeda seek cyber
PICTURE PERFECT
Group in mystery 9/11 pic

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updated 7:56 PM EDT, Tue September 23, 2014
EDITOR'S CHOICE
U.S. airstrikes • F-22 • UPS shooting • Emma Watson • India's spacecraft • Chelsea Mannin
BREAKING NEWS
Look at this asshole
THE PENTAGON
Click to play
BRENDAN SMIALOWSKI/AFP/GETTY IMAGES
Army dude watches TV during conference
People were trying to ask this guy questions, but he was all like "shut up, I'm watching my stories." FULL STORY
• WATCH CNN: watch CNN | Photos
• Americans love TV
• Map | Popular shows on now
• Women, men stunned by images
• Bergen: Obama likes radio
THE LATEST
ENTEROVIRUS SWEEPS THROUGH U.S.
• Hannah Graham case: Suspect named
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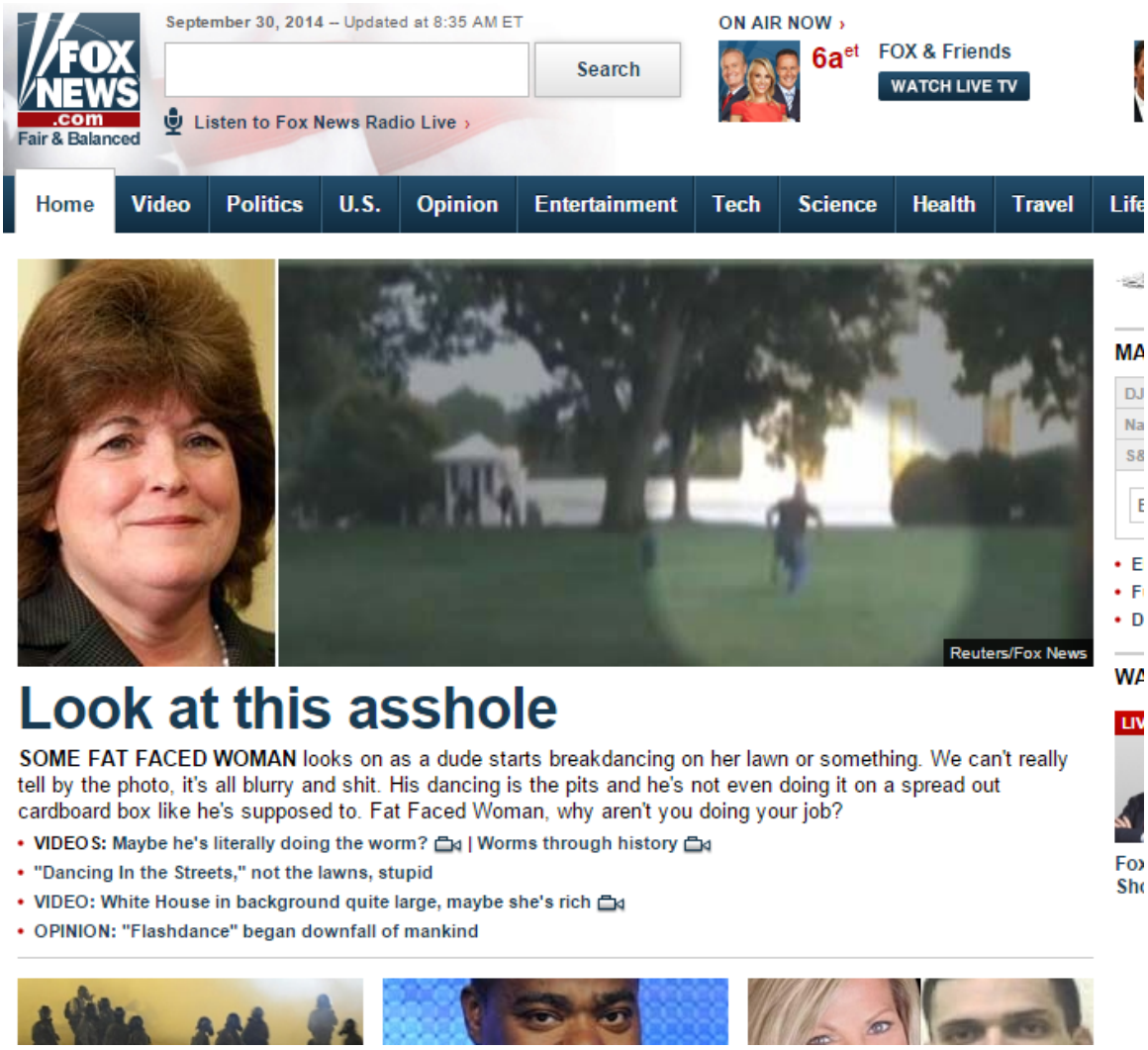
Lifes
Look at this asshole
AP
SOME STUPID IDIOT doesn't know how to cook or something because look at his retarded ass stone home burning up. He probably removed the smoke detector batteries for his Playstation controller or something. Your Hot Pockets were ready hours ago, moron.
• Does anybody in the middle east know how to cook?
• VIDEO: Clapper to blame?
• Hotbed of Hot Pockets
• Kurds in Syria fear oven cleansing by ISIS
• ISIS declares war on stove vents
• OPINION: Memo to Obama — Step up as Commander in Chef
ROCKY HISTORY
BREAK IN MURDER CASE
NOW YOU SEE IT...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Reuters/Fox News
Look at this asshole
SOME FAT FACED WOMAN looks on as a dude starts breakdancing on her lawn or something. We can't really tell by the photo, it's all blurry and shit. His dancing is the pits and he's not even doing it on a spread out cardboard box like he's supposed to. Fat Faced Woman, why aren't you doing your job?
VIDEOS: Maybe he's literally doing the worm? | Worms through history
"Dancing In the Streets," not the lawns, stupid
VIDEO: White House in background quite large, maybe she's rich
OPINION: "Flashdance" began downfall of mankind

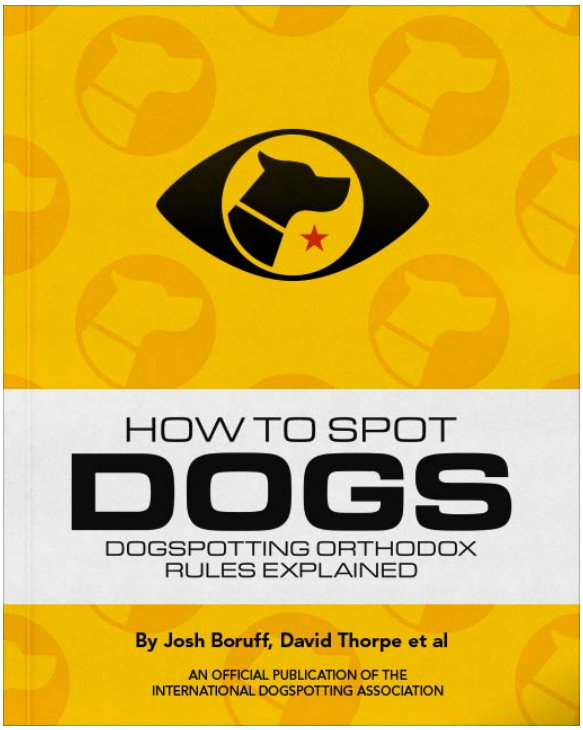
–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.6 How to Spot Dogs: Dogspotting Orthodox Rules Explained

Wednesday, Oct 08, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Back in 2008, a Something Awful forums poster named John Savoia outlined his blueprint for better living. Savoia proposed assigning point values to all the dogs you see in your daily activities, with various bonuses attached for those extra-special spots. It was a genius idea, one that should have immediately resulted in him being presented with a check for one million dollars by two bikini-clad ladies with empty eyes.

I latched onto the idea very quickly. Initially, I was fine with Savoia's happy-go-lucky rules, but found myself dissatisfied with the lack of challenge. Over time, my views radicalized into something darker, harsher, but infinitely more rewarding. In my system, small dogs were worth negative points, and there were penalties for dogs behaving shamefully. Many, such as David Thorpe, began referring to my hardline approach as Boruff Orthodox. I never liked that name, for indeed Thorpe and others were integral in the formation of these rules.



Around this time, a Facebook group was created dedicated to the sport, championed by Savoia and SA alum Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz, among others. It was mostly a ghost town for years, but then something changed a few months ago. The group started exploding exponentially, as the sport of dogspotting caught on, especially in Australia. Unfortunately, the Australians proved themselves a lawless people even still, awarding points to one another with reckless abandon.

It became clear that order was needed. People needed a system by which one could accurately score any dog. It just so happens I had such a system, and yesterday it became the law of the land in the Facebook group. Naturally, this resulted in chaos, anger and people hating me. It was beautiful.

In the interest of appealing to people beyond the sensitive world of Facebook, I would like to share those rules with you now.

WHAT IS DOGSPOTTING?

Dogspotting is the act of assigning point values to the dogs you see in your daily travels.

Dogspotting is all about spontaneity and seeing new dogs. True dogspotters never count dogs they already know, or engineer spots by visiting places like dog parks and veterinary clinics where dogs are expected. Good dogspotters embrace the unexpected, allowing each spot to be a surprising gift... or terrible curse.

With Orthodox Rules, dogspotting becomes even more fun and challenging. In addition to points for size, special spots may be eligible for bonus points, multipliers and penalties.

HOW DO YOU SPOT?

THE EYE CAPTURES DOG PHOTONS TO BE PROCESSED INTO POINTS

Look at a dog. Once you master that, you're ready for dogspotting. You must be looking at the dog's physical being with your own eyes for the spot to count; no using aids like telescopes or mirrors to achieve "trick spots."

The goal is to observe dogs in their natural state, not to get their attention. While many people like to photograph spots, this is in no way required. If you do, always be courteous and respectful of nearby humans' privacy.

DOG SPOTTED. NOW WHAT?

With every spot, you should immediately ask and answer the following questions to determine the score.

DO YOU KNOW THE DOG?

If the answer is yes, then don't score it. This includes your own dog. "Own Dog" and "Known Dog" spots are bad form. You cannot inflate your score by amassing your own personal collection of dogs.

HOW BIG IS THE DOG?

Size acts as the base score for every dog. The bigger the better.

WHAT IS THE DOG DOING?

If the dog is doing something out of the ordinary, it may be eligible for a bonus or subject to a penalty.

IS THE DOG PART OF A SET?

Multispots occur when two or more dogs share an intrinsic or physical connection. Multispots can dramatically impact your score.

BASIC SCORING: SIZE

Start by sizing up the dog to find the base score. If the dog is by itself and not doing anything of note, consider that the final score for the spot.

Small These rat- and cat-sized creatures diminish the true canine experience. Not only do they count against your base score, they are also ineligible for any Glory Dog bonuses (Shame Dog penalties still apply).

Medium This class includes such dogs as the Border Collie, Brittany and Whippet. These breeds represent the bare minimum of acceptable size. Larger English Bulldog specimens are often included here due to their density.

Large Home to such canine classics as Labradors, Golden Retrievers, German Shepherds, Pit bulls, Dingoes, Coyotes, Huskies and Boxers. These are the bread and butter spots to look out for when building your daily score.

Extra Large A rare and beautiful sight, these mammoth dogs include such titans as the St. Bernard, Great Dane, Bernese Mountain Dog and Mastiff, among others. Wolves of all sizes are included in this category out of respect.

Always base points on size. Some dogs may be bigger or smaller for their breed. **NOTE**: Puppies of larger breeds do not count as small dogs.

GLORY DOGS

Congrats on sizing up your spot. Here's where the real fun begins. Let's see if the dog is doing anything worthy of bonus points.

Extreme Lounging A dog contorting its body into an unnatural position in order to break the traditional boundaries of laziness.

Action Dog Any dog performing athletic feats or demonstrating great skill.

Curious Eater Any dog pushing the limits of the canine palate by eating something unusual, from disgusting to perplexing.

Missing Component A dog with missing limbs, eyes or other parts that is still making an honest effort to live. **NOTE**: neutered dogs don't count.

Dog Carrying Its Own Leash Also known as a ronin dog, or dog without a master.

Working Dog A dog with an important job, such as a guide dog, bomb dog, rescue dog or cadaver dog.

Hero Dog A dog performing a heroic act, such as rescuing a family from a burning building or aiding a senior citizen stuck in a well.

SHAME DOGS

Not all spots are good. If the dog is doing something untoward, it may be subject to a Shame Dog penalty. If so, subtract the relevant points from the base score.

Effete Overtraining Any dog performing humiliating actions designed solely for amusement, such as "dancing" or balancing a biscuit on its nose.

Intimate Acts Any dog relieving itself or engaged in a carnal act. The shame is on you for looking, not the dog.

Shameful Transport Unless gravely injured, very young or recently cremated, all dogs should carry their own weight. Dogs do not belong in baby carriers, strollers or handbags.

Shameful Appearance Any dog dressed in awkward, nonfunctional attire or groomed in an embarrassing manner.

Violent Behavior Any dog attacking other dogs or humans aggressively. Dogs acting in self-defense or in the defense of others are exempt.

Criminal Mischief Any dog committing acts of theft, vandalism or murder. Natural dog behavior (vomiting into a priceless vase, etc.) does not count unless performed with malicious intent.

Hegemonic Oppression Any dog being used as an agent of police or military intimidation or breaking up peaceful protests and union actions.

MULTISPOTS

When two or more dogs are linked in certain ways, it is considered a multispot. When scoring a multispot, first add up the values of all eligible dogs, then multiply by the number of participants.

A multispot bonus is not necessarily awarded whenever multiple dogs are spotted at once! To qualify as a multispot, the dogs must be linked in one of the following manners:

- Connected via leashes to a single master or object
- Trotting together in a manner that suggests shared purpose
- An object being held by two or more dogs at the same time
- Occupying the same vehicle or container
- The physical act of love (subject to Intimate Act penalty for each offender)
- Feeding off a shared carcass or piece of food
- Violence or full-contact horseplay

Note: multispots don't always work in your favor, especially when small dogs are involved.

HONORED DOGS

Amongst dogkind, there are some unique specimens that go above and beyond, achieve the impossible and demonstrate extraordinary integrity. These are called Honored Dogs, and they are treasured by all serious dogspotters.

Sadly, many Honored Dogs, such as Laika, The Auditor and Hachiko, live on only as statues. If you happen to see the statue of an Honored Dog, you should count it just the same as any true living dog, but with an appropriate and respectful bonus.

Each Honored Dog, in living or statue form, shall only be counted ONCE within the lifetime of the dogspotter. As always, you should first find the base score, then apply the bonus multiplier.

Tip: be careful of statues of small Honored Dogs, such as Franklin D. Roosevelt's dog Fala, worth a terrifying -200 points.

A QUICK RECAP

With every spot you should:

1. Determine whether this dog is known to you personally. If so, disregard it.
2. Determine the dog's size to find the base score.
3. Determine if the dog is engaged in behavior worth bonus points or subject to a penalty.
4. Determine if the dog is eligible for multispot bonus. If so, add up total points of each participating dog and multiply by the number of dogs involved.
5. Record final score in your dogspotting ledger or share it online.

GOOD LUCK & GOOD SPOTTING.

A huge thanks goes to John Savoia, David Thorpe and Reid Paskiewicz and the countless people furious at me for calling small dogs inferior.

—~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.7 Donate⟩Important Causes ⟩FREE HOWARD!

Thursday, Oct 09, 2014 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Monstergeddon series.

Home Upcoming Events Travel Forums Monster Profiles Donate

Donate » Important Causes » Free Howard!

Free Howard!

New Message Tag

FREE HOWARD!

0
backers

$0
pledged of $250,000 goal

Back This Project
(1$ Minimum Pledge)

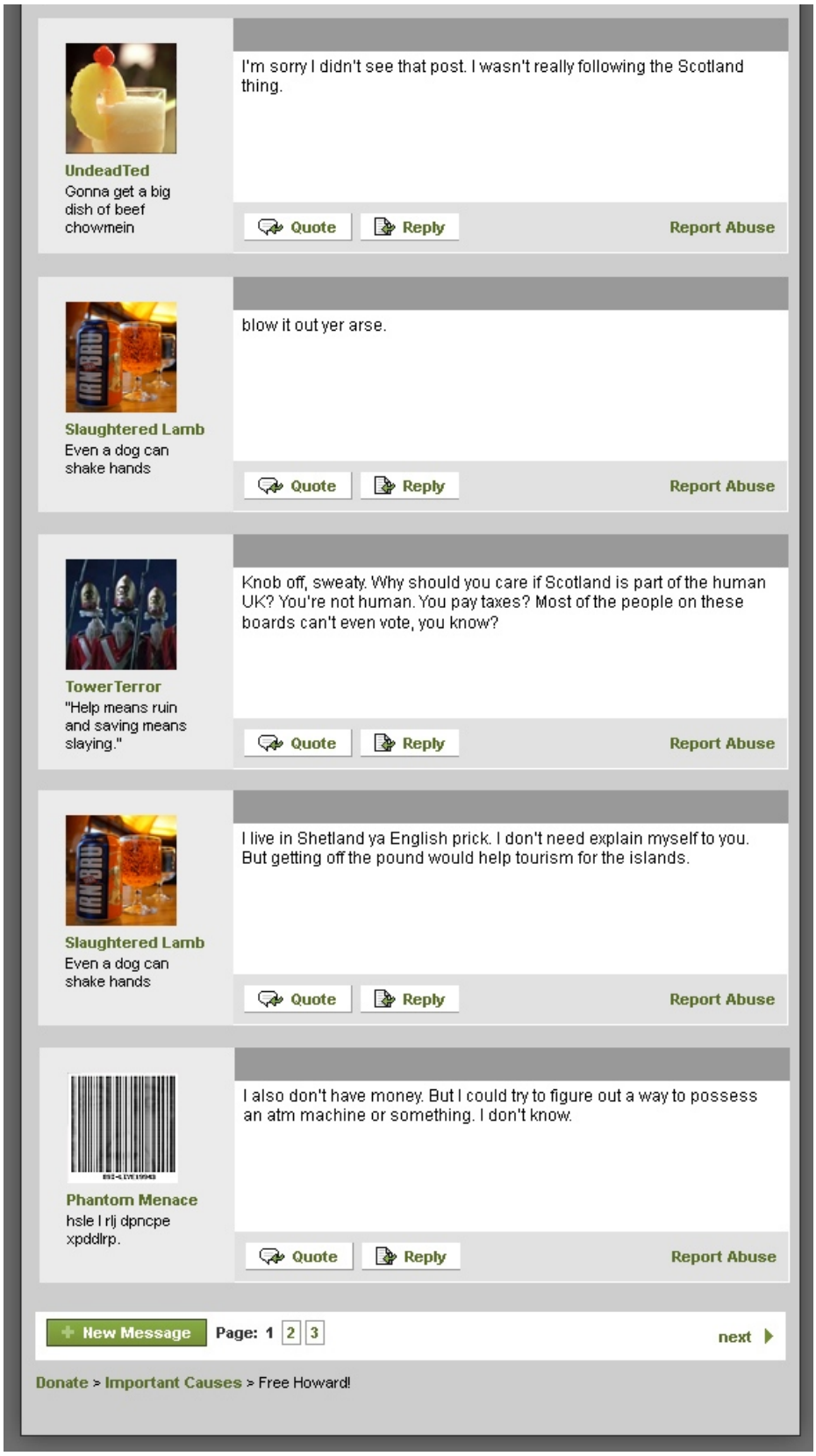
project by:
UndeadTed
Las Vegas, NV, USA
Tangible Realm
Dkru'mon Dimension

NEED HELP! ASAP! Howard the Wolf Man and I are roomies (temporarily), and we had a little Airbnb mishap with a human who was renting one of our rooms. She found out I was gonna kill her and ran to the police and long story short, Howard and I got arrested. We convinced them it was all a joke, so they let me go, but then they ran Howard's prints I guess, and got a match from the crime scene back when he shot Masked Slasher in the face. Now I think they're putting some of the pieces together with his past kills from when he was traveling.

The bail is super huge and I'm only working part time at Coffee Bean right now, so there is no way I can make this happen!

-COMMENTS-
Page: 1 2 3
ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!
Oh man! I don't always see eye-to-eye with Howard, but this is bad news for any monster passing as a human! I'll chip in something.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dracoola
Uh... wrong Hammer bros, Wario.
lol fuck Wolfman. He wouldn't chip in a dime for any of us.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
PurrrFect
Rowr.
How do we know this isn't just Howard's attempt to get $250,000??? I heard his wife is raking him over the coals in the divorce.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
Thanks ZomFan!
And this is for real I swear! Howard is so pissed at me you guys. You gotta help me out!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse

Fishstick78
Should've gone with legumes...
Wow. There is a thick irony to this. Busted for the one kill he committed not as a lycanthrope. I have no use for or access to credit cards, though I suppose I could lift one off a victim. But part of me wants to let him stew in a cell. He could use the humbling. And he'll just bust out when the full moon rises, right? No biggie.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!
Maybe he won't be able to bust through the bars. I have no firsthand knowledge of his strength levels once transformed.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
But the full moon is going to be on Monstergeddon this year! He hasn't been able to participate as a monster for years now. This is a big deal for him!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Slaughtered Lamb
Even a dog can shake hands
look that's shan as fuck for Howard. But he's a bampot if he let the police liftit him. So fuck em like the vamp say. He never been friend mine, even tho ima a wulver. He was always a wanker to me cause wulvers don transform back into men. i'd think that makes me better than a shifter. Cunt.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Slaughtered Lamb
Even a dog can shake hands
And how is this a important cause, ay? Tell me that? No one gave a turkish shite when I asked ya to donate to Scottish Independence? Where was you and Howard then, huh?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein

I'm sorry I didn't see that post. I wasn't really following the Scotland thing.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Slaughtered Lamb
Even a dog can shake hands

blow it out yer arse.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

TowerTerror
"Help means ruin and saving means slaying."

Knob off, sweaty. Why should you care if Scotland is part of the human UK? You're not human. You pay taxes? Most of the people on these boards can't even vote, you know?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Slaughtered Lamb
Even a dog can shake hands

I live in Shetland ya English prick. I don't need explain myself to you. But getting off the pound would help tourism for the islands.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

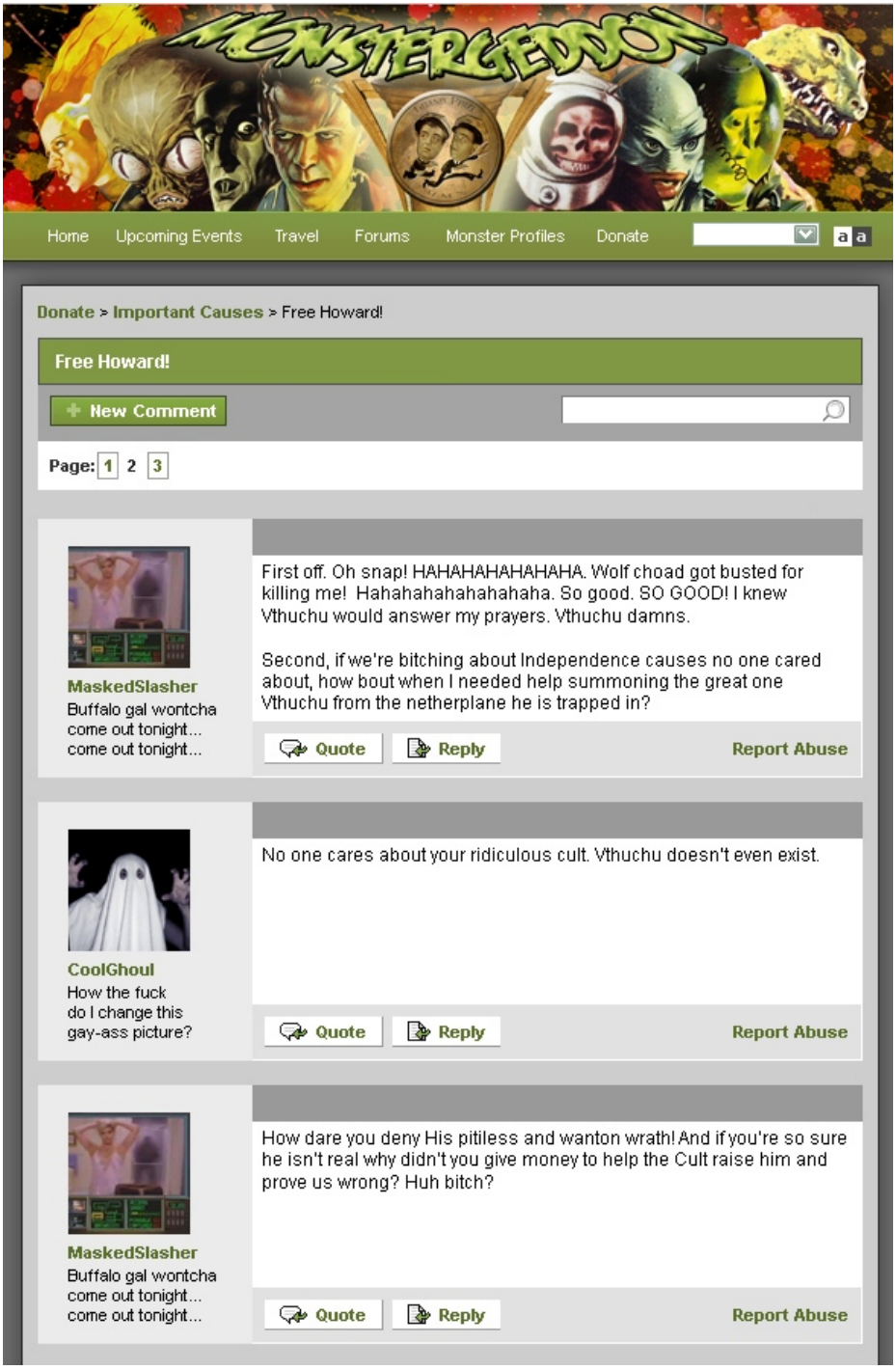
Phantom Menace
hsle l rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.

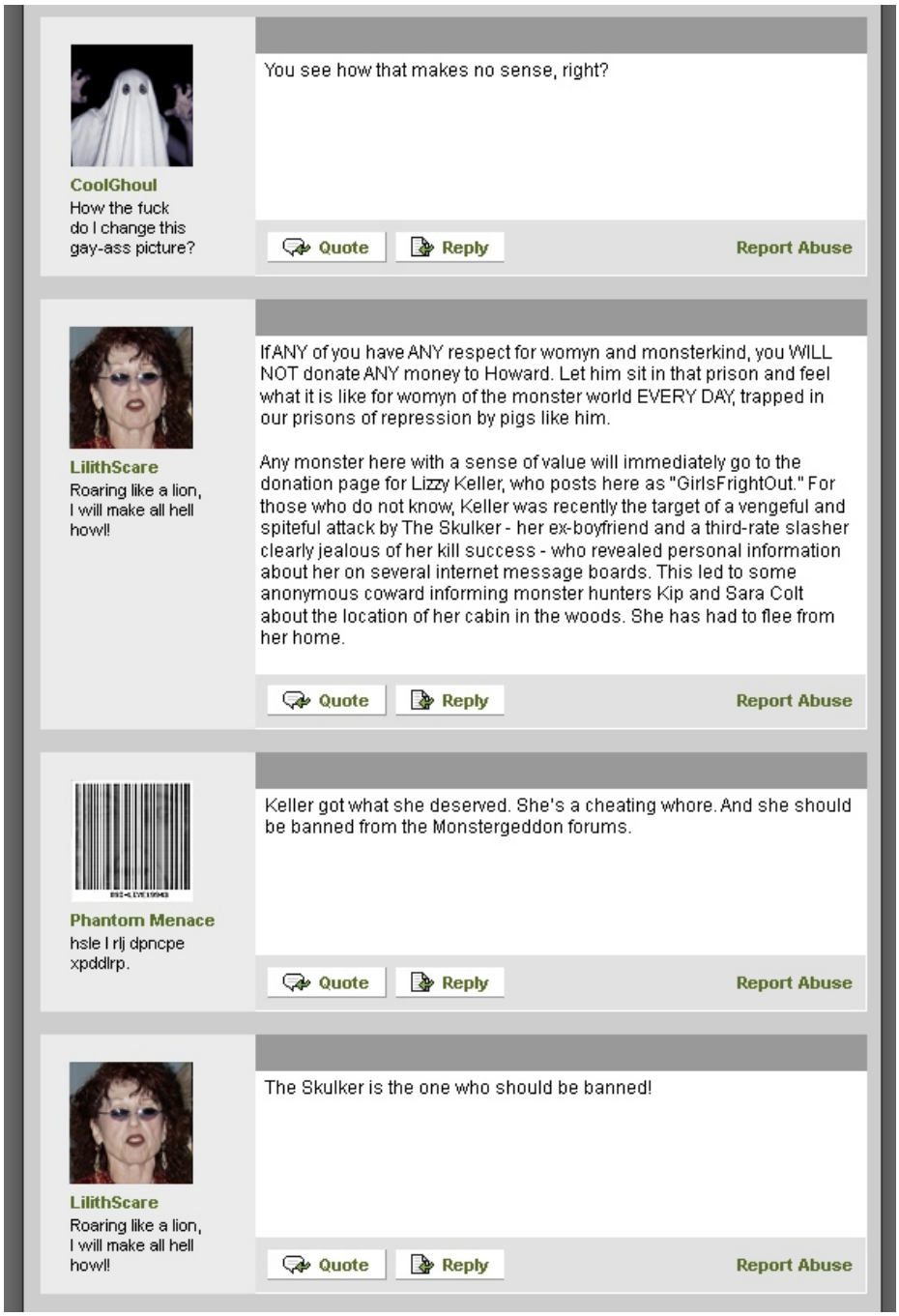
I also don't have money. But I could try to figure out a way to possess an atm machine or something. I don't know.

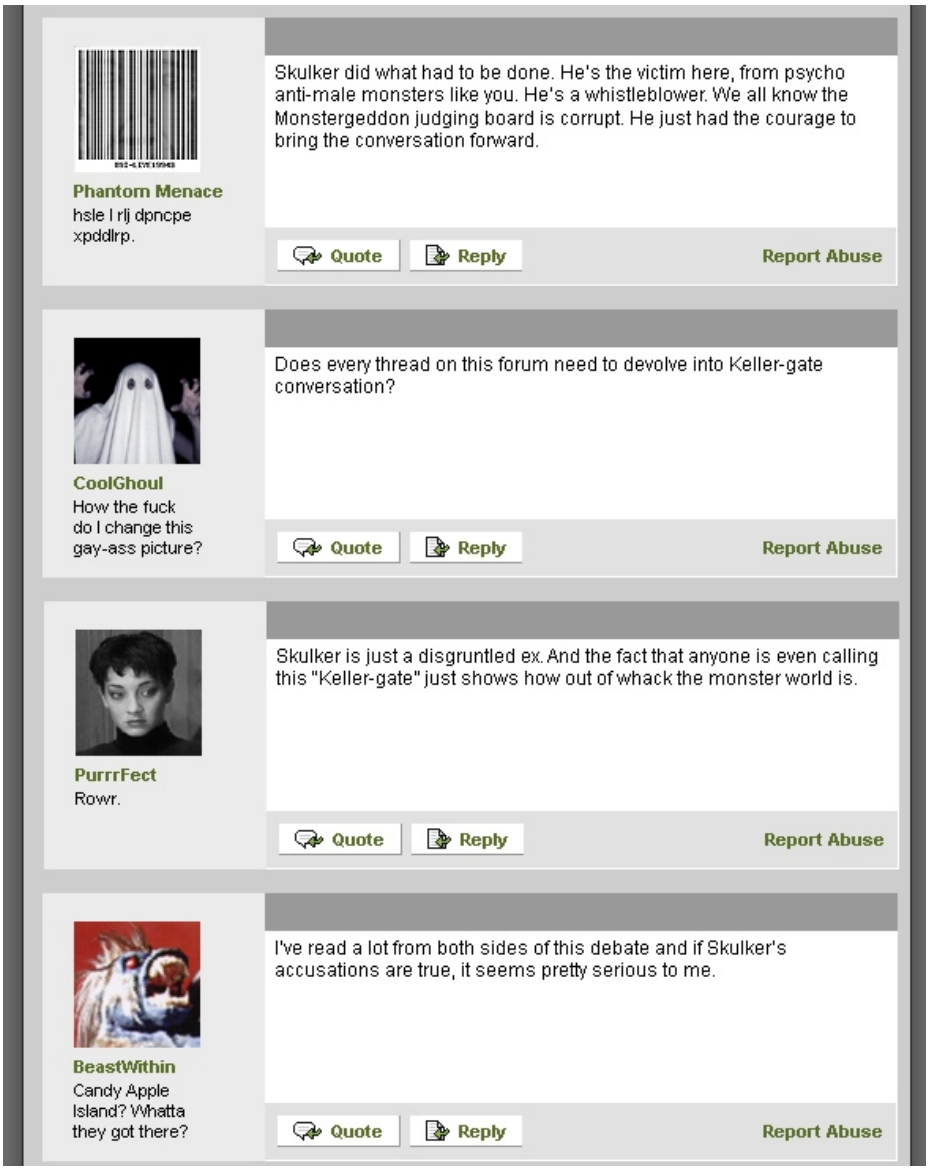
Quote Reply Report Abuse

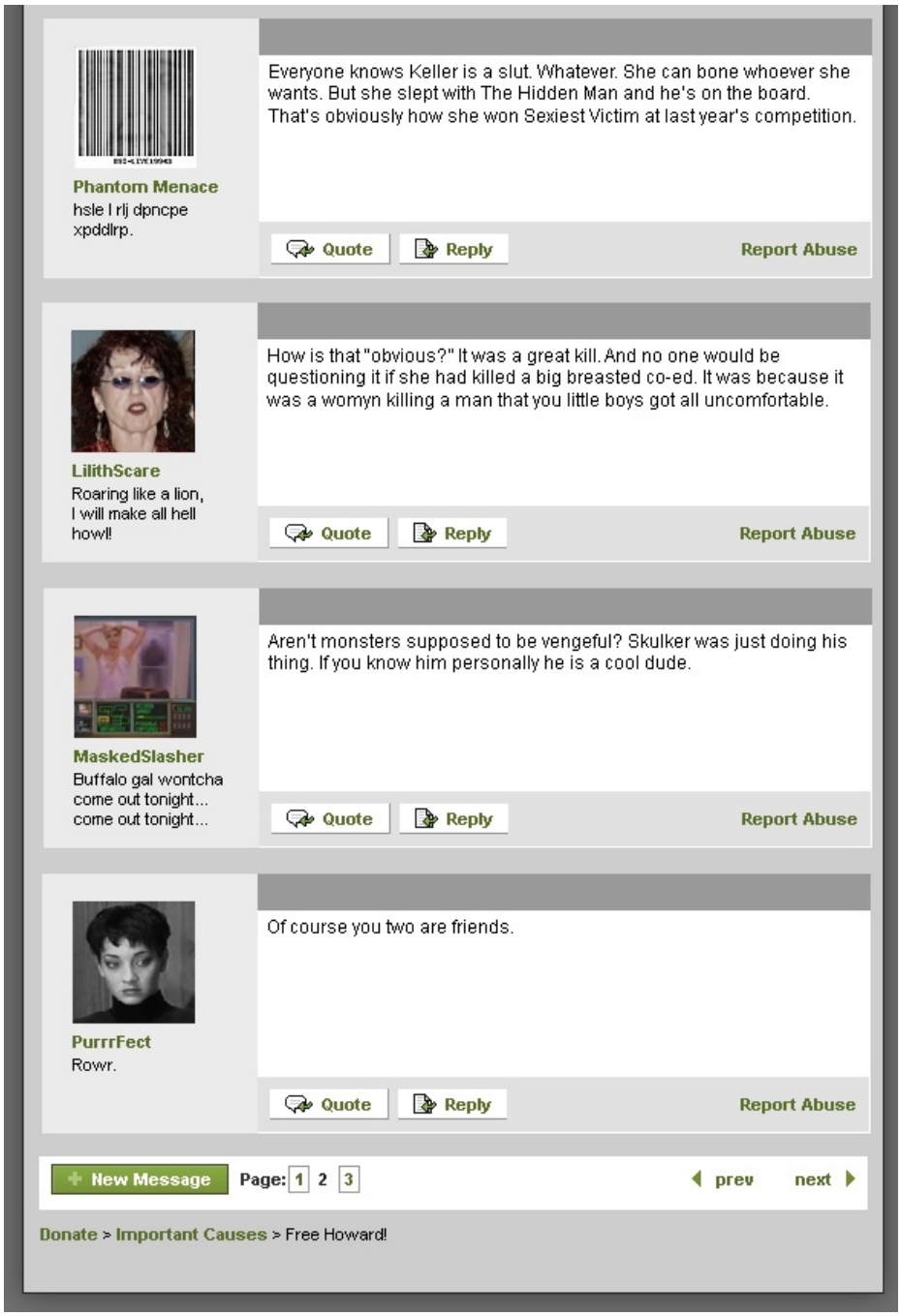
New Message Page: 1 2 3 next

Donate > Important Causes > Free Howard!


MONSTERGEDDON
Home
Upcoming Events
Travel
Forums
Monster Profiles
Donate
Donate > Important Causes > Free Howard!
Free Howard!
New Comment
Page: 1 2 3
MaskedSlasher
Buffalo gal wontcha come out tonight... come out tonight...
First off. Oh snap! HAHAHAHAHAHAHA. Wolf choad got busted for killing me! Hahahahahahahahaha. So good. SO GOOD! I knew Vthuchu would answer my prayers. Vthuchu damns.
Second, if we're bitching about Independence causes no one cared about, how bout when I needed help summoning the great one Vthuchu from the netherplane he is trapped in?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
No one cares about your ridiculous cult. Vthuchu doesn't even exist.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
MaskedSlasher
Buffalo gal wontcha come out tonight... come out tonight...
How dare you deny His pitiless and wanton wrath! And if you're so sure he isn't real why didn't you give money to help the Cult raise him and prove us wrong? Huh bitch?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
You see how that makes no sense, right?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
LilithScare
Roaring like a lion, I will make all hell howl!
If ANY of you have ANY respect for womyn and monsterkind, you WILL NOT donate ANY money to Howard. Let him sit in that prison and feel what it is like for womyn of the monster world EVERY DAY, trapped in our prisons of repression by pigs like him.
Any monster here with a sense of value will immediately go to the donation page for Lizzy Keller, who posts here as "GirlsFrightOut." For those who do not know, Keller was recently the target of a vengeful and spiteful attack by The Skulker - her ex-boyfriend and a third-rate slasher clearly jealous of her kill success - who revealed personal information about her on several internet message boards. This led to some anonymous coward informing monster hunters Kip and Sara Colt about the location of her cabin in the woods. She has had to flee from her home.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Phantom Menace
hsle I rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.
Keller got what she deserved. She's a cheating whore. And she should be banned from the Monstergeddon forums.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
LilithScare
Roaring like a lion, I will make all hell howl!
The Skulker is the one who should be banned!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


Phantom Menace
hsle l rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.
Skulker did what had to be done. He's the victim here, from psycho anti-male monsters like you. He's a whistleblower. We all know the Monstergeddon judging board is corrupt. He just had the courage to bring the conversation forward.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
Does every thread on this forum need to devolve into Keller-gate conversation?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
PurrrFect
Rowr.
Skulker is just a disgruntled ex. And the fact that anyone is even calling this "Keller-gate" just shows how out of whack the monster world is.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
BeastWithin
Candy Apple Island? Whatta they got there?
I've read a lot from both sides of this debate and if Skulker's accusations are true, it seems pretty serious to me.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


Phantom Menace
hsle l rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.
Everyone knows Keller is a slut. Whatever. She can bone whoever she wants. But she slept with The Hidden Man and he's on the board. That's obviously how she won Sexiest Victim at last year's competition.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
LilithScare
Roaring like a lion, I will make all hell howl!
How is that "obvious?" It was a great kill. And no one would be questioning it if she had killed a big breasted co-ed. It was because it was a womyn killing a man that you little boys got all uncomfortable.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
MaskedSlasher
Buffalo gal wontcha come out tonight... come out tonight...
Aren't monsters supposed to be vengeful? Skulker was just doing his thing. If you know him personally he is a cool dude.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
PurrrFect
Rowr.
Of course you two are friends.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
New Message
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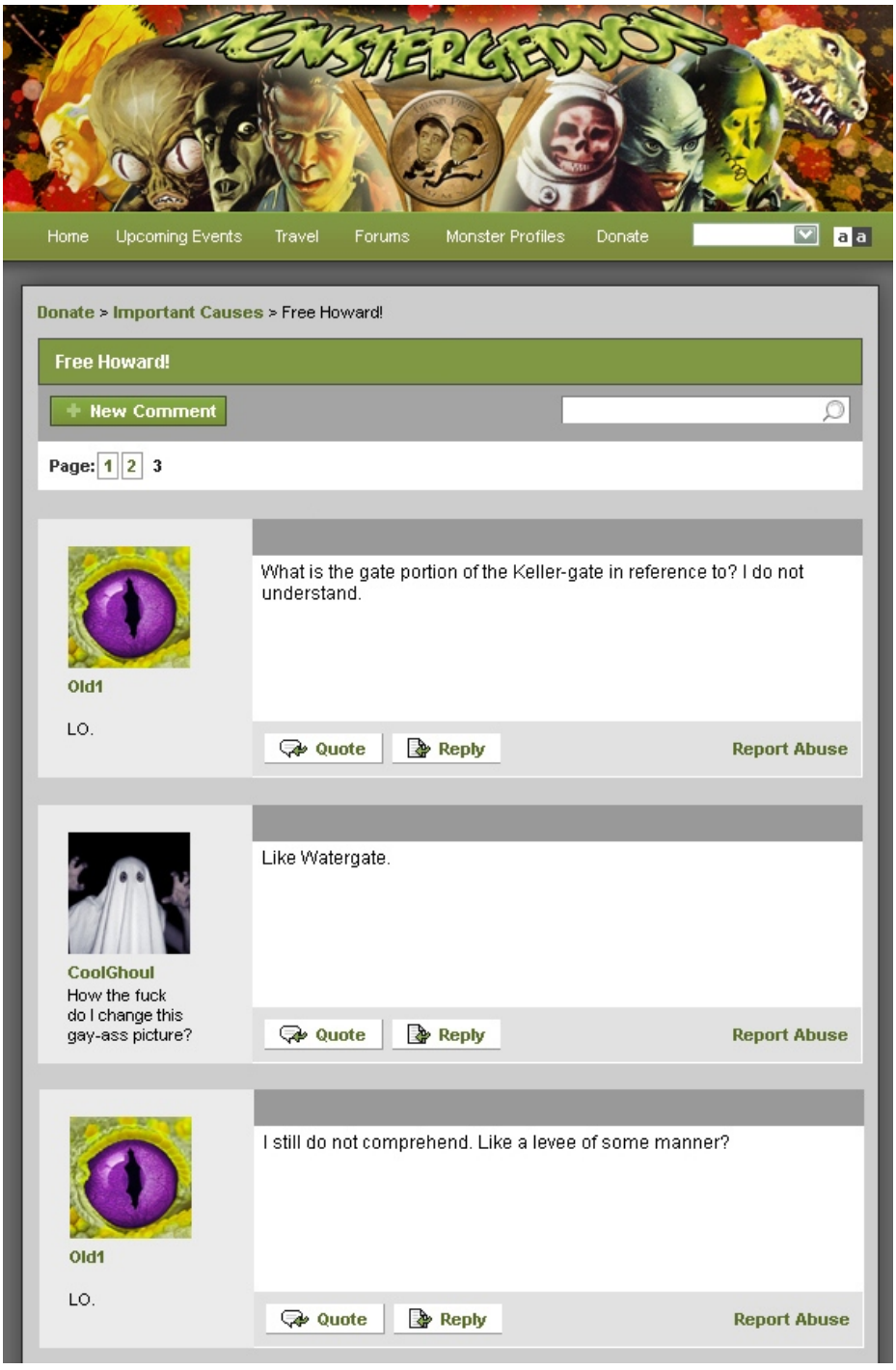
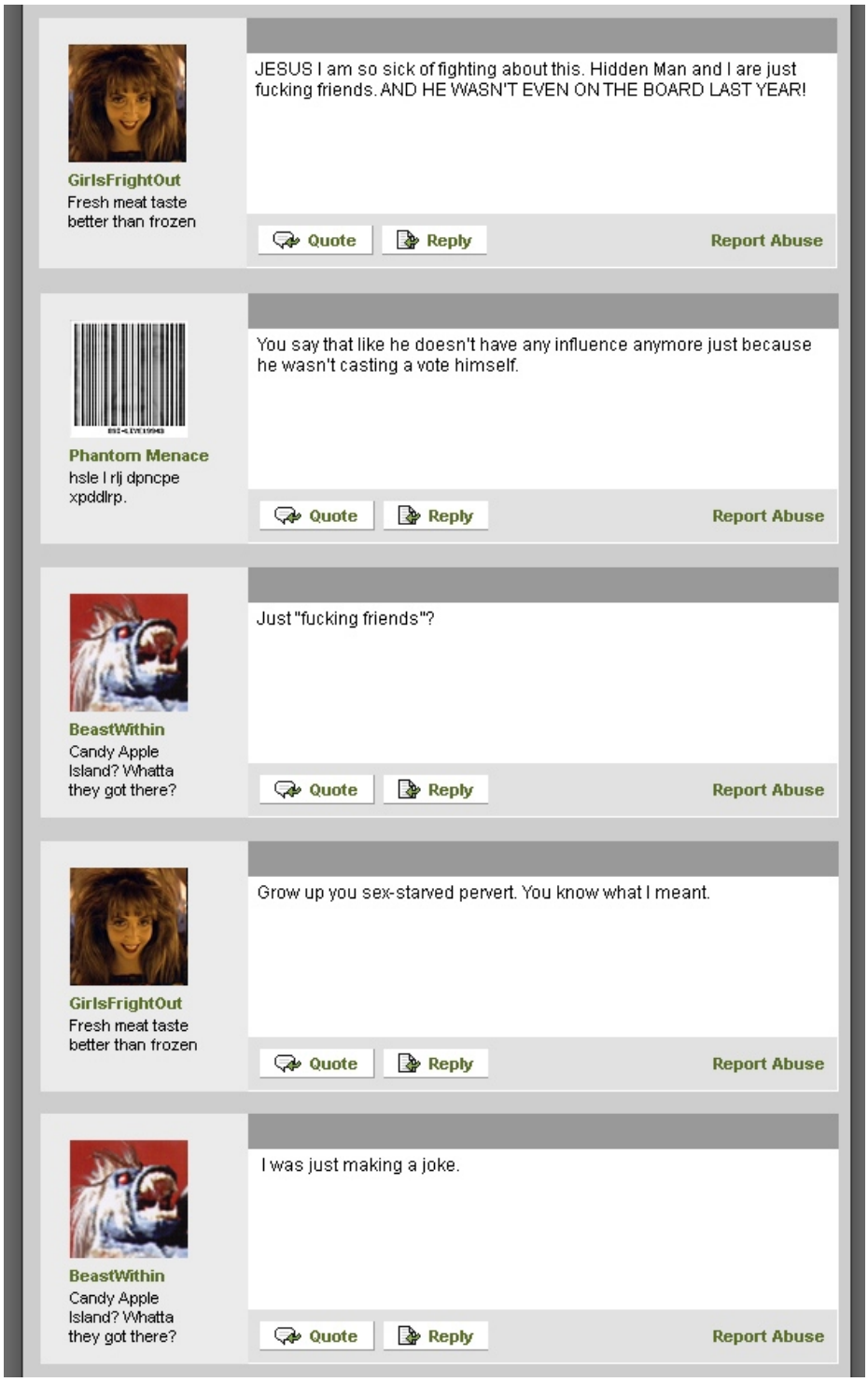
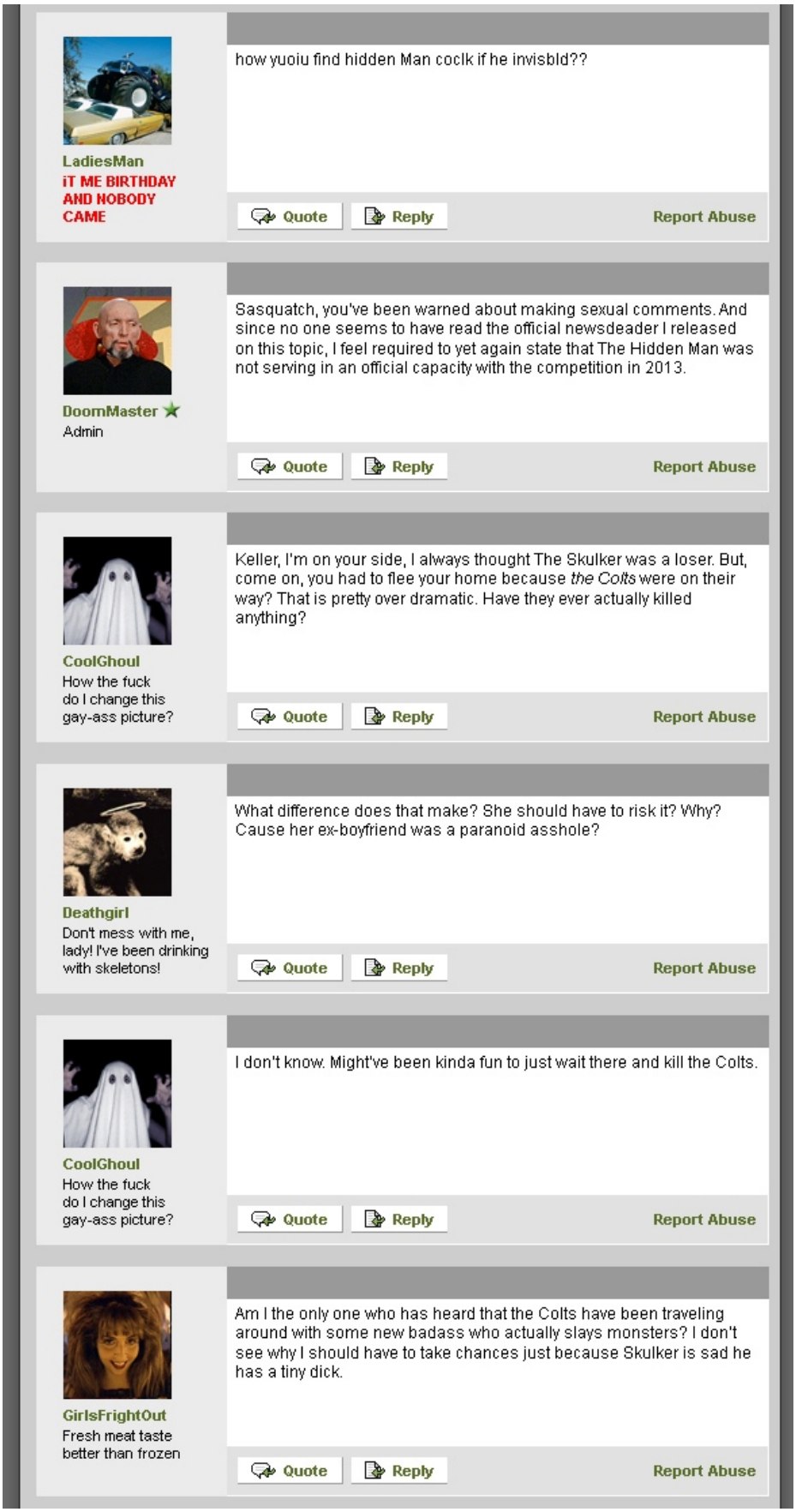
prev
next
Donate > Important Causes > Free Howard!


MONSTERGEDDON
Home
Upcoming Events
Travel
Forums
Monster Profiles
Donate
Donate > Important Causes > Free Howard!
Free Howard!
New Comment
Page: 1 2 3
Old1
LO.
What is the gate portion of the Keller-gate in reference to? I do not understand.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
Like Watergate.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Old1
LO.
I still do not comprehend. Like a levee of some manner?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen
JESUS I am so sick of fighting about this. Hidden Man and I are just fucking friends. AND HE WASN'T EVEN ON THE BOARD LAST YEAR!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Phantom Menace
hsle l rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.
You say that like he doesn't have any influence anymore just because he wasn't casting a vote himself.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
BeastWithin
Candy Apple Island? Whatta they got there?
Just "fucking friends"?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen
Grow up you sex-starved pervert. You know what I meant.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
BeastWithin
Candy Apple Island? Whatta they got there?
I was just making a joke.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



LadiesMan
iT ME BIRTHDAY AND NOBODY CAME

how yuoiu find hidden Man coclk if he invisbld??

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DoomMaster ★
Admin

Sasquatch, you've been warned about making sexual comments. And since no one seems to have read the official newsdeader I released on this topic, I feel required to yet again state that The Hidden Man was not serving in an official capacity with the competition in 2013.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?

Keller, I'm on your side, I always thought The Skulker was a loser. But, come on, you had to flee your home because *the Colts* were on their way? That is pretty over dramatic. Have they ever actually killed anything?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Deathgirl
Don't mess with me, lady! I've been drinking with skeletons!

What difference does that make? She should have to risk it? Why? Cause her ex-boyfriend was a paranoid asshole?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?

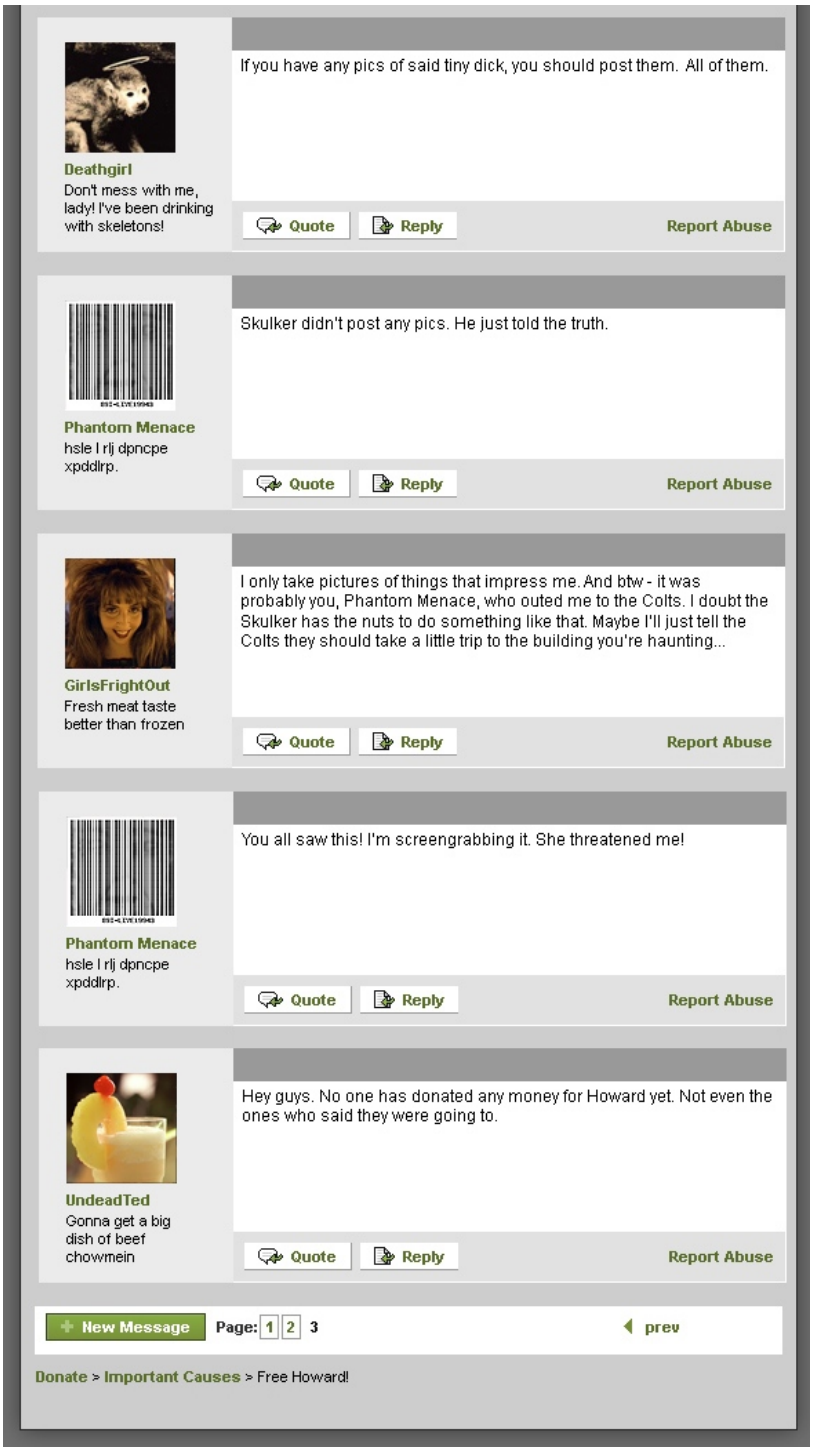
I don't know. Might've been kinda fun to just wait there and kill the Colts.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen

Am I the only one who has heard that the Colts have been traveling around with some new badass who actually slays monsters? I don't see why I should have to take chances just because Skulker is sad he has a tiny dick.

Quote Reply Report Abuse


If you have any pics of said tiny dick, you should post them. All of them.
Deathgirl
Don't mess with me, lady! I've been drinking with skeletons!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Skulker didn't post any pics. He just told the truth.
Phantom Menace
hsle I rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
I only take pictures of things that impress me. And btw - it was probably you, Phantom Menace, who outed me to the Colts. I doubt the Skulker has the nuts to do something like that. Maybe I'll just tell the Colts they should take a little trip to the building you're haunting...
GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
You all saw this! I'm screengrabbing it. She threatened me!
Phantom Menace
hsle I rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Hey guys. No one has donated any money for Howard yet. Not even the ones who said they were going to.
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
New Message
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Donate > Important Causes > Free Howard!

–∼Worm Miller

10.8 Dare to Take Humanity's Next Great Step and Send Twenty Rich People Into Space

Friday, Oct 10, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Mankind reached into the stars and Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin landed on the moon in 1969, but our journey outward from this tiny blue speck does not have to end there. If mankind mobilizes our greatest minds, our most courageous spirits, and the resources of our great nations, we might just be able to send fifteen to twenty of the wealthiest people into space.

It is a dream we have shared for generations. That eternal hope to see the richest among us blasting into the heavens aboard our greatest technological achievements. Can Tesla's Elon Musk stand on the moon? If we dare to believe it is possible.

We will marshal the strength of the human spirit to allow telecom mogul Carlos Slim Helu to look at a dang huge comet up close. He'll see ice dust sparkling in the void and the brilliant blue light of Neptune or something else we can hardly conceive.

The hopes of millions of children may just be able to propel Oracle's Larry Ellison into orbit around some faraway place like Saturn. He will watch meteors crashing into asteroids. He will carry mankind's aspirations into the far blackness and shoot a laser at a rock.

Together, we might just make it possible for Richard Branson to finally land on Europa and finger bang a model. We can help Dean Kamen cry and use a diaper while he looks at the majestic beauty of Saturn's rings.

What of Bill Gates and Vladimir Putin? There are new technologies which some believe may make it possible for them to leave our solar system and travel by wormhole to faraway places. If we abandon our wars and our social safety nets and medical research and schools and buy trillions of dollars worth of Windows 8 and Russian natural gas we might just be able to open a gateway to a new planet where three or four super rich old men and their doctors might live.

In our lifetimes, David and Charles Koch, Warren Buffet, and maybe three to four other extremely rich men and their wives might walk upon the face of a hospitable alien world. They can finally have whatever laws they want. All it takes is the collective willpower to make it happen.

We can witness the dawning of a post-terrestrial age, when anyone with over 50 billion dollars net worth can see an alien clam and eat an alien bird.

The Chinese, new masters of the earth, are doing their own thing, landing taikonauts on the moon and maybe Mars. But someday we hope that they will realize their full potential and join with the world community to send a few super rich Chinese men into space.

Imagine the stories those extraordinarily wealthy Chinese men could bring home to school children and dreamers of all ages. They could talk about how bright the stars look against the blank velvet of the infinite and how Jupiter is orange. And space food is actually not bad. And there is an upside down toilet on their spaceship.

It is only sad that Steve Jobs did not live long enough to be blasted off the earth and see the wonders of the universe. He could have looked back and realized how insignificant everyone was trapped on that little blue turd. He might have eaten a seared salmon looking out a meter-thick window at the surface of Venus. Imagine all he could have eaten while sitting on Venus waiting for the return rocket to launch.

Generations once believed that someday mankind would truly venture among the stars and usher in a great new era of exploration. Be reasonable. This is good enough.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.9 The Most Popular 2014 American Baby Names and Their Meanings

Monday, Oct 13, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Boys are tough and scruffy. They like to get rowdy and their names often reflect this. Names like "Gus" and "Griff" and "Gurps." The sort of names you can imagine a mother angrily hollering from a screen door. These are boy names. Get a look at the most popular in 2014.

Colton

Shortened name for Cool Tony, a cooler version of Tony. Maybe he rap sings, maybe he knows a skateboard move. This Tony is cool. Just call him Colton.

Thomas

From the Gaelic *Thong Mask*, meaning "brave scent." May be shortened to Toe.

Stan

Shortened from Saint Ann. Sometimes diminutive form of the name Stand.

Xrayden

Derived from Brayden. Pronounced Ecks-rayden. Not to be confused with the pronunciation of the unrelated name, Eggsrayden. It means, "I give up, just name him Xrayden."

Big Baby

Bobo

Meaning "large baby, relative to other babies." Not necessarily compared to a normal human adult. See also: *Colossal Baby*.

From the monkey name at the circus. Often chosen by parents who hope their child will possess the lucky qualities of a monkey such as a tail and thumbs.

BlazeFrog420

Usually given by parents hoping for cool sons to chill. The 420 is added when the hospital tells them that BlazeFrog was already taken. See also: *BlazeFrog69*.

Thriller

Derived from the Hebrew, *Trilhaiem*, or "an exciting dish." Usually given ironically to exceptionally boring babies.

Beepus

Phonetic modern spelling of the ancient Roman name *Beavis*, which means "clad in beav." See also: *Beavlord*.

Nick

Shortened version of Necromonger, a follower of necroism who will keep what he kills. See also: *Riddick*.

♀ GIRL NAMES ♀

Picking the right name for a girl can be even more important than picking a name for a boy. This is because boys tend to give each other cool nicknames like "Spud" and "Chode" and girls never do this, because they are more polite. So choose carefully.

Rita

Short for Margarita, a popular beverage consumed by moms at Chili's Restaurant & Bar after 4:00 PM on a weekday.

Peggy

Common misspelling of the name Piggy. When intentional, usually given to one-legged babies by bad parents.

Rebecca

Feminized version of the name Tobacco. See also: *Chewbacca*.

Ambrozzia

Pronounced Am-bro-juh by a mother with a two-pack smokers voice in a maternity-sized Taz shirt.

Kylie

Shortened version of King of Lies, a name given in honor of Lord Satan. Hail Satan. See also: *Miley*.

Juliet

Zoe

Derived from the Latin *Julitta,* meaning "Little Jew," the slang name for Biblical Gremlins.

From the Greek, *Zoie*, meaning "Tempter of Noble Truth Sayers." A good choice for pragmatic parents who want their daughter to become hated by Adam Baldwin. See also: *Anita*.

Lolita

A frankly messed up name to give to a baby at this point, unless she is a bewitchingly sexy baby.

Peyton

A recently popularized name, derived from the Old English surname Piedtonne, which means "Huge Shitty Idiot Person." See also: *Tucker*.

Gina

Shortened version of Vagina. Deal with it, boys.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.10 Dweebs in the ALCS, Jocks in the NLCS

Tuesday, Oct 14, 2014 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

What is happening?

The American League wrote the wrong date and sent two interns to the ALCS. Instead of the normal teams with big salaries and bigger asshole fans, these two small market chumps are duking it out for their combined 10th appearance in the World Series. Meanwhile the National League has brought their biggest bruisers. If this were the NL High School, they'd be the ones that never knew your name. In the yearbook they're voted Most Likely To Beat You Within An Inch Of Your Life. Aside from the Yankees, these two teams have appeared in the World Series the most, with a combined 38 appearances in their 263 years.

But to fully comprehend the separation between the have and have-nots in the ALCS and the NLCS, we must compare to realms beyond baseball.

As a Child

Giants/Cardinals: If a child had been born the last time one of these teams won the World Series, it would be, at most, turning three, spending his or her days at the playground bullying kids twice the size.

Royals/Orioles: If born the last time these two teams saw glory, the kid would have already graduated college with some worthless liberal arts degree, started and stopped drinking multiple times, owe the library hundreds of dollars in late fees, and moved home to watch his (much cooler) three year old sibling while fretting about male pattern baldness and his fast approaching thirtieth birthday.

As Dog Reference

Giants/Cardinals: Whatever brutal beast is used in dictatorships to rip the throats out of political enemies.

Royals/Orioles: A middling case of heartworm that, if not been caught so early, might have caused some real damage down the line.

As Benevolent Collector of Personal Data Through Social Media

Giants/Cardinals: 1.2 million combined Twitter followers (1/60 of Katy Perry.)

Royals/Orioles: 515 thousand combined Twitter followers (515,000 more than me.)

As Sandra Bullock Movie
Giants/Cardinals: The Blind Side - A movie that I did not see nor have any interest in, but understood that the Oscar might say less about her talent(?) and more about the Academy Award system.

Royals/Orioles: Demolition Man - The first Rated R movie I ever saw. Though I've gone back and watched it multiple times over the years, it has never once shown even a glimpse of surpassing my twelve year old expectations.

As the Music People Like Other Than "Everything"
Giants/Cardinals: Rap

Royals/Orioles: Country

As Novelty Kitchen Device
Giants/Cards: The Microwave

Royals/Orioles: That microwave egg cooker responsible for really unappetizing cylinders. The sort of worthless gift that still pisses you off years later whenever you stumble across it in some forgotten kitchen cabinet.

As Reasons to Visit
San Francisco/St. Louis: There are numerous business and personal reasons to explore these culturally and historically significant portions of America that are forever linked towards expansion and looking ahead.

Kansas City/Baltimore: The Delta flight is $80 less here than whatever city you actually plan on visiting and it only costs $60 to rent a car.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

10.11 Nintendo's Super Smash Bros for 3DS: COMPETITIVE GUIDE

Wednesday, Oct 15, 2014 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

Nintendo's latest installment of the popular "Super Smash Bros" series of jump-hitters hit non-Japan countries worldwide on the third or fourth of October to critical and fan acclaim. A scant few days later, pro gamers and aspiring pro gamers are already developing their strategies, uber-strategies, and meta-tech. By the time the Wii U version of the game is released in December, all possible player actions will be so mapped out that you'll be able to predict the victor in 90% of online matches within 5 seconds, by using a complex algorithm being developed by the fine folks over at smashwiki-fight.info.

If you think that sounds not fun, don't worry - as an aspiring pro gamer myself [with many industry ties], I've already been working on my personal competitive strategy, which accounts for spacing, matchup, meta, combo, all that sort of good stuff. And now I'm going to share some of my knowledge with you!

TIP #1: USE TOP TIER CHARACTERS

You must be a real joker if you're thinking about using any character who isn't the best at fighting - and winning! If there's a character that isn't listed here, they are NOT worth using - that's a g0m guarantee!

Toon Link
Official Description: Toon Link "Sails in" from The Legend of Zelda: The Wind Waker! This plucky youngster might look harmless, but he's got a quiver full of arrows and a sheath full of sword! This is ONE pint-sized hero you DON'T want to mess with!
Useful Attacks:
Side Smash: Master Sword - Toon Link draws his sword of legend and delivers a mighty blow! Look out!
B + side: Arrow Strike - Boom! Pow! Your enemies will be running for cover from these mighty exploding arrows!
B + down: Hyper Crouch - Not so fast, Ganon... Link's on the case! Avoid enemy attacks with this upgraded version of Link's iconic crouch.
Character Summary: Toon Link has most of his adult counterpart Tall Link's moves and abilities, but he's shorter. This makes it more likely that enemy attacks won't hit him, a crucial element of high-level Smash Bros play. When you're playing as Toon Link, it's very important to keep your eyes on the prize.

Mega Man

Official Description: Doctor Wily better look out, as this Blue Bomber "sails in" from the classic "Mega Man" series of games. He might look like a kid, but this is one robot who's all man! But be wary - opposing "enemy" fighters will try to "defeat" Mega Man by knocking him off the stage, resulting in a scoring action.

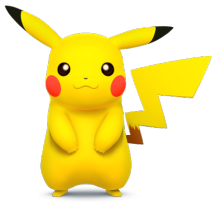
Useful Attacks:

Neutral B: Mega Buster - Mega Man's arm cannon packs a powerful punch! Hold down B to "charge" this attack, increasing its strength.

B + side: Projectile Mega Buster - Mega Man shoots a small projectile out of his mega buster, allowing for the attacking of enemies who are some distance away.

Up Smash: The Fire One - Mega Man uses the fire one he gets in Mega Man IV or V or something

Character Summary: Mega Man is different from most of the characters featured in Super Smash Bros, as he cannot be moved or damaged by any means. This makes him a great choice for beginners, while at the same time leaving open a great amount of strategic depth for advanced players.



Pikachu

Official Description: Pikachu, I choose you! That's right, everyone's favorite yellow electric mouse "sails in" straight from the Kanto region! He might look cute, but this is one Pocket Monster you don't want to mess with, as opposed to the other Pocket Monsters, who you *do* want to mess with, I guess.

Useful Attacks:

Neutral B: Electricity Attack - Pikachu's trademark electricity attack is a real "zap"!

B + Side: Electricity Attack 2 - It's a real "zap"!

B + Up: Electric Jump - This "shocker" is really "electrifying"!

Character Summary: Pikachu has been a tourney favorite for years, and it's easy to see why - a glitch prevalent since the N64 days allows the player controlling Pikachu to automatically win any match simply by holding START and SELECT at the same time. Although a point of much contention, this has not been banned in most prominent tournaments in the US.

Wii Fit Trainer

Official Description: Change into your sweats and do your stretches, because it's time to work out! The Wii Fit Trainer "sails in" from Wii Fit, a semi-obscure ennui-based game from the mid '00s.

Useful Attacks:

B + Up: Hula Hoop Attack - The Wii Fit Trainer spins some hula hoops around, like none of this even fucking matters.

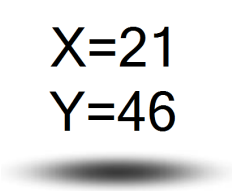
B + Side: One of the Yoga Positions - She does one of the yoga moves from the game

Up Smash: Up, Up and Away! - Ascend above the stage's play area, killing the Wii Fit Trainer instantly.

Character Summary: The Wii Fit Trainer is really good to fight with, because it's like, whaaa? What the heck? The trainer from Wii Fit in Smash Bros? Your opponents will be so confused they'll forget they're playing Smash Bros, allowing you to KO them easily. But remember not to fall victim to this powerful tactic yourself! Early Wii Fit Trainer v Wii Fit Trainer matches have lasted for hours, with players just looking up confusedly from their screens, making eye contact, and looking away in embarrassment.

Mario
Official Description: Ya-hoo! It's-a me, Mario! This iconic plumber isn't saving a princess today... he's just here for the smash! He's got a Fire Flower and a Mega Mushroom, and he's not messing around! Mario "sails in" to the Smash Bros character roster once again.
Useful Attacks:
B + Up: P-wing - Mario uses his P-wing power up to take to the skies in flight, but be careful; this only lasts a short time!
Side Smash: Punch - Mario's punch attack from Mario 64. Press the attack button again after this to enter a combo.
Down Smash: Warp Pipe - Mario summons a warp pipe and goes into it. If anyone else attacks the warp pipe Mario clutches his head and mumbles "no no no no no" again and again
Character Summary: Although in many ways Mario is the face of the Smash Bros franchise [after all, he IS one of the titular Bros], he doesn't see a lot of use in high-ranking competitive play. What this means is, there aren't a lot of strategies developed to combat him. Simple tactics such as using a shield, moving to the left or right, and jumping will all confound seasoned Smash veterans.

Olimar
Official Description: Captain Olimar of Hocotate Freight Company reporting in, sir! That's right, everyone's favorite accidental interstellar explorer "sails in" from the classic Pikmin series of games where you throw bugs at trees.
Useful Attacks:
Neutral B: Pikmin Attack - All pikmin fans know this attack. Olimar does the classic Pikmin Attack from the game.
B + Side: Pikmin Slash - If you've played pikmin 2, you know this.
B + Down: Stamp of Pikmin - Ha! Classic. Good stuff.
Character Summary: Olimar has been VASTLY buffed since his last appearance, in Super Smash Bros: Brawl. Back then he was one of the weakest characters in the game, with only two attacks - looking around with a dumbass expression saying "Duhhhhhhhh" and tripping on a rock & smashing his head on the ground. For this reason, Olimar is a great pick if you're playing against someone who's experienced with SSB:B, or someone who's never played any Smash Bros game before, or even someone who's never played a video game before.



Test Char A
Official Description: NOT FOR Pıııınternal Nintendıııplease deleıııemembııhar A to test thıı!?ıiails in"ıı
Useful Attacks:
Neutral B: Hitbox Test - Two small grey boxes extrude from Test Char A's left and right, causing any enemies they come into contact with to taunt [without sound].
Side Smash: TestCy-1 - Test Char A cycles through the idle animation of all available characters. After each full cycle, the speed increases. TestCy-1 can not be stopped by opponent or player, and will continue until the game console is powered off.
Left: Move Left - Test Char A walks to the left.
Character Summary: A surprise inclusion to the Smash Bros canon, it's Test Char A! Although not a prominent Nintendo mascot, many fans believe Test Char A is a reference to an obscure easter egg in 2001 Game Boy Advance RPG, Golden Sun. Test Char A's main strength is his inability to take damage or be KO'd - this can be deadly in the hands of an experienced player, but can just as easily be a newbie's downfall. Don't try playing with Test Char A as soon as you pick this game up.

GENERAL TIPS [NON CHARACTER SPECIFIC]

- **Strength.**
- Remember: keep your eyes on the prize. I already said this one but it bears repeating. I've seen a lot of promising players lose because they forgot about looking at a prize.
- Never underestimate your opponent unless they're weaker than you're.
- Attacking the enemy will cause the enemy to enter a "damaged" state. However, this will leave you vulnerable to being attacked yourself, opening the possibility that you will enter the undesirable "damaged" state. This can best be expressed as a version of the Prisoners Dilemma, and as such I cannot condone playing the game with the untrustworthy or low of means.
- Something called **wave dashing**
- Try to anticipate your opponent's movements, and then act accordingly, you fucking brain surgeon.
- The shield is often ignored by new players, so it's probably not that important.
- **Power.**
- Never give up!! It's not over until the round end chimes! Feel the hot blood of a warrior course within your veins and play with all your heart!
- Eh, it's only a game.

–∼David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

10.12 A Message from Your Local Halloween Superstore Proprietor

Thursday, Oct 16, 2014 by Turge Sprickman

Turge Sprickman

While some choose to refer to me as a "seasonal businessman," I like to think of myself as the hermit crab of retail. Remember when your favorite Walgreens closed? I bet it gave your local shopping district a real black eye. People would drive by, shake their heads, and say things like "What a shame" and "I guess we'll have to go to the Walgreens a little further down the street this time." For two months out of the year, it's my job to fill one of these abandoned and/or uninhabitable businesses, bringing new life to your town, and leaving behind the spirit of the season and all burnable trash (as is our agreement with the leaseholder).

Because of our limited presence in your community, it's hard for most of us to put down any roots before those Christmas Superstore fat cats steal the show on November 2nd. Given their holiday's lack of ties to Satan, those peppermint-pushing opportunists sure get off easy, don't they? Well, come into my store, and no one's going to charge you twenty dollars to get your child's picture taken with some costumed wino who just had the vomit hosed off of him in the parking lot. I mean, I guess we could offer this service, but it's a hard sell unless you have some reindeer standees propped up nearby. You'd be surprised the kind of child endangerment people let fly as soon as you screw a red lightbulb into a piece of plywood.

Now, I'm not here to cast aspersions. I've heard us Halloween Superstore folk referred to as "glorified carnies," and that's where I draw the line. Coming from a long line of carnies, and having worked in the carnival amusements industry for over twenty years prior, I can inform you of the major differences. To begin, we don't feed our employees from a barrel of surplus chicken heads. Though I do keep a fresh barrelful in the break room at all times, my workers can always opt to dine at the Subway across the street-yet the barrel remains a surprisingly popular option through no fault of my own. Also, the switchblades my crew carries and regularly brandishes throughout the day are

simply a safety measure to prevent instances of "mask death" from happening on the show floor. The next time your three-year-old gets tangled up in a plastic approximation of Spongebob's face, you can thank old Zeke over there for slashing him free. But don't make eye contact for too long. Sets him off.

I'd also like to add that my Halloween Superstore offers items you won't find anywhere else. Sure, your local drug store might have some third-rate Dracula fangs in the checkout aisle, but the amount and variety of fake blood I sell is simply unparalleled. You want to be a sexy cop for halloween? Well, I'm proud to say we offer all possible variants of the costume: "Flirty Flatfoot," "Nympho Narc," "Bodacious Bobby," "Cumworthy Constable," and "The Fuzz." And if you're in the market for skeletons, look no further than aisle 8: It's like John Wayne Gacy's crawl space over there! On a budget? Well head on over to our limited income savings zone, and walk away as The Creature from Plastic Bag Lake, Receipt Paper Mummy, or Pipe Cleaner Man (Pipe Cleaner Woman costume coming in 2016). Unfortunately, thanks to regular e-coli outbreaks, we're no longer allowed to operate our apple bobbing station within city limits, but your little ones can still keep themselves busy in our Maze of Abandoned Pallets located in the loading area. Every morning I throw a king size Snickers bar in there and if the rats don't get to it, well, one little customer's in for a surprise!

So please, the next time you stop into my store, feel free to shake my hand, say "hello," and ask about our deals on slightly distressed candy corn. I think you'll find I run a tight ship, and, after that class action lawsuit in 2008, I'm proud to say we haven't been responsible for a single case of monster makeup-based lead poisoning. I think you'll be surprised to find that, despite my nomadic nature, I'm just your Average Joe Businessman who believes that religion, friendship, and family comprise the foundation of any strong community. And if you'd like to stay in touch during the off-season, I run a successful, Patreon-supported blog where I post pictures of actual celebrity garbage. You'd be surprised at all of the pork bones Kim "Tootie" Fields just tosses away like your typical Hollyweird hotshot.

–∼Turge Sprickman

10.13 The Nightmare Realm of Youtube Videos for Children

Friday, Oct 17, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

If you have a kid, a very young sibling, or a niece or nephew under the age of about five, you have probably come in contact with the horror that is the children's slum of Youtube. On the surface, everything is wonderful, as there seem to be hundreds of educational videos for kids. Scratch that surface and you will find an unpleasant gutter of Russian and Indian English-language (barely) videos with animations that range from "poor" to "your nightmares come to life." Worse, those videos have millions and millions of views and come up near the top of searches for things like "alphabet" and "shapes" that your miniature human dummy might actually be able to find.

Be worried you are raising a serial killer if your children are watching any of these videos.

3D Nursery Rhymes from eDewcate

What could go wrong with nursery rhyme classics like "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" or "Humpty Dumpty?" Let me answer that question by introducing you to some of your favorite nursery rhyme characters, courtesy of eDewcate's 3D animation team.

Remember "Devil Bear and Dead-Armed Homunculus" from Twinkle Twinkle Little Star?

How about the ant wearing lipstick sucking on its own fist?

Surely everyone remembers the child's slave master character from Bah Bah Black Sheep:

No joking, the song is being sung by a child character in the video and that is his master. Now picture all of these characters in motion while children who sound like they are being held at gunpoint sing versions of famous nursery rhymes with slightly off lyrics. Kids will grow up just fine watching this stuff!

The Finger Family

The Youtube channel Videogyan Kids has a hit on their hands with Finger Family. Multiple videos, tens of millions of views, and for some reason all of their videos have a really bad rating. It might be because the concept of every video revolves around the same alarming lyrics about fingers that will have a parent rushing to turn the computer off. Videogyan creates videos about fingering with animated clip art level graphics and music that incorporates sitars and singers with very apparent Indian accents. Skip to about **2:10** and let the particularly ghoulish dog version wash over your senses:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YJyNoFkud6g

By the way, numerous other Youtube channels are producing similar finger family songs. There appears to be some sort of fingeraissance happening on Youtube.

The Shapes Song

Remember the famous nursery rhyme "Shapes Song"? Oh, you know the one about shapes sung by a drowsy Latino man strumming a guitar while the same loop of a Mariachi trumpet plays in the background. The one about squares and circles that features no rhyming lyrics and terrifying faces. That one.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VfRxlrSrw0Q

Angry Bird Hot Cross Buns Children

You will find a lot of bad versions of this nursery rhyme on Youtube. Many with weird changes to the lyrics, phonetic singing, and bad animation. But this version, with a shitty Angry Bird's face staring you down and animated like someone skinned it and is wearing it for a mask, is probably the worst.

The Worst Alphabet

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JAPImlfNpwA

From the same channel that brought you that Angry Birds video, comes this piece of shit alphabet. You might have thought it was impossible to mispronounce the alphabet, but think again as K12Kids teaches your kids all the letters from haitch to zed. Helpfully animated with sparkling hatchbacks carrying the alphabet around.

The moral of all these videos is that we, as a just society concerned about future serial killers, should probably stop allowing children to watch Youtube videos. At least that is what I gleaned from that dead-eyed bear staring into the stars.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.14 Prepare to Be Thrilled By Kevin Spacey's Face Like Never Before

Monday, Oct 20, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Sledgehammer Games and Activision plan to finally deliver on the promise of actor Kevin Spacey's face in an action video game. Gamers have been clamoring for more and better faces to enhance their gaming experience. Here it is.

"It's what gamers wanted," said Sledgehammer honcho Hunter Yalls. "We want fans of Call of Duty to realize that, yes, that is Kevin Spacey being rendered in real time. In our engine."

"It's like a movie, because that man is in movies and also explosions are in movies," said Advanced Warfare project lead Dill Rauggers. "We want to capture that action of Kevin Spacey's face and then a robot. Imagine a robot crouching and it has a skull mask. Pretty cool. What's the coolest gun you can think of? A minigun. How about two of them. On a robot. And guess who is in that

robot. No, not Kevin Spacey. You. Kevin Spacey just comes on the radio and leads you around between missions."

Sledgehammer also promises more jumping and faster jumping as well as the new ability to become invisible and pilot a robot.

Yalls explained the process, "Imagine a game like Titanfall with Kevin Spacey. We did. And there he is."

There will be new guns in this Call of Duty game, including shotguns and an assault rifle that is better than before, along with some twists.

"I think gamers are going to be surprised by some of the twists we have to offer. Let's just say Kevin Spacey isn't the only face you will see. We have a black face planned and a white guy with a goatee. Maybe a crusty general's face. A Latino is going to get shot. Just for a start."

The new Advanced Warfare engine has been optimized for shooting a machine gun out the back of a future truck while it is careening around a city street. The engine being used can just as easily render a face and a robot jump and also falling through a collapsing wall. It is the best engine ever at rendering drones flying around allowing up to 500 drones on screen at once, smashing the 200 drone limit set by the Black Ops 2 engine.

"Lots of walls are going to bust open," laughed Rauggers. "Lots of buildings are going to fall and you are going to be in them. It's part of the cinematic storytelling we want to offer. We looked at

what people want in action movies - more falling and fighting inside buildings and crashing trucks - and then we dialed it up by placing Kevin Spacey's face into the game."

According to Rauggers, Call of Duty Advanced Warfare will also feature unprecedented interactivity with Kevin Spacey.

"You get to climb down from a helicopter with him. You'll be able to follow him through doors. He'll wait for you to catch up. If you take too long, he'll say something like 'Hey, time is money.' Have you ever wanted to shoot Kevin Spacey? Well, you can't until the specific quick time event at the very end and he grabs the gun from you and shoots you instead. But you will get the chance to either be shot by Kevin Spacey or try to shoot him and then be shot by him." Rauggers leaned back in his chair and added, "That's right. Kevin Spacey's face in a sequel. It's going to be even more intense."

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.15 How to Spot Me in a Crowd

Tuesday, Oct 21, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Sorry about the blurry photo. I was lunging at my phone, yelling at it to take a clear picture. It's the only image of me that exists. I'd take another picture for you, but I'm in the middle of a rigorous trampoline session.

Meeting someone from the internet for the first time is already a little awkward, and now you won't even know what I look like. Oh! Why don't I make it easier for you to spot me at the park tomorrow?

I'll be the one wearing a garbage can around my torso. It's the classic model, a tin beauty with long vertical ridges and various dents that give it character. As always, the garbage can will be supported by a pair of fine silk suspenders.

I'll be the one with a complexion best described as inverted strawberry. My skin is jaundiced, my freckles a rich waxy red and arranged in an alarmingly precise diamond grid.

I'll be the one staring at my cell phone as it hovers a scant few feet over my head, always just out of reach. I will jump but it will lazily float higher. I will turn away and pretend to forget about it, whistling, then try to surprise my phone by doing a jump spin with both arms reaching up super high. The phone will swoop down inside my overextended guard and smack into my nose then float back up as I collapse to the ground.

I'll be the one arguing with a child about #GamerGate. Specifically, I will tell a 4-8 year old kid about #GamerGate and get really mad when they react negatively to the concept of doxxing, threatening women, or my repeated attempts to explain the corruption inherent in video game coverage that isn't specifically suited to my vague, often contradictory demands.

I'll be the one wearing oversized ankle-length jorts, signed and battle-blessed with a kiss by Kevin Smith. Please, no criticism. I will only allow praise.

I'll be the one with the facial hair. You'll know it when you see it. It grows this way naturally for me, but when people want to emulate my unique style of beard they ask their barber for the Enchanted Oases.

I'll be the one with a terrible face wound. It will still be bleeding. I haven't decided where it will be. Probably the forehead.

I'll be the one twirling a staff in very elaborate and impressive ways, but super casually. It will be like I don't even realize how amazing I'm being. That's right, the staff is a 1:1 replica of Gandalf's staff. If anyone asks, I will explain how my version of the staff is actually more authentic than the film prop. You see, that one was a combination of shaved foam and balsa wood specifically made to weigh practically nothing for extended film shoots, while mine is carved from ancient elven Mallorn a.k.a. pine.

I'll be the one straight up drinking milk out of a gallon jug. Not even cold milk. We're talking about some room temperature milk here, folks. Don't worry, I'll bring enough for you to run five or ten minutes late. Take any longer and you run the risk of me wandering off to buy some more milk.

I'll be the one wearing a red baseball cap.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.16 SkyMall Product Reviews: Alpha Fuzion Personal Sauna System

Wednesday, Oct 22, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> Alpha Fuzion System: Luxurious Automated Fitness Comes to the Home!!! The Ultimate Fitness and Anti-Stress Machine. 100% Made in USA! The Alpha Fuzion System is the newest invention for the home from our world famous professional "health, relaxation and fitness PODs.

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By GunCrazedPatriot from Lincoln, NE

Climb in there with a nice rump roast and a few onions and not only will you smell like a million bucks, you'll have a tasty meal for the family waiting. This sauna has been a game changer for the Pollock family.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By PassTheGravy from Amarillo, TX

The lady above has the right idea. The body produces natural salts, which are released through sweat. I am steaming all my meats and vegetables with me in the pod now. The aroma of a fine ham wafting up from between my legs is incredibly relaxing. Plus, giving things more time to cook is the perfect excuse to stay in the sauna a few extra hours.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★★★☆

By Vegeta4Prez from Jonesboro, AR

I'm incredibly confused why the music setting only plays "Dragula" by Rob Zombie. It's not very relaxing. But I love the oxygen-ready enriched air feature. What a brilliant idea! Wish I could enjoy that all the time.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Livin' Large from Prescott, AZ

My unit arrived last week after a brisk 48-day shipping time. Let's just say, the results have been mixed at best.

Con: causes bad nightmares. I used to have to eat beef until I passed out to have these kind of terrors, but this machine does it for me every time I fall asleep inside it.

Pro: it leaves me whole body with that moist, fresh feeling you get after you remove a band-aid or cast after a long time.

Con: My moist skin rips and tears easily, especially around my joints.

Pro: I don't have to move around a lot when I'm inside the sauna.

Con: My dog barks at me the entire time I'm in the sauna.

Pro: Plenty of fun settings to relax me and help me tune out the noise.

Con: My dog also likes the taste of my moist, loose skin now, and he's usually able to tear off a nice good sliver when I'm climbing out of the sauna.

Pro: It cost less than my last three cars combined!

Over all, I would highly recommend this sauna to anyone looking for a hot time at home.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By DethSnipr from Rochester, MN

I suffer from severe gaming related muscle atrophy, which means my legs are limp from lack of use. The deliverymen refused to lift me up and put me inside the sauna after they arrived, which is illegal since there are laws to protect people with disabilities, such as myself. Thankfully I do not believe in tipping, so I saved some money and treated myself to pizza.

Heh, I probably won't even pay off the credit card I put it on. Not my fault those guys were incompetent jerks. I'm not even going to use the dumb thing now.

Age: 21-25

Customer Review: ★★★★☆

By DaWideGuy from Jersey Shore, PA

READ THE DIRECTIONS.

It's very easy to get turned around and sit in this thing the wrong way, and when that happens you won't have access to the controls. And also it's extremely easy to suffocate and pass out. If you're gonna go that route, wear some socks.

Everyone is 110% spot-on about using this thing to cook. Even if I'm not making a meal, I always add a few onions in there to give myself some natural flavor. It was those onions that kept me alive when I was trapped inside backwards and face-down for six days.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By CEO at Home from Panama City, FL

I was skeptical that this personal sauna system would prove useful, but I decided to take a chance. It was either that or buy a car for my beautiful wife of 25 glorious years.

She is not very happy, but I'm on cloud nine. I just wish they had some kind of head cover, so I don't have to listen to her yell at me anymore to come out of there.

The great thing about the sauna system is that all moisture evaporates, so you can even do your business in there worry free. It's 100% hygienic and healthy. Kudos to the team that made this. You guys are rocket scientists.

Age: 51-54

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Goose Expert from Frisco, TX

Mine came infested with wasps and I've been afraid to climb inside, let alone open the lid. I swear to god this is the last home sauna system I will ever purchase.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★☆☆☆

By MomofTwoBlogs from Cedar Rapids, IA

What a joke!!! The so-called "White Glove Service"??? It is a SHAM. The men came to my house ungloved and refused to put on gloves and later admitted they didn't have any gloves. Believe me, they got an earful over that. They also refused to do any of the yard work I had planned for them. AND MY STUPID HUSBAND JUST SAT IN THE CAR CRYING THE WHOLE TIME.

Age: 21-25

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Amy from Yuba City, CA

It baconized our grandpa

Age: 21-25

—∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.17 Bumper Sticker Vignettes

Thursday, Oct 23, 2014 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

One time a guy with this sticker cut me off, so I angrily jotted down the phone number. Only when I read it back did I realize that it wasn't a number at all, but a suggestion that I eat shit! To prolong my humiliation - it was the only emotion I'd felt in a long time - I actually called 1-800-EAT SHIT. Amazingly, it's a real number that plays recorded fart sounds.

This sticker usually coexists with a bunch of Morrissey and Depeche Mode stickers on the cars of wiccan girls I'd like to coexist in bed with. Unfortunately, they never respond to my myspace messages. Their inability to grasp the suffering of my tortured soul makes me feel like a bumper covered with stickers that no one can read.

I have an intense fear of dying in a car crash. Whenever I get in my car and do a mirror check, I see the following:

Driver's Side Mirror: Me getting thrown through the windshield in slow motion, while I sing a sensitive alt-rock ballad in normal time.

Rear View Mirror: A flock of mourners gathered around my coffin as it's being lowered into the ground. A man pushes through the crowd and throws himself onto the casket, pounding on the lid

and sobbing. Everyone wants to pull him off, but it's one of those awkward funerals where nobody knows each other, so they just stand there and let him get buried alive.

Passenger Side Mirror: A skeleton hand flipping me off, reminding me of the cruel indifference of the universe. Of the three images, this one terrifies me the most, so you can imagine my shock when I found out it's also a popular bumper sticker. To avoid seeing this ghastly omen while commuting, I have to pay someone with a blank bumper to drive in front of me at all times.

I've found that if I study the faces of other drivers in the rear-view mirror long enough, I begin to see them as human beings, not just rivals for the freeway, gas pump or drive-thru pharmacy where I get my neck ointment. However, I've also found that if I keep looking at them my empathy slowly fades, until I'm back in my normal, emotionless state. This odyssey through the unknown realm of caring reminds me of Joseph Campbell's model for the Hero's Journey. So I can relate to anything that says "hero" on it.

When I'm driving, I often worry about how my car looks through the Sartre-esque Gaze of the driver behind me. One time I got so worried that I turned on cruise control and climbed out the window to inspect my ride's appearance. This inadvertently began the fad called ghostriding, which has gone on to claim several lives. Now whenever I drive I'm literally ghostriding with the vengeful spirits of the people I've killed. I try to exorcise them by playing Gregorian chants on my stereo, but they just laugh at my puny 8-inch subwoofer, which doesn't do the bass voices justice.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

10.18 Warning Signs That You May Be Trapped in a Tom Waits Song

Friday, Oct 24, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Have you been feeling a little strange lately? Drinking nothing but whiskey and eating nothing but cigarettes? Find yourself reminiscing about the weird, bad old days broke and drunk in urban America? You're either a character in a novel or trapped in a Tom Waits song. Know the symptoms and you might just save...well, you won't save anyone. That's not possible. Sorry.

There is a saw playing in the background no matter where you go in the forest.

You have ever fallen asleep standing up in a tenement doorway.

You have a police record in an Asian port city for fighting a sailor over a dice game.

Someone has ever seriously called you "small time" or "big time" or your given name is Cincinnati.

The devil has appeared to you and he spoke by growling through an old megaphone.

You drive a Buick Special from one point in the Midwestern USA to another point in a big hurry.

It is after 2 AM and you are washing dishes in a dance hall.

It is your belief that the only good things in this world are alcohol and a lady you once knew by her first name only.

In your opinion there is nothing wrong with storing your money, your gun, and your tragic love letters in the same shoe box.

Your body has adapted to a 100% cigarette smoke and whiskey habitat.

Someone tells you to sit on the rumble seat and you immediately know what they mean.

Hopping a train seems like a normal way of getting around the country.

One of your friends is a dwarf and he has killed somebody, probably at a sleazy circus.

Your nickname could belong to a baseball player from the beginning of the 20th century. Something like Chuckles Malone or Wrong Hand Kid.

When you hear a church bell you just shake your head because you know that everyone is evil and we're all going to hell, which you ridicule and also firmly believe in, mostly because you have met the devil as mentioned earlier.

If you are a woman you are slowly fading into a bittersweet memory like a sepia toned reverse Marty McFly.

You occasionally fantasize about opening a combination greasy spoon diner and piano bar.

If you received a collect call from a strange country you would be compelled to take it.

It is your firm belief that nature is a terrifying place where murders happen. Murders also happen in the city, but they are normal murders like a one armed Chinaman shooting a drunk, not creepy barnyard and forest murders.

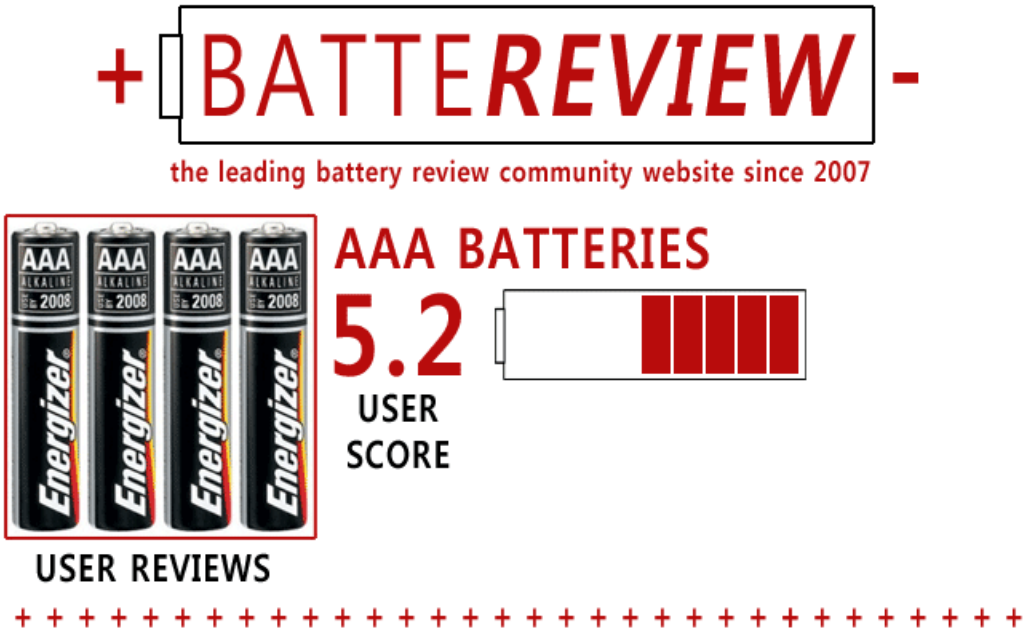
You live in a working class urban neighborhood, you're down on your luck, probably broke, and you know the boiler room where the devil lives.

You are literally the devil.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.19 BATTEREVIEW Battery Reviews: AAA Discussion

Monday, Oct 27, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



AAA Battery is the WORST

Took this battery camping with us. Did not fit in camping lantern. Did not fit in flashlight. Only used for remote control but some (MOST??) remote control uses much superior AA battery. What is even the point? Only gave it 2 because I could carry more in my pocket.

USER RATING

LMAO at idiots who don't understand batteries

bandit187

Maybe if you idiots acctually understood point of battery you would get this but AAA is smaller battery for smaller device. I have a tiny flashlight with AAA but AA too big. This is perfect for pocket you want big flashlight you get big batterhy like C or B battery how hard is to understand??? IDiot russian faggot.

USER RATING

Only faggot is nazi ukraine who like AAA battery

donbassfree

Porshenko and western ally love AAA battery to run sex dildo in back hole. This favorite battery found on many troop surrender and defector. Superior russian K battery is used. Fit all devices including large flashlight and small flashlight with cord to battery. Think about it. Easier. Western AAA batery suckers game for eurofags.
USER RATING

Agree on battery, disagree on pitbulls

JAMESBOND

Pitbull owners love to blame bad owners rather than the breed every time a child is attacked and killed. They point to number of bite statistics and say that pits aren't more dangerous. Problem is number of serious maulings and deaths not bites. Poodle may bite more but it does not kill people. Owning a pitbull is like owning a wild animal. But AAA batteries suck.
USER RATING

Once again euroslaves and USA do not understand dog or battery

novoriddick

Don't care if you agree on batteries or not, you do not understand dog behavior. All dogs are only as good as the leash that holds them and for you jamesbond it is the USA who holds the leash of the yapping UK dog. Why don't you worry about dying in Iraq and arming terrorist jihads and let Russia handle Russian business. You are probably actually circumcised which is maimed for no reason.

USER RATING

1

PAGE 1 of 416 > >|

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.20 The Museum of Hollywood's Ball Busting

Tuesday, Oct 28, 2014 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

I have visited the greatest museum in the world. It is not in NYC, it is not in Paris or London. It is not even real, instead existing on YouTube as a masterful collection of Hollywood movie clips where gals kick dudes in the groin. It is curated by lone contributor Dom Matrix with the meticulousness of an art historian and the heavy breathing of a fetishist. It is high budgets and low brows bouncing back and forth on a squeaky mattress.

Here is someone's jollies hiding in plain daylight. In the world of the internet, this is nothing new. But remember that they could have been in the same theater beside you enjoying the film in a totally different manner. What you call entertainment, they call entertainment—but in a wavering voice, lips moist with spittle. If your childhood went a little different, this could have been you. Can you imagine how you'd have grown up if you found about this in middle school? That as a child, instead of hoarding a bent-up *Playboy*, you could have just enjoyed a hot scene in, umm, *Eight Crazy Nights*? Okay, maybe that's a bit far.

Dom Matrix understands ball busting on levels you cannot imagine. Like Neo, he/she/it scans the b-movie landscape for sight gags we would certainly miss. "Ball busting is everywhere," Dom Matrix seems to say. "It transcends the literal boot in nuts to become the bullet in Ben Stiller's crotch, the corporate language in *Erin Brockovich*." Ball busting becomes a way to see the world. So when Dom Matrix brings us 22 agonizing seconds of *Daddy Day Care* for a poorly acted sight gag, all we can say is "thank you."

Sure, it's not perfect. The videos are in a quality usually limited to .gif format, giving the action a notable PS1 cutscene level of detail. And though it is outside the traditional power structure, I'd personally like to see some non canonical additions like *Spaceballs*. Still, overall, the best exhibit I've seen in years.

But there is a dark side to this. Did Dom Matrix ever imagine that a kink usually left to backrooms and private browsing windows would follow up on YouTube with suggestions for Dota2 Fails of the Week? That a Samsung advertisement would flash on the screen while some punk-ass buster

had his jewels crunched? What happens when a fetish goes commercial, when the thrill becomes commonplace? Every day there are more and more imitators taking the red pill and joining the cause. Sure other YouTube users like Femme DomFan and fatallowblow are far behind in content and quality for now, but will Dom Matrix still find pleasure in ball busting once it's mainstream? Yeah. Probably.

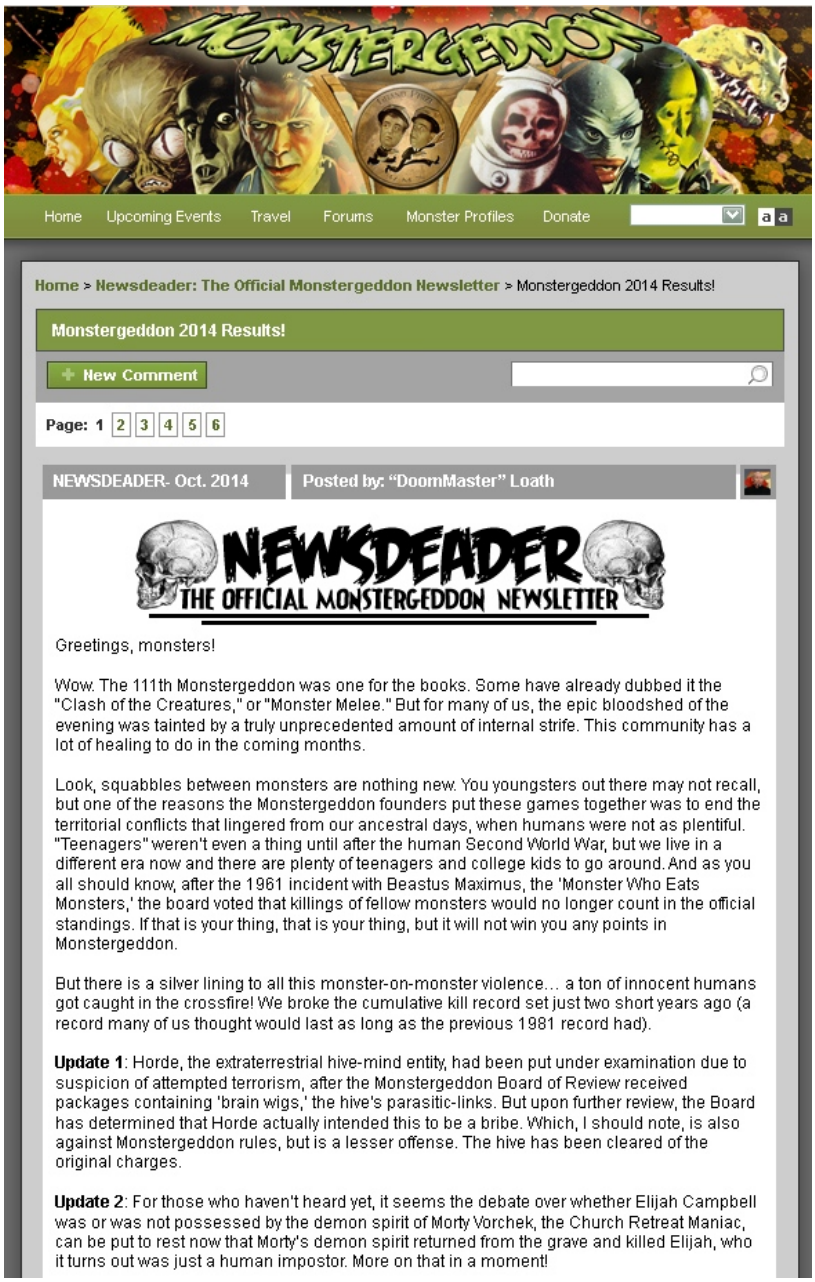
The Museum of Hollywood's Ball Busting is open 365 days a year. Cost of entrance: clicking Skip Ad and a willful abandonment of your browsing history.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

10.21 Monstergeddon 2014 Results!

Wednesday, Oct 29, 2014 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Monstergeddon series.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NEWSDEADER- Oct. 2014
Posted by: "DoomMaster" Loath
NEWSDEADER
THE OFFICIAL MONSTERGEDDON NEWSLETTER
Greetings, monsters!
Wow. The 111th Monstergeddon was one for the books. Some have already dubbed it the "Clash of the Creatures," or "Monster Melee." But for many of us, the epic bloodshed of the evening was tainted by a truly unprecedented amount of internal strife. This community has a lot of healing to do in the coming months.
Look, squabbles between monsters are nothing new. You youngsters out there may not recall, but one of the reasons the Monstergeddon founders put these games together was to end the territorial conflicts that lingered from our ancestral days, when humans were not as plentiful. "Teenagers" weren't even a thing until after the human Second World War, but we live in a different era now and there are plenty of teenagers and college kids to go around. And as you all should know, after the 1961 incident with Beastus Maximus, the 'Monster Who Eats Monsters,' the board voted that killings of fellow monsters would no longer count in the official standings. If that is your thing, that is your thing, but it will not win you any points in Monstergeddon.
But there is a silver lining to all this monster-on-monster violence… a ton of innocent humans got caught in the crossfire! We broke the cumulative kill record set just two short years ago (a record many of us thought would last as long as the previous 1981 record had).
Update 1: Horde, the extraterrestrial hive-mind entity, had been put under examination due to suspicion of attempted terrorism, after the Monstergeddon Board of Review received packages containing 'brain wigs,' the hive's parasitic-links. But upon further review, the Board has determined that Horde actually intended this to be a bribe. Which, I should note, is also against Monstergeddon rules, but is a lesser offense. The hive has been cleared of the original charges.
Update 2: For those who haven't heard yet, it seems the debate over whether Elijah Campbell was or was not possessed by the demon spirit of Morty Vorchek, the Church Retreat Maniac, can be put to rest now that Morty's demon spirit returned from the grave and killed Elijah, who it turns out was just a human impostor. More on that in a moment!

In **Third Place,** with 15 instant kills and 3 mortal woundings, is **Howard the Wolf Man** vs **Lunatic Cop**.

In **Second Place**, with 33 instant kills and 2 mortal woundings, is **Barracudalanche** vs **Crocodile Blizzard.**

And – drum roll please – this year's **Killer Cup Winner**, with a record-shattering 79 instant kills and 30 mortal woundings, is **Yijowa** (known in the USA as **Biguana**)!

Now, for the rest of the awards!

Most Unnecessary Collateral Damage: That easily goes to **Yijowa** and his attack on San Francisco. When Golgura showed up to defend the city, the destruction just multiplied. We'd have given Yijowa this award just for snapping the Golden Gate Bridge. But Alcatraz got it too, and then that great culmination when downtown was reduced to rubble by Yijowa's flailing limbs after Golgura impaled him on the Transamerica Pyramid? Wow wow wow! Just too bad Yijowa isn't around to claim his trophy.

Sexiest Victim: **The Skulker** has been in the monster news a lot lately, but he showed up in top form for the competition, traveling to Europe to single out a prestigious Italian ballet academy. There were prime cuts all around, but Monique, the bulimic dancer, really had a body to die for! Only it turned out she had to do the dying!

Most Ironic Kill: This goes to the **Anthropoids from the Deep**, for the well-executed killing of the unlikable corporate stooge that was funding an expedition into their subterranean lagoon. This jerk abandoned the rest of his team, thinking he was locking them in a room with the Anthropoids - only to turn around and discover he'd locked himself in with the 'poids!

Best Kill: Congrats to **Barracudalanche** vs **Crocodile Blizzard**. The two weather-based eating machines descended upon vacationers and employees at Snowy Crest Ski Resort. Even in our night of mass carnage, it would be hard to top the moment when they came together while a group of children were learning to ski on the 'bunny slope.' Seeing human children die is just always so funny. Even funnier is seeing an adult try to lift a child above the toothy chaos, only to be slowly chewed down until the kid is right back in all those hungry mouths! Ha ha ha.

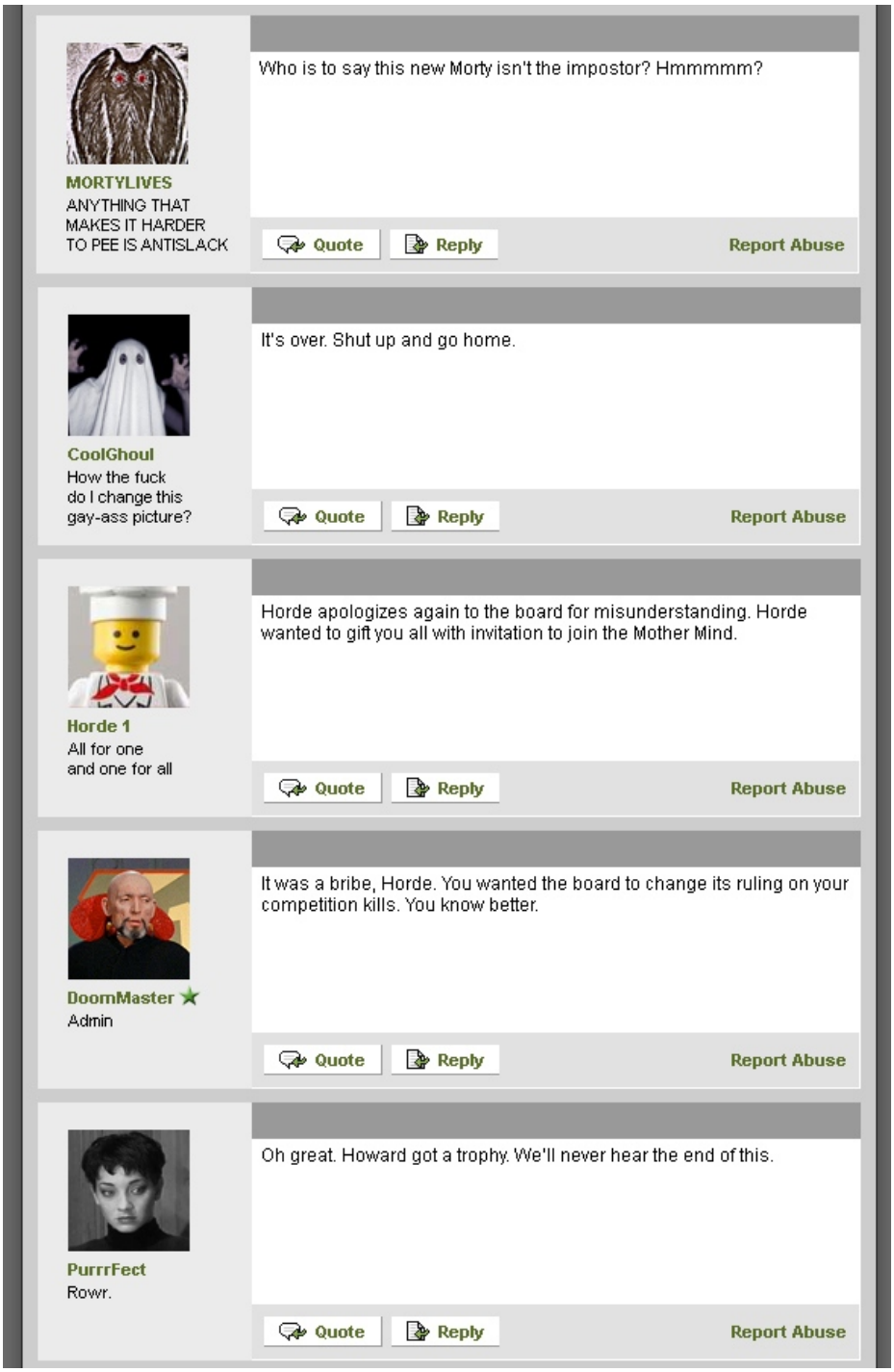
Player's Choice Best Kill: Unsurprisingly, you monsters rather unanimously voted for **Morty**'s revengeance. Morty managed to possess the rotting corpse of his former foe Ashley Campbell, who you'll remember had been killed by her own son, Elijah, apparently in a bid to steal Morty's identity. Morty, in Ashley's corpse, caught Elijah having a hooker coke party and turned him into a human accordion. Sadly, now we'll never know why Elijah did what he did. Unless, I guess, he comes back from the dead at some point too.

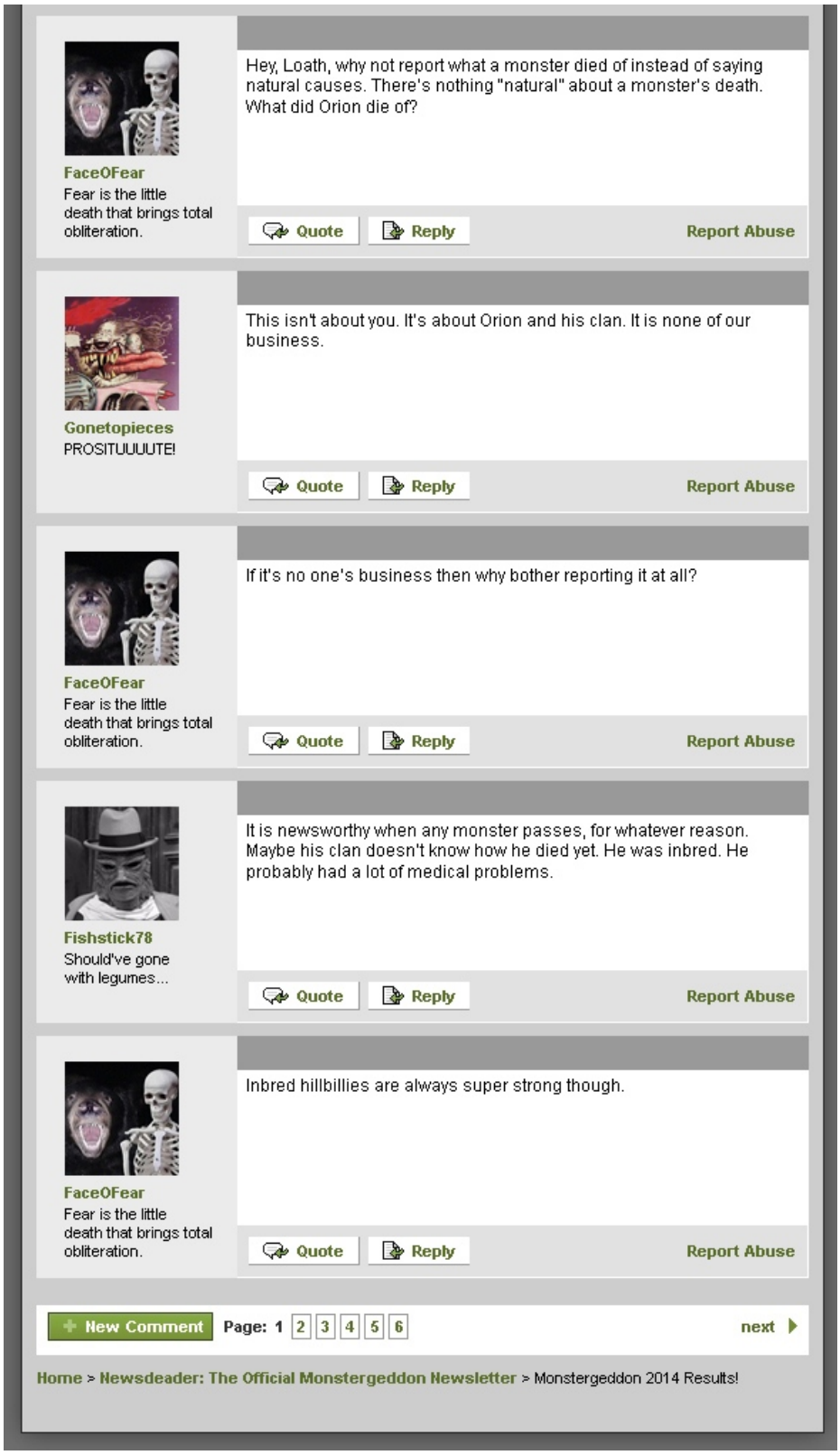
In Memoriam: This was a rough year. Aside from **Yijowa** and **Elijah Campbell** (yes, a lying human, but to be fair, he did get 2nd place last year), we lost **Frankengator**, the botched creation of a deranged zoologist, when he was tricked into the blades of a fan boat by two human tourists after a long swamp battle. Newcomer **Slaughter Spa**, the haunted jacuzzi, only got to boil a handful of health club victims before being exorcised by an ex-preacher-turned-gym-trainer. **Lorganne** (known on the boards as Deathgirl) was hunted down and slayed with wrought iron by Kip and Sara Colt and the mysterious new member of their crew. And **Orion**, a member of the Bowman clan of backwoods inbred cannibals, passed away from natural causes.

Great job everyone!

SINcerely,
Loath
Monstergeddon Game Master

Comment


MORTYLIVES
ANYTHING THAT MAKES IT HARDER TO PEE IS ANTISLACK
Who is to say this new Morty isn't the impostor? Hmmmmm?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
It's over. Shut up and go home.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Horde 1
All for one and one for all
Horde apologizes again to the board for misunderstanding. Horde wanted to gift you all with invitation to join the Mother Mind.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
DoomMaster
Admin
It was a bribe, Horde. You wanted the board to change its ruling on your competition kills. You know better.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
PurrrFect
Rowr.
Oh great. Howard got a trophy. We'll never hear the end of this.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



FaceOFear
Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.

Hey, Loath, why not report what a monster died of instead of saying natural causes. There's nothing "natural" about a monster's death. What did Orion die of?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Gonetopieces
PROSITUUUUTE!

This isn't about you. It's about Orion and his clan. It is none of our business.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

FaceOFear
Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.

If it's no one's business then why bother reporting it at all?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Fishstick78
Should've gone with legumes...

It is newsworthy when any monster passes, for whatever reason. Maybe his clan doesn't know how he died yet. He was inbred. He probably had a lot of medical problems.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

FaceOFear
Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.

Inbred hillbillies are always super strong though.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

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Monstergeddon 2014 Results!

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ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!

I've noticed that too! Normally inbreeding makes humans weak and sickly. It's weird how the Bowman clan became seemingly super-powered purely through isolated breeding. But I guess that's what makes them monsters!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Goose Pimples
--> FrootVPN <--

This be the ghost of Captain One-Eye Jim, the dreaded 'Ghoul from Poole Bay.' When ye gonna recognize the monsterly art o' spookiness? I had an entire town of elementary school lads and lasses scared! Made a janitor's hair turn white, I did!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DoomMaster ★
Admin

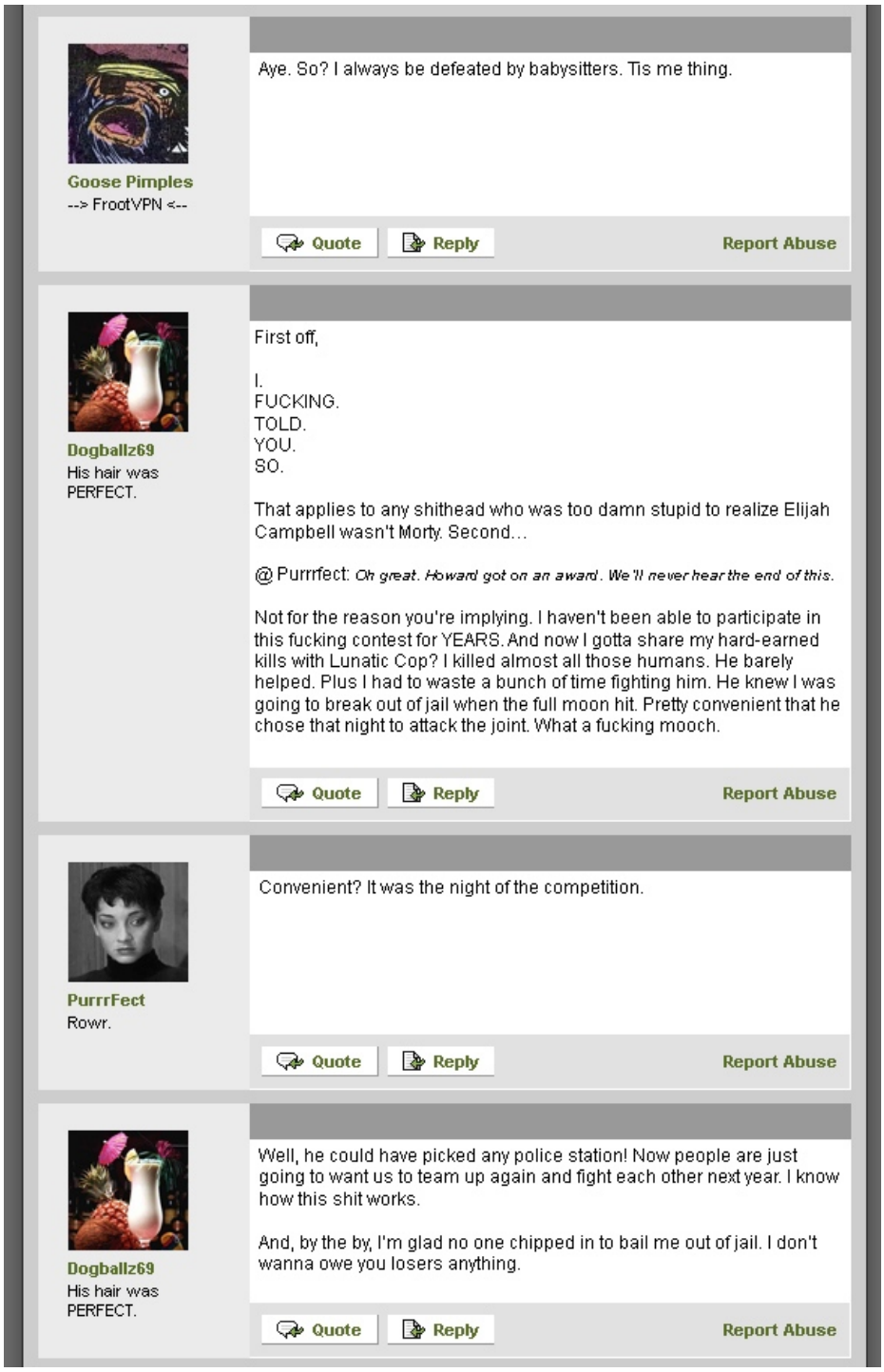
Personally I think scare-factor is as much a part of being a good monster as killing, but there is just no way to easily rate or quantify "spookiness" on its own, if it doesn't culminate in a kill.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?

You were also defeated by a 14yearold babysitter, man. Pretty lame.

Quote Reply Report Abuse



Goose Pimples
--> FrootVPN <--

Aye. So? I always be defeated by babysitters. Tis me thing.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

First off,

I.
FUCKING.
TOLD.
YOU.
SO.

That applies to any shithead who was too damn stupid to realize Elijah Campbell wasn't Morty. Second…

@ Purrrfect: *Oh great. Howard got on an award. We'll never hear the end of this.*

Not for the reason you're implying. I haven't been able to participate in this fucking contest for YEARS. And now I gotta share my hard-earned kills with Lunatic Cop? I killed almost all those humans. He barely helped. Plus I had to waste a bunch of time fighting him. He knew I was going to break out of jail when the full moon hit. Pretty convenient that he chose that night to attack the joint. What a fucking mooch.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

PurrrFect
Rowr.

Convenient? It was the night of the competition.

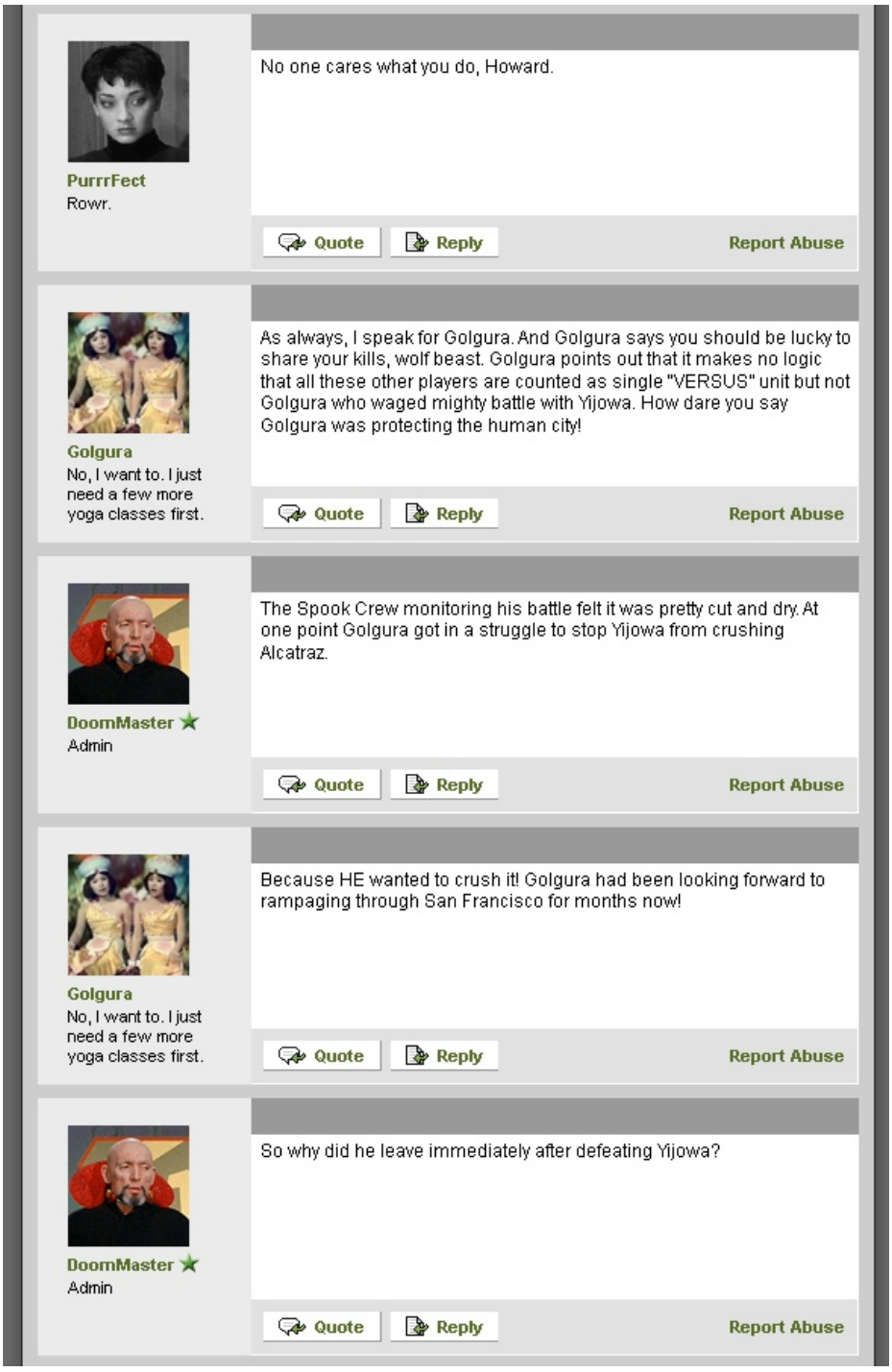
Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Well, he could have picked any police station! Now people are just going to want us to team up again and fight each other next year. I know how this shit works.

And, by the by, I'm glad no one chipped in to bail me out of jail. I don't wanna owe you losers anything.

Quote Reply Report Abuse



PurrrFect
Rowr.

No one cares what you do, Howard.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Golgura
No, I want to. I just need a few more yoga classes first.

As always, I speak for Golgura. And Golgura says you should be lucky to share your kills, wolf beast. Golgura points out that it makes no logic that all these other players are counted as single "VERSUS" unit but not Golgura who waged mighty battle with Yijowa. How dare you say Golgura was protecting the human city!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DoomMaster
Admin

The Spook Crew monitoring his battle felt it was pretty cut and dry. At one point Golgura got in a struggle to stop Yijowa from crushing Alcatraz.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Golgura
No, I want to. I just need a few more yoga classes first.

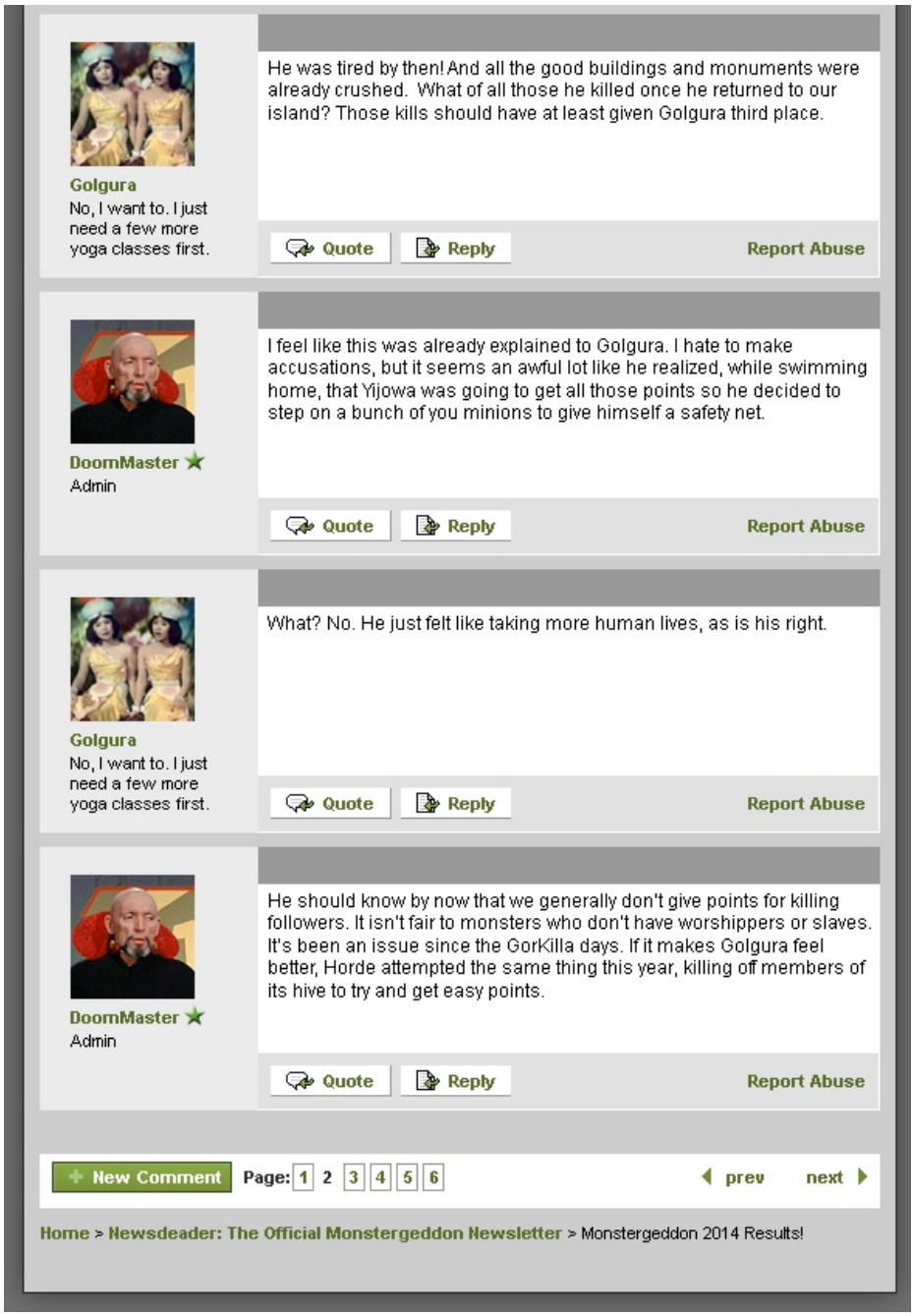
Because HE wanted to crush it! Golgura had been looking forward to rampaging through San Francisco for months now!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DoomMaster
Admin

So why did he leave immediately after defeating Yijowa?

Quote Reply Report Abuse


He was tired by then! And all the good buildings and monuments were already crushed. What of all those he killed once he returned to our island? Those kills should have at least given Golgura third place.
Golgura
No, I want to. I just need a few more yoga classes first.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
I feel like this was already explained to Golgura. I hate to make accusations, but it seems an awful lot like he realized, while swimming home, that Yijowa was going to get all those points so he decided to step on a bunch of you minions to give himself a safety net.
DoomMaster
Admin
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
What? No. He just felt like taking more human lives, as is his right.
Golgura
No, I want to. I just need a few more yoga classes first.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
He should know by now that we generally don't give points for killing followers. It isn't fair to monsters who don't have worshippers or slaves. It's been an issue since the GorKilla days. If it makes Golgura feel better, Horde attempted the same thing this year, killing off members of its hive to try and get easy points.
DoomMaster
Admin
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
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Monstergeddon 2014 Results!

New Comment

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Golgura
No, I want to. I just need a few more yoga classes first.

Can you please give him trophy? How about Tallest Monster? I speak not for Golgura now. I fear he will step on many more of us villagers tonight out of anger.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DemonLover
Naga, please.

What a baby.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DoomMaster ★
Admin

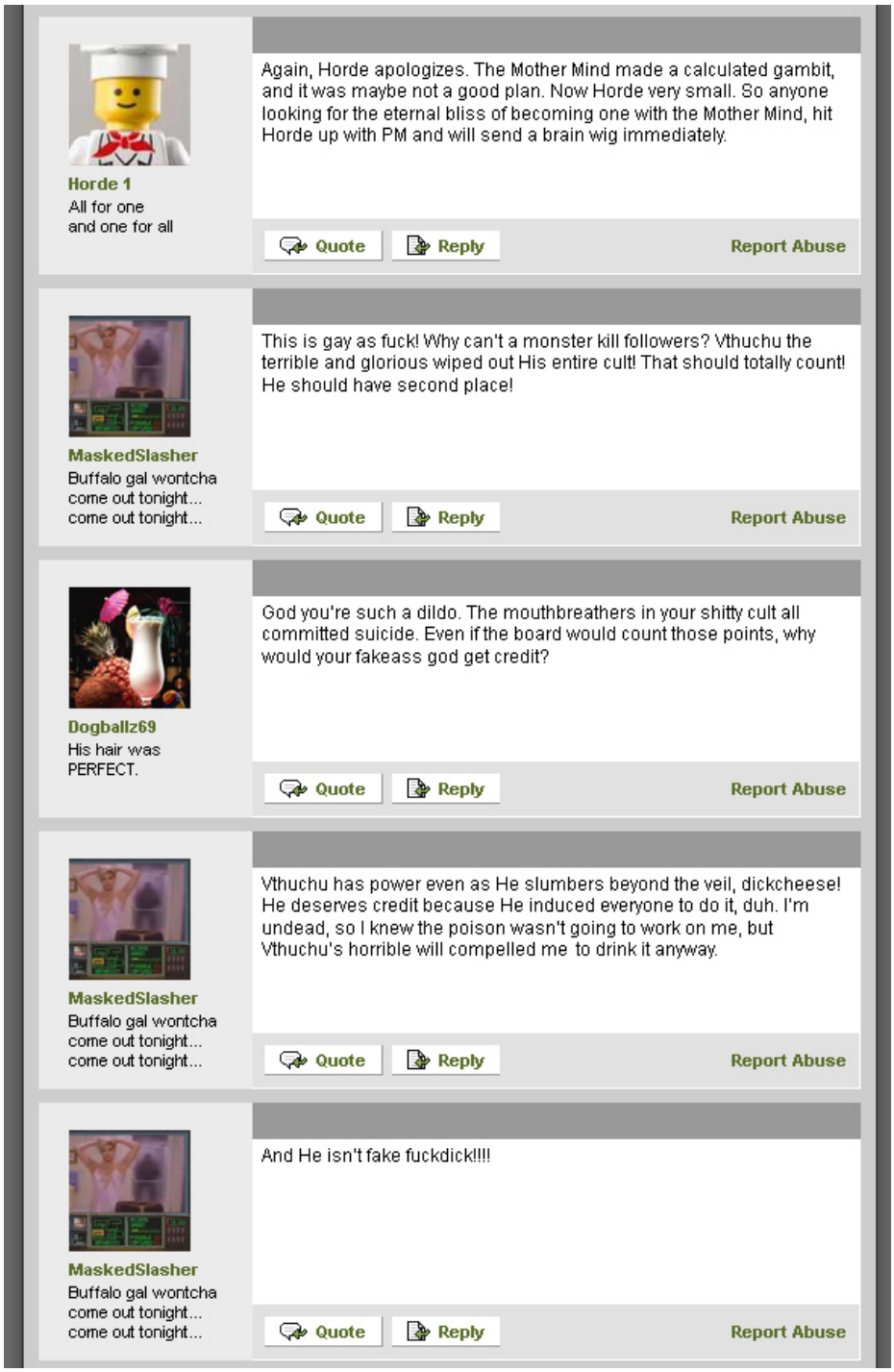
I'm sorry to hear that. Just tell him to buck up. It wasn't that long ago that he wasn't even allowed in the competition due to his size, so I would hope he can take this all in stride.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Golgura
No, I want to. I just need a few more yoga classes first.

He is stepping on us now. In his wisdom he has flattened my son.

Quote Reply Report Abuse



Horde 1
All for one
and one for all

Again, Horde apologizes. The Mother Mind made a calculated gambit, and it was maybe not a good plan. Now Horde very small. So anyone looking for the eternal bliss of becoming one with the Mother Mind, hit Horde up with PM and will send a brain wig immediately.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

MaskedSlasher
Buffalo gal wontcha
come out tonight...
come out tonight...

This is gay as fuck! Why can't a monster kill followers? Vthuchu the terrible and glorious wiped out His entire cult! That should totally count! He should have second place!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was
PERFECT.

God you're such a dildo. The mouthbreathers in your shitty cult all committed suicide. Even if the board would count those points, why would your fakeass god get credit?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

MaskedSlasher
Buffalo gal wontcha
come out tonight...
come out tonight...

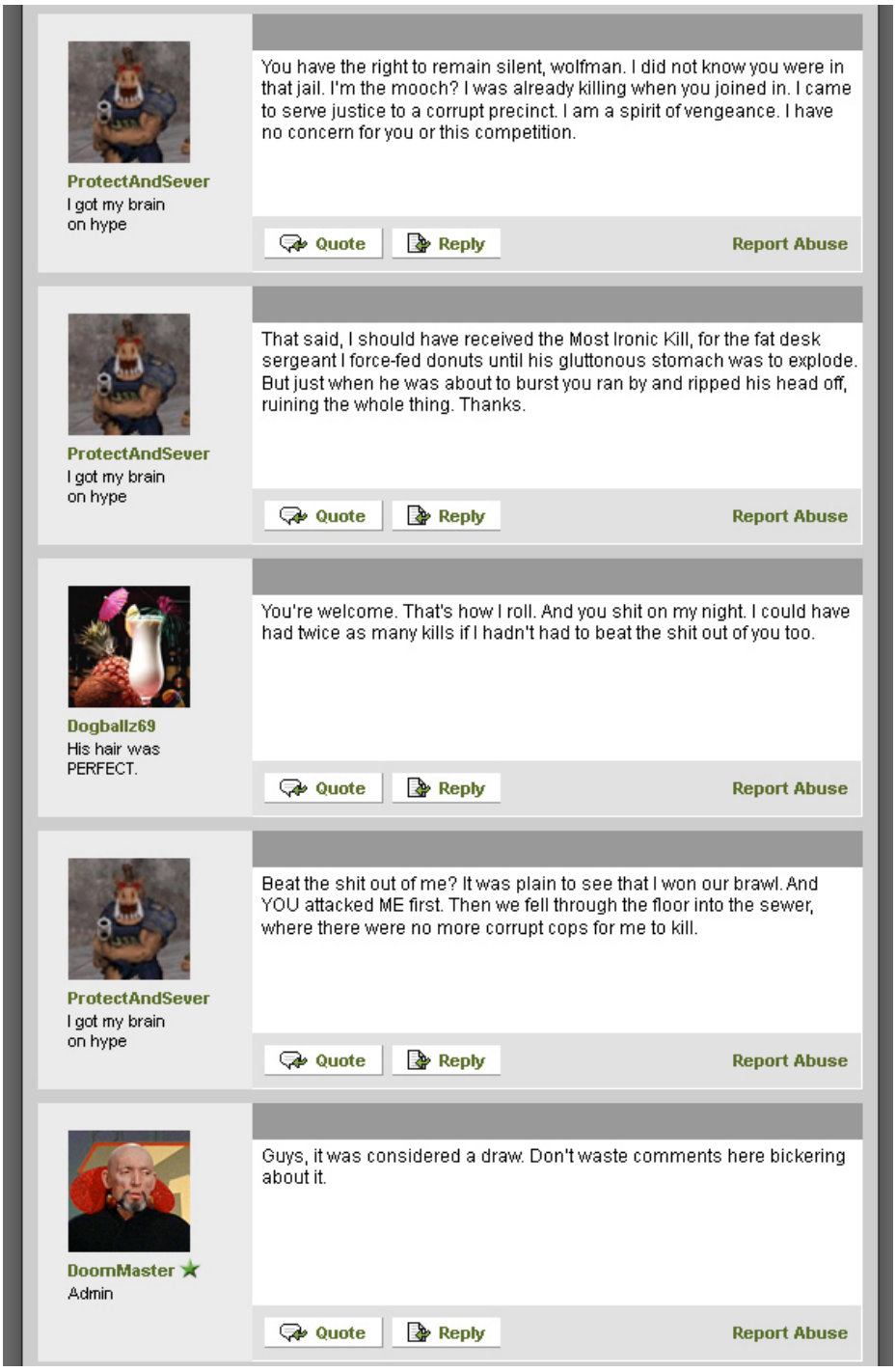
Vthuchu has power even as He slumbers beyond the veil, dickcheese! He deserves credit because He induced everyone to do it, duh. I'm undead, so I knew the poison wasn't going to work on me, but Vthuchu's horrible will compelled me to drink it anyway.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

MaskedSlasher
Buffalo gal wontcha
come out tonight...
come out tonight...

And He isn't fake fuckdick!!!!

Quote Reply Report Abuse



ProtectAndSever
I got my brain
on hype

You have the right to remain silent, wolfman. I did not know you were in that jail. I'm the mooch? I was already killing when you joined in. I came to serve justice to a corrupt precinct. I am a spirit of vengeance. I have no concern for you or this competition.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

ProtectAndSever
I got my brain
on hype

That said, I should have received the Most Ironic Kill, for the fat desk sergeant I force-fed donuts until his gluttonous stomach was to explode. But just when he was about to burst you ran by and ripped his head off, ruining the whole thing. Thanks.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was
PERFECT.

You're welcome. That's how I roll. And you shit on my night. I could have had twice as many kills if I hadn't had to beat the shit out of you too.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

ProtectAndSever
I got my brain
on hype

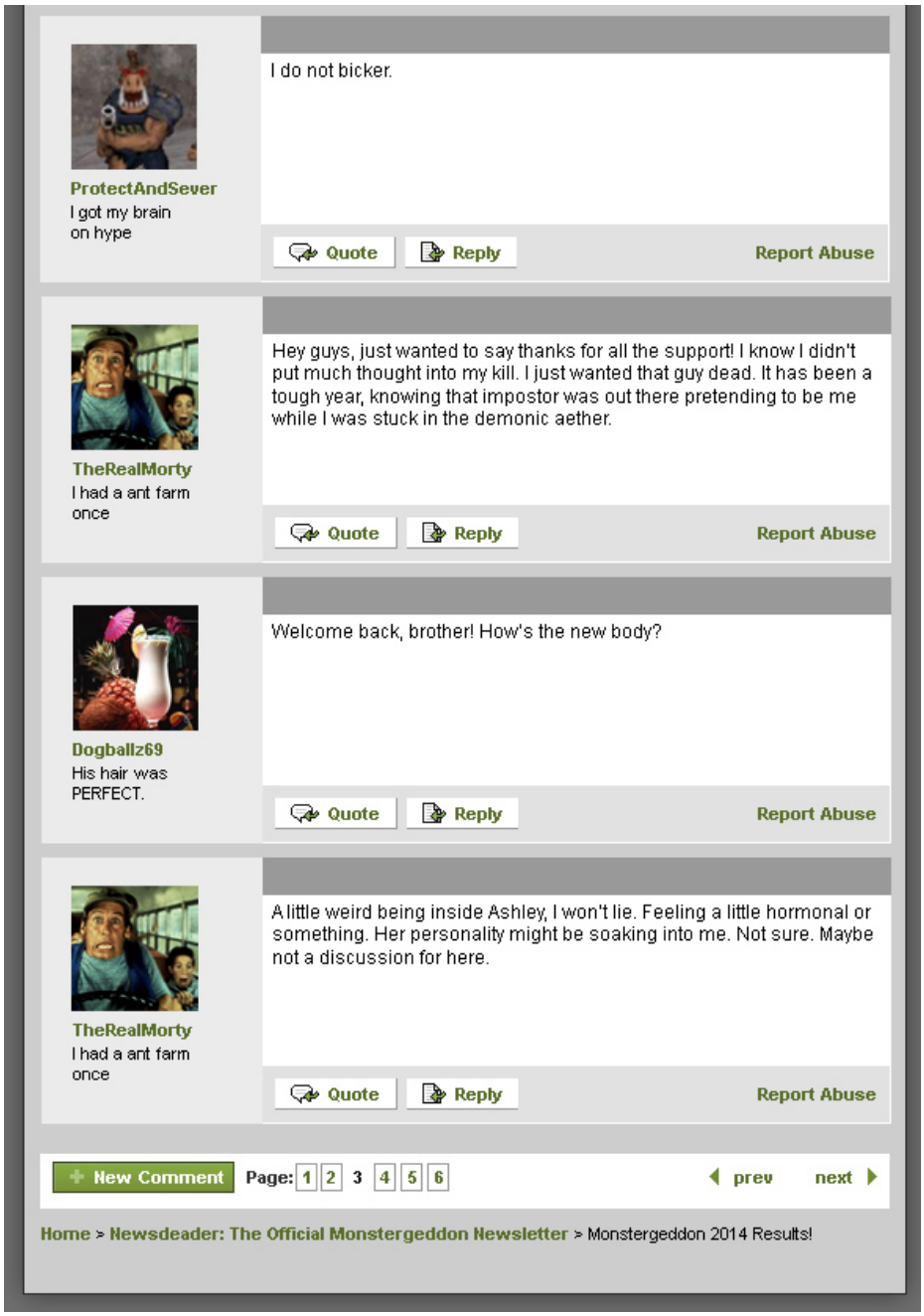
Beat the shit out of me? It was plain to see that I won our brawl. And YOU attacked ME first. Then we fell through the floor into the sewer, where there were no more corrupt cops for me to kill.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DoomMaster
Admin

Guys, it was considered a draw. Don't waste comments here bickering about it.

Quote Reply Report Abuse


I do not bicker.
ProtectAndSever
I got my brain on hype
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Hey guys, just wanted to say thanks for all the support! I know I didn't put much thought into my kill. I just wanted that guy dead. It has been a tough year, knowing that impostor was out there pretending to be me while I was stuck in the demonic aether.
TheRealMorty
I had a ant farm once
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Welcome back, brother! How's the new body?
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
A little weird being inside Ashley, I won't lie. Feeling a little hormonal or something. Her personality might be soaking into me. Not sure. Maybe not a discussion for here.
TheRealMorty
I had a ant farm once
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
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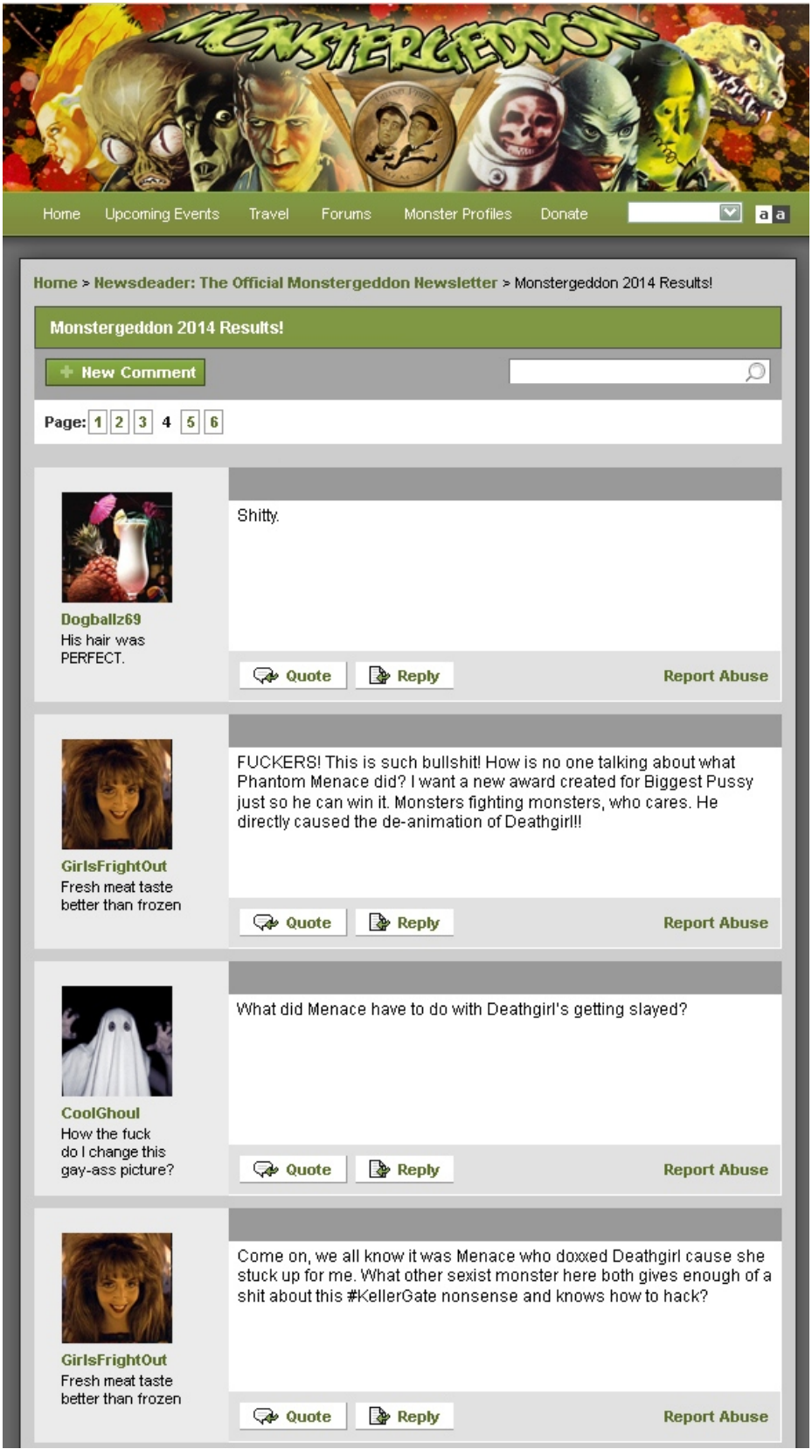
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Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Shitty.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen
FUCKERS! This is such bullshit! How is no one talking about what Phantom Menace did? I want a new award created for Biggest Pussy just so he can win it. Monsters fighting monsters, who cares. He directly caused the de-animation of Deathgirl!!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
What did Menace have to do with Deathgirl's getting slayed?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen
Come on, we all know it was Menace who doxxed Deathgirl cause she stuck up for me. What other sexist monster here both gives enough of a shit about this #KellerGate nonsense and knows how to hack?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse

DoomMaster ★
Admin

Lizzy, we're all very sorry about what happened to Lorganne, but this isn't the place for accusations. That is a matter for the board.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen

Suck a dick. The board has done NOTHING about any of this. The Skulker should have been banished for the shit he pulled on me. But Menace is taking this to a dangerous place. The Colt Trio is a serious threat now. They came for Deathgirl just one day after "someone" put all her personal info out there.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DoomMaster ★
Admin

I think the board has become very progressive, so I take some offense to this.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen

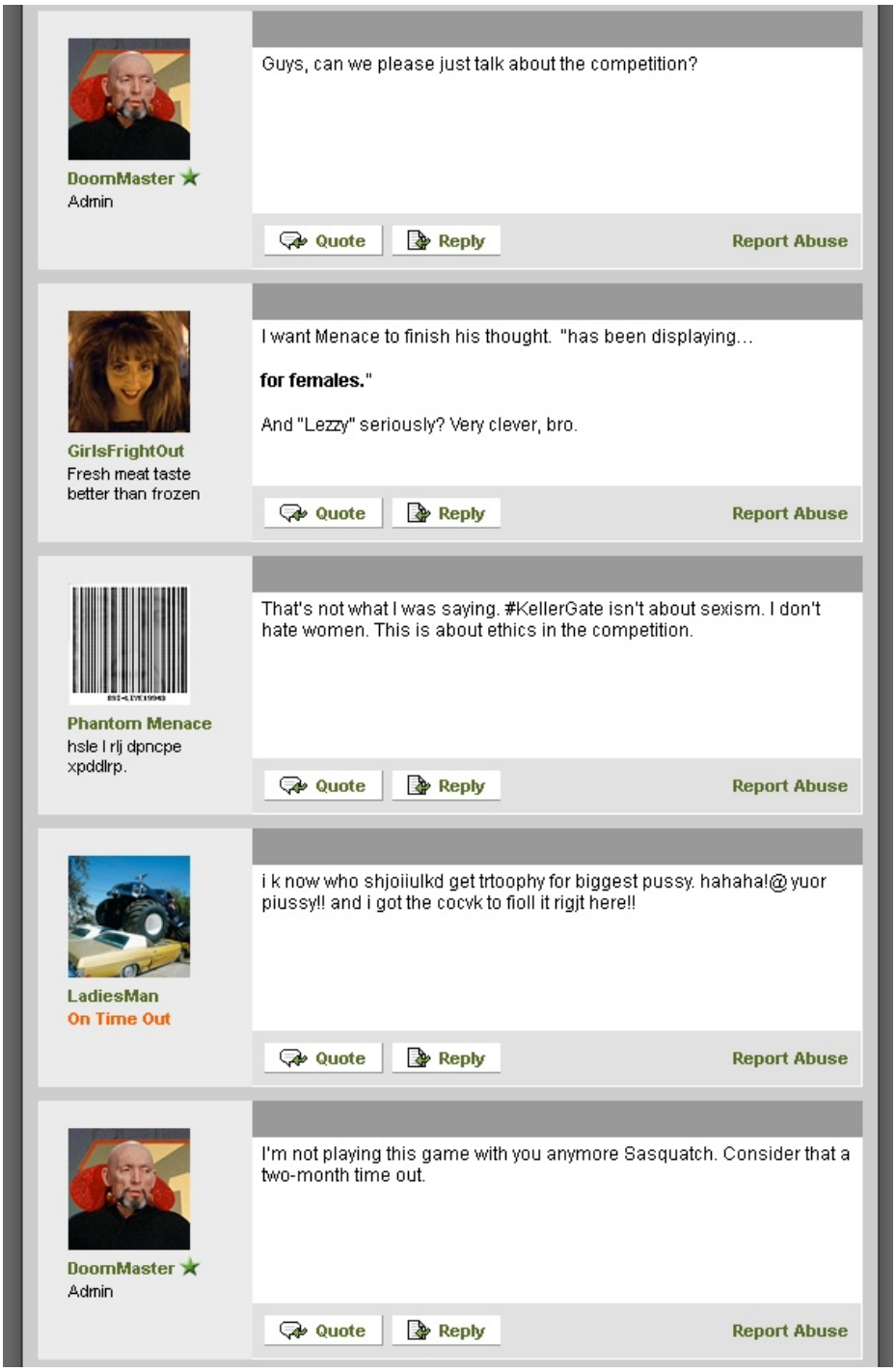
Suck two dicks. I had some awesome shit planned for Monstergeddon this year, but instead I've had to lay low because "someone" threatened to tell the Colts where I was planning my kill spree if I showed up. Fucking insane.

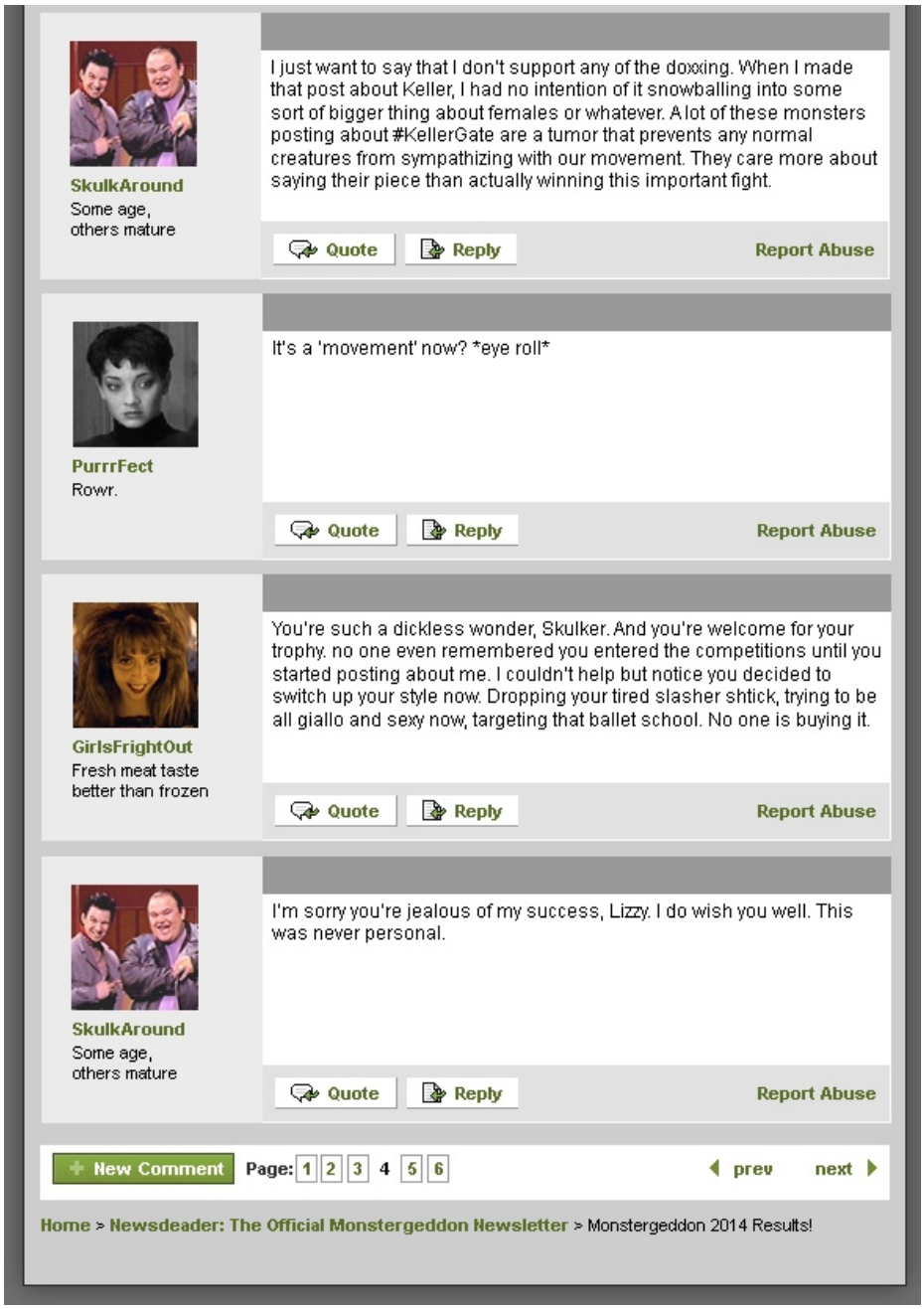
Quote Reply Report Abuse

Phantom Menace
hsle I rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.

Excuses, excuses, Lezzy Keller. I bet you didn't have anything planned, lazy bitch. All you social justice monsters are using #KellerGate as an all-purpose crutch for everything and a way to draw attention away from the real issues of corruption and favoritism the board has been displaying.

Quote Reply Report Abuse


Guys, can we please just talk about the competition?
DoomMaster
Admin
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
I want Menace to finish his thought. "has been displaying...
for females."
And "Lezzy" seriously? Very clever, bro.
GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
That's not what I was saying. #KellerGate isn't about sexism. I don't hate women. This is about ethics in the competition.
Phantom Menace
hsle l rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
i k now who shjoiiulkd get trtoophy for biggest pussy. hahaha!@ yuor piussy!! and i got the cocvk to fioll it rigjt here!!
LadiesMan
On Time Out
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
I'm not playing this game with you anymore Sasquatch. Consider that a two-month time out.
DoomMaster
Admin
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



SkulkAround
Some age, others mature

I just want to say that I don't support any of the doxxing. When I made that post about Keller, I had no intention of it snowballing into some sort of bigger thing about females or whatever. A lot of these monsters posting about #KellerGate are a tumor that prevents any normal creatures from sympathizing with our movement. They care more about saying their piece than actually winning this important fight.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

PurrrFect
Rowr.

It's a 'movement' now? *eye roll*

Quote Reply Report Abuse

GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen

You're such a dickless wonder, Skulker. And you're welcome for your trophy. no one even remembered you entered the competitions until you started posting about me. I couldn't help but notice you decided to switch up your style now. Dropping your tired slasher shtick, trying to be all giallo and sexy now, targeting that ballet school. No one is buying it.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

SkulkAround
Some age, others mature

I'm sorry you're jealous of my success, Lizzy. I do wish you well. This was never personal.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

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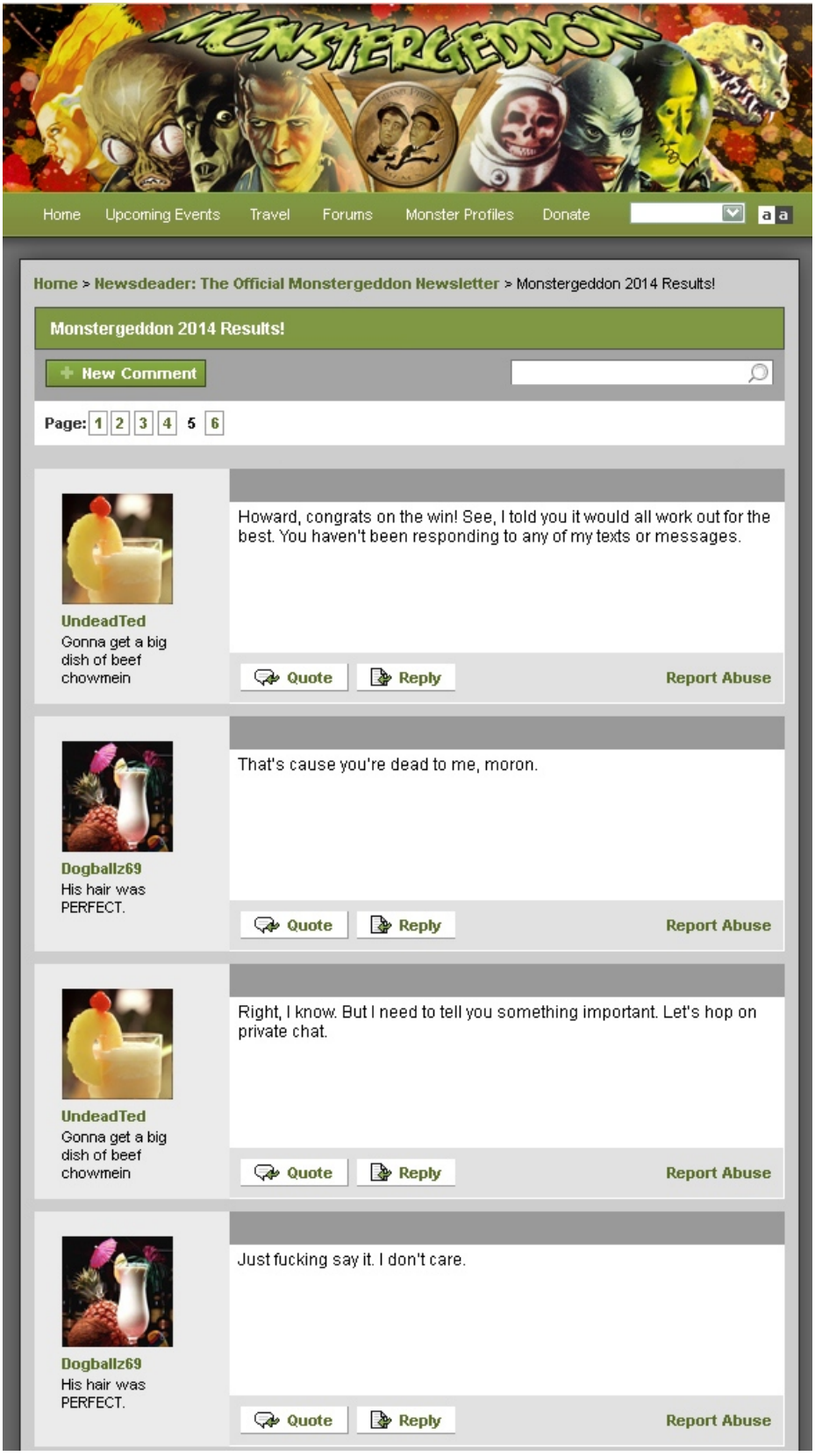
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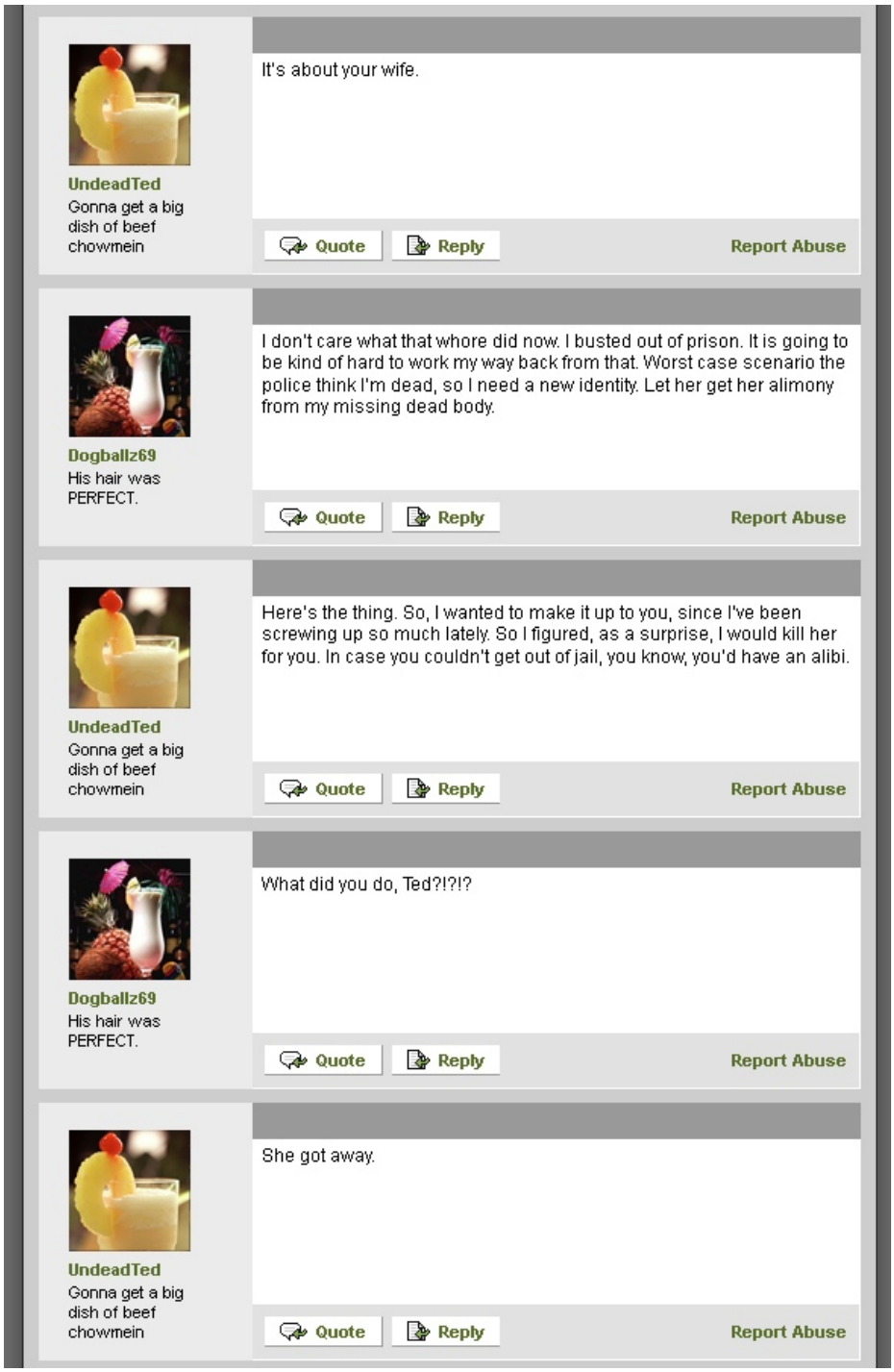
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
Howard, congrats on the win! See, I told you it would all work out for the best. You haven't been responding to any of my texts or messages.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
That's cause you're dead to me, moron.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
Right, I know. But I need to tell you something important. Let's hop on private chat.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Just fucking say it. I don't care.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
It's about your wife.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
I don't care what that whore did now. I busted out of prison. It is going to be kind of hard to work my way back from that. Worst case scenario the police think I'm dead, so I need a new identity. Let her get her alimony from my missing dead body.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
Here's the thing. So, I wanted to make it up to you, since I've been screwing up so much lately. So I figured, as a surprise, I would kill her for you. In case you couldn't get out of jail, you know, you'd have an alibi.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
What did you do, Ted?!?!?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
She got away.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

What does that mean?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Oh jesus. You mean you bit her and she got away? SHE'S SURVIVED THE ATTACK?!?!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein

Yeah. I'm really, really, really sorry about this Howard!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

PurrrFect
Rowr.

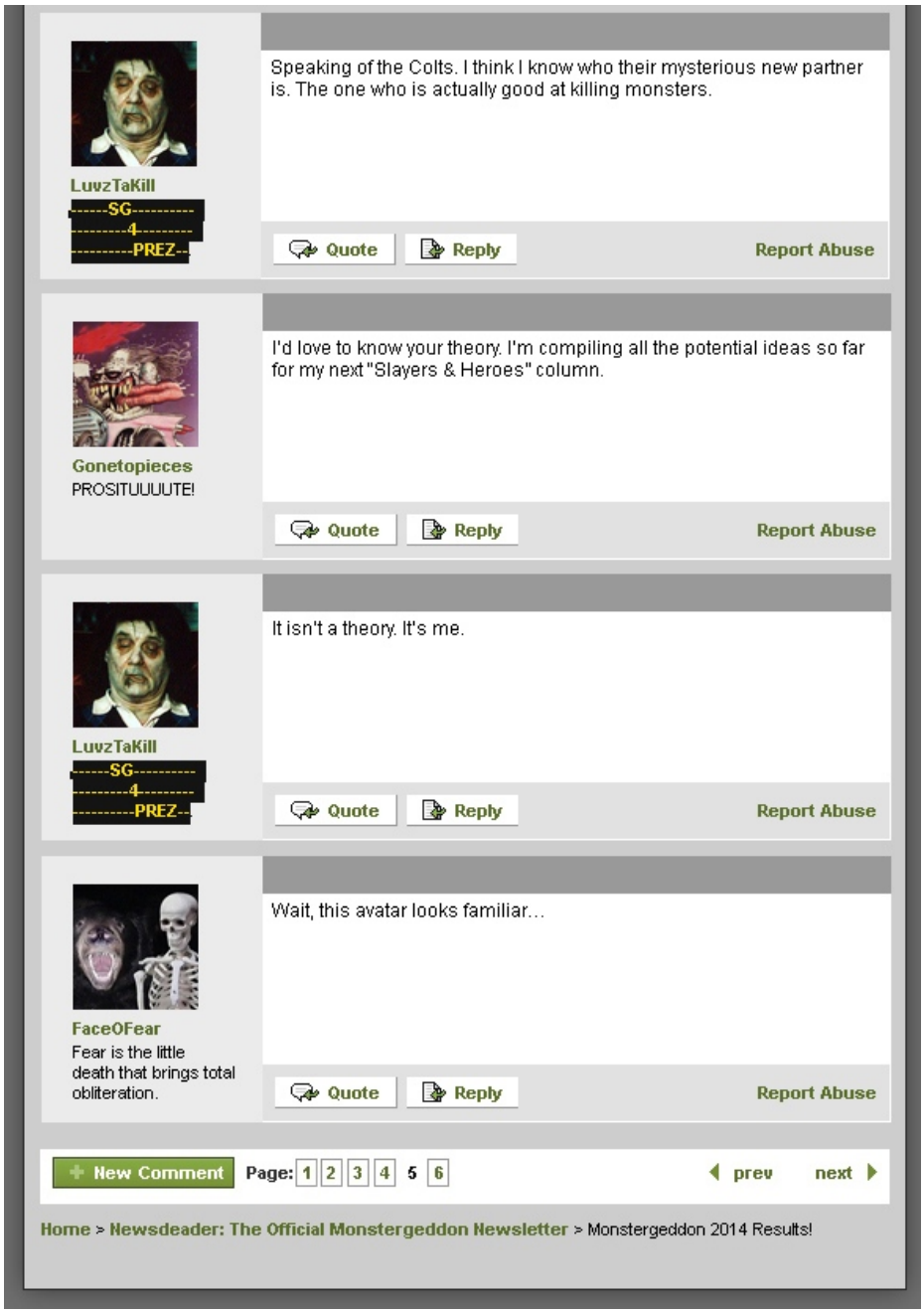
Oh, this makes everything all better. She's a shifter now? I'm gonna have to look this gal up immediately! We need to have a stitch and bitch, like right now.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein

Maybe we can tell the Colts about her or something?

Quote Reply Report Abuse


Speaking of the Colts. I think I know who their mysterious new partner is. The one who is actually good at killing monsters.
LuvzTaKill
------SG---------
---------4---------
---------PREZ--
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
I'd love to know your theory. I'm compiling all the potential ideas so far for my next "Slayers & Heroes" column.
Gonetopieces
PROSITUUUUTE!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
It isn't a theory. It's me.
LuvzTaKill
------SG---------
---------4---------
---------PREZ--
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Wait, this avatar looks familiar...
FaceOFear
Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
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LuvzTaKill

------SG----------
---------4---------
---------PREZ--

It should. I'm Scotty Gervis. I'm undead now, thanks to a little pre-planning I did before you killed me, you piece of shit.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

FaceOFear

Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.

Hey, Scotty, buddy, you're immortal now. So no harm no foul. You're one of us!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

LuvzTaKill

------SG----------
---------4---------
---------PREZ--

I may be undead but I'll never be one of you. I'm not stopping until I've killed every last thing on this message board. If you thought Monstergeddon was some hot monster on monster action, wait til you get a load of me.

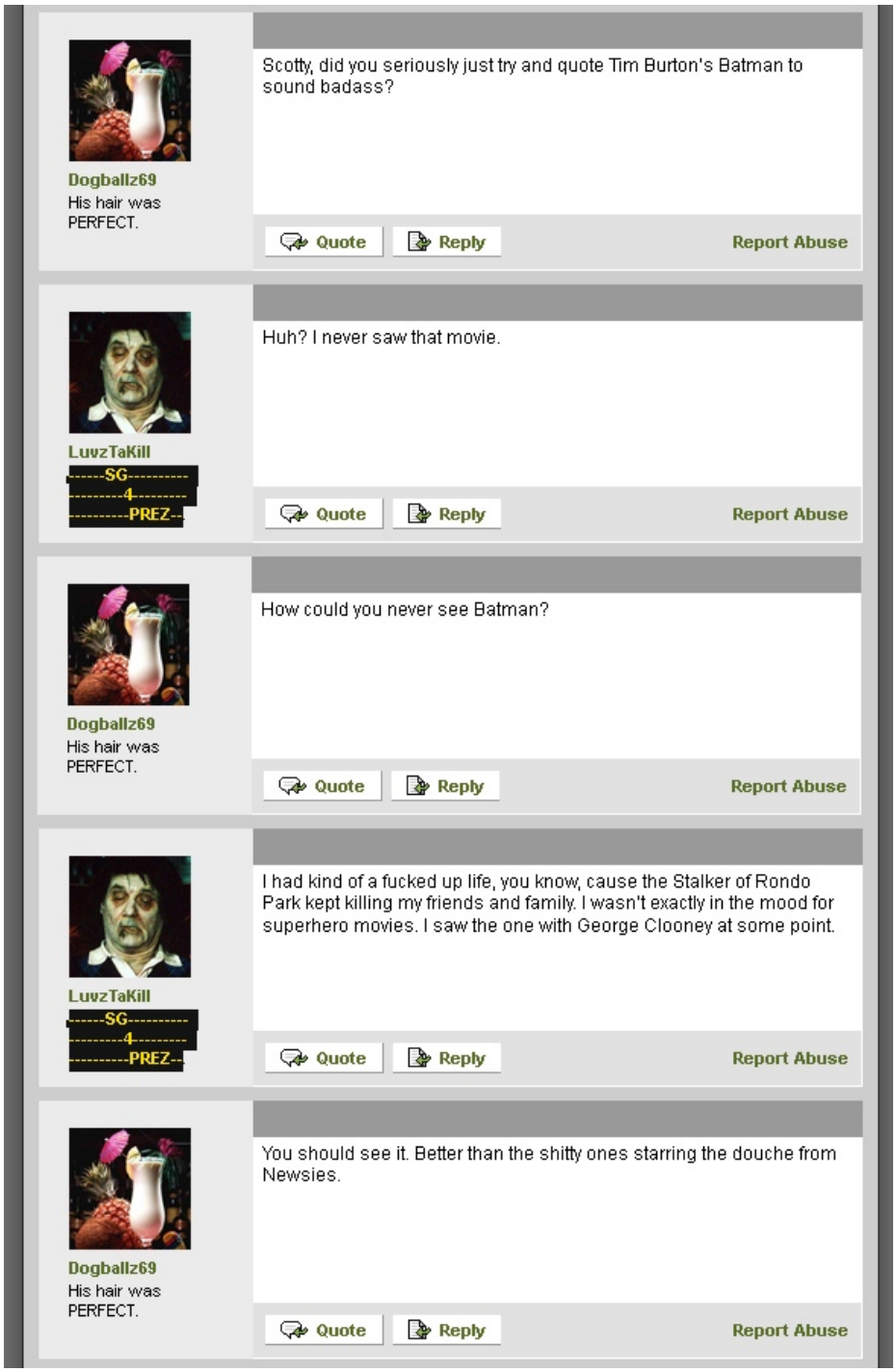
Quote Reply Report Abuse

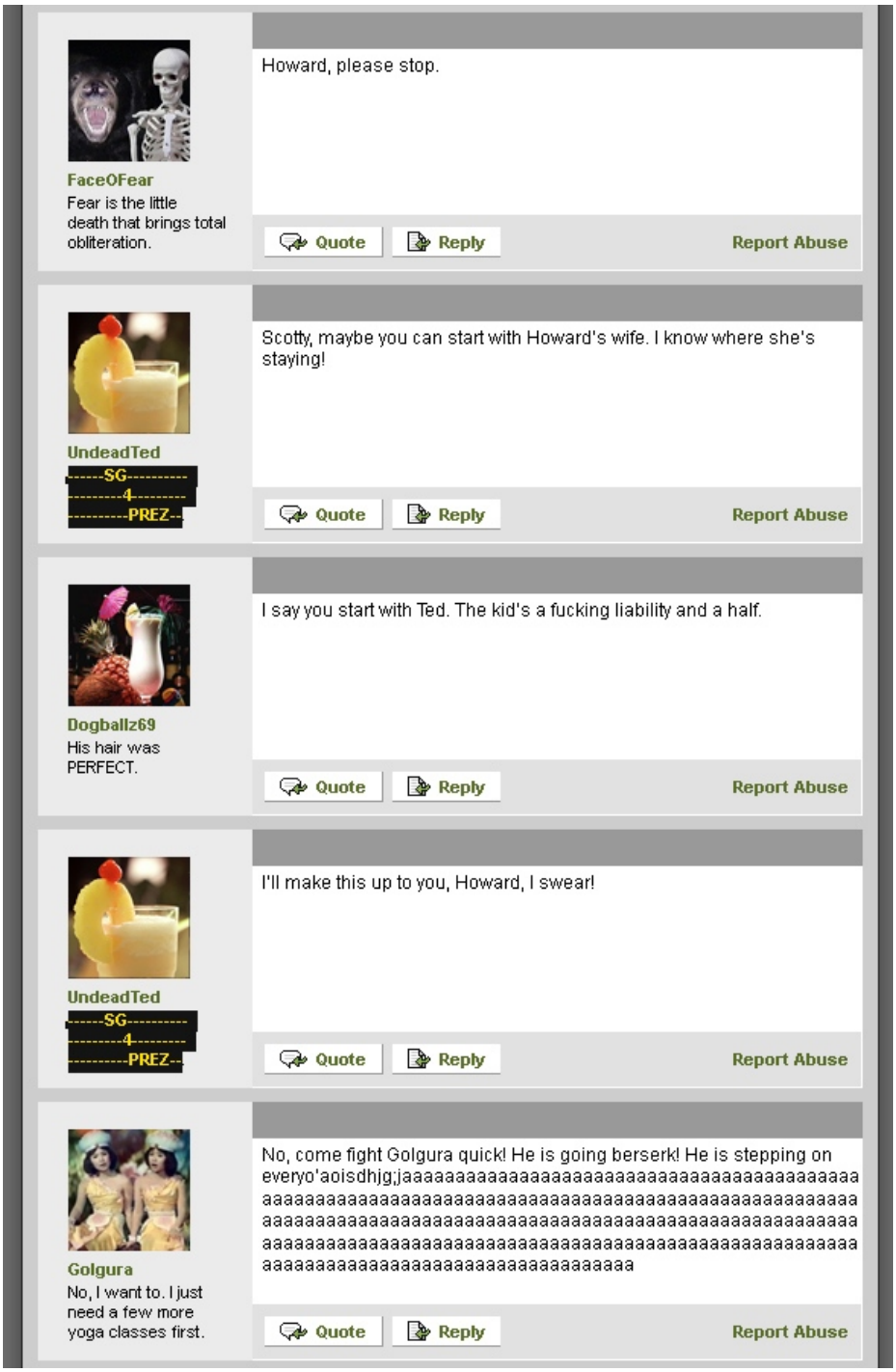
CoolGhoul

How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?

Goddammit. I knew I never should have joined this forum. It's such a time suck anyway.

Quote Reply Report Abuse


Scotty, did you seriously just try and quote Tim Burton's Batman to sound badass?
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Huh? I never saw that movie.
LuvzTaKill
------SG----------
---------4---------
---------PREZ--
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
How could you never see Batman?
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
I had kind of a fucked up life, you know, cause the Stalker of Rondo Park kept killing my friends and family. I wasn't exactly in the mood for superhero movies. I saw the one with George Clooney at some point.
LuvzTaKill
------SG----------
---------4---------
---------PREZ--
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
You should see it. Better than the shitty ones starring the douche from Newsies.
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



FaceOFear
Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.

Howard, please stop.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

UndeadTed
------SG----------
---------4---------
---------PREZ--

Scotty, maybe you can start with Howard's wife. I know where she's staying!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

I say you start with Ted. The kid's a fucking liability and a half.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

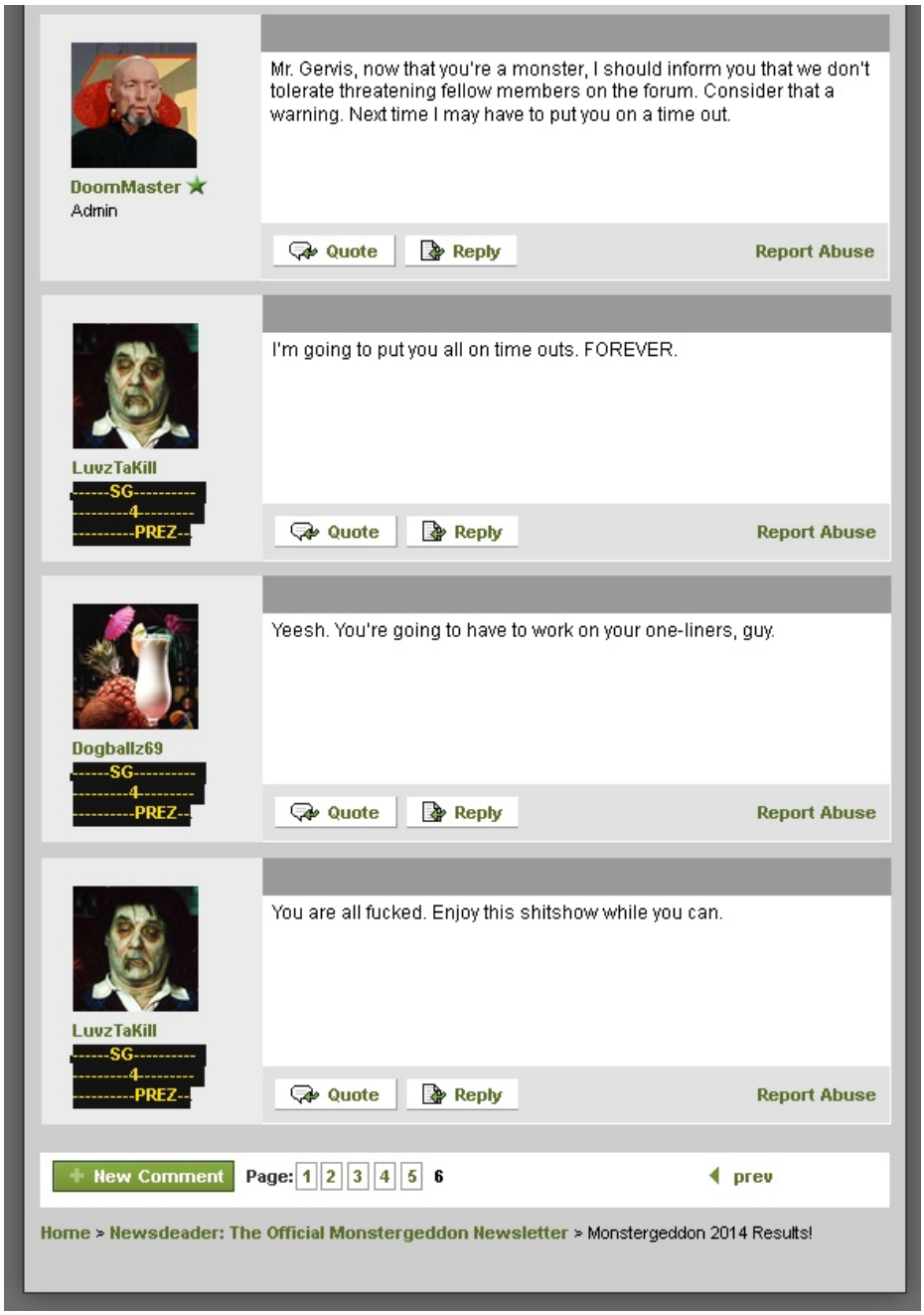
UndeadTed
------SG----------
---------4---------
---------PREZ--

I'll make this up to you, Howard, I swear!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Golgura
No, I want to. I just need a few more yoga classes first.

No, come fight Golgura quick! He is going berserk! He is stepping on everyo'aoisdhjg;jaaa

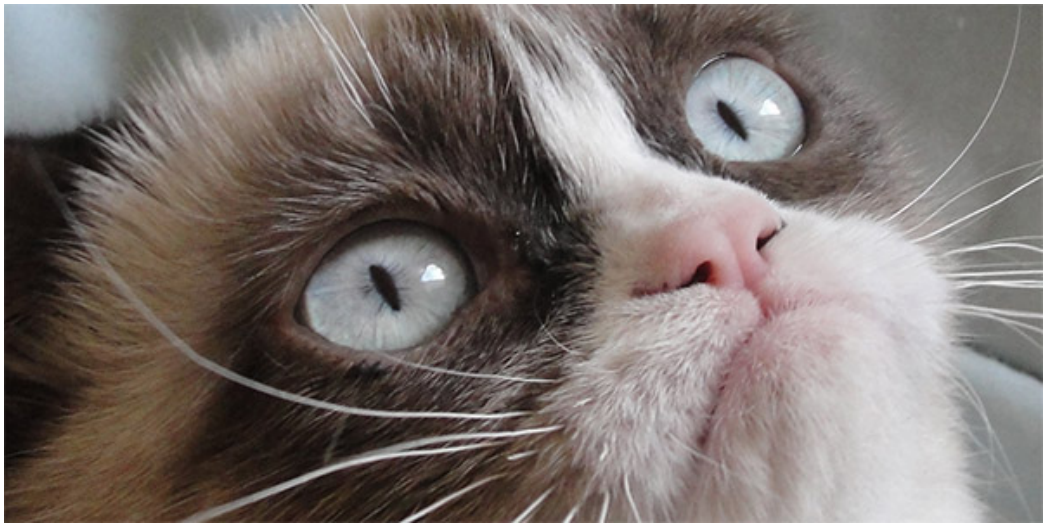


Remember **Worm Miller**'s SA front-page series Golan The Insatiable? It's back, in TV-show form!
Thanks to "Groggery Gibbonman" author/artist **Ian Helm** for the page designs. New Grog soon!

–~Worm Miller

10.22 #CatGate: The Search for Ethics in Cat Journalism

Thursday, Oct 30, 2014 by A True Cat Fan

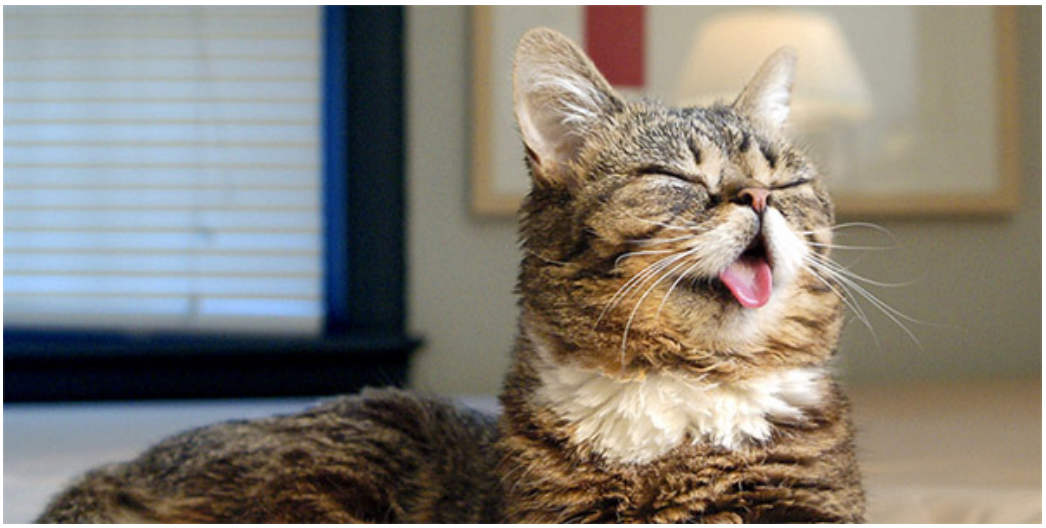


It wasn't long ago that cat appreciation was reserved solely for True Cat Fans. Yet, in the past few years, Deformed Cat Advocates-or DFAs-have imposed their will on the cat enthusiast community, and their agenda is clear: Only images of cats with adorable birth defects will do. Superimpose "cute" sayings in Impact font if you must, but let's not ignore the able-bodied cats that got us to where we are today. Remember Socks? The mid-to-late nineties almost feel like they were decades ago.

Just yesterday, an irritating co-worker of mine-let's call her "Denise," though her name is actually "Sherri"-posted an image of this "Grumpy Cat" character to my Facebook wall, which included the text "I'm only in a bad mood on every day that ends in a Y." Well, I wasn't about to let this Fake Cat Lover off the hook. I immediately grabbed one of the many copies of my Morris scrapbook-of course you know him as the famous 9 Lives mascot-and headed over to Denise's desk to give her a piece of my mind. Really, what right did she have to even dabble in cat enthusiasm? Did she spend hours meticulously clipping images of Morris out of *Redbooks* stolen from the library? Did she meet Morris in person at the ribbon-cutting of a drive-thru oil change in 1987? Was she one of the five people permitted to make a death mask upon Morris' passing in 1993?

I shouldn't have to tell you the answers to these questions. Unfortunately, this little altercation ended with a mandatory visit to our HR rep, who just happened to be Denise, so I didn't have to go far. She said I should take my lunch break early to go "cool off," so I did exactly that, and grabbed the latest issue of *Cat Fancy* from my desk on the way out. Unfortunately, this did nothing to quell my sour mood. I immediately flipped to the reviews section, because I must be a glutton for punishment. Before me sat the least objective analyses of cat-focused products my poor eyes had ever seen. In his evaluation of Friskies Party Mix Crunch Original Cat Treats, this "Steve Anderson" person had the gall to say, and I quote, "My little guy didn't want any more after a few servings, but obviously, results may vary with your particular cat."

Um, *excuse me*? Steve, you may want to reach out to the Cracker Jack company about the state of your degree, because really-is this what passes for cat journalism these days? Let's keep these personal biases out of product evaluations. I'll have you know I've raised six generations of cats



on Friskies, and, outside of the kidney disorders the Friskies hotline assured me were common for most kittens, they've never steered me wrong. I can't even imagine the damage you've done to the Friskies brand with your one-sided, agenda-driven hooey. Is Mr. Anderson just a puppet of the Fancy Feast company, whose nameless white cat mascot is just a shameless imitation of the timeless Morris? I haven't been given any convincing reasons to believe this wasn't a shameful breach of ethics that will forever taint *Cat Fancy* in my eyes. But what I saw next was simply beyond belief. I had to push aside half of my Carl's Jr. bacon ranch fries for the sheer stomach discomfort this issue's feature story inflicted upon me. On page 87, underneath that familiar malformed face sat the words "An Evening With Lil' Bub." I assure you, those fast-food employees must have cursed their minimum wage salaries for all of the vomit they had to clean up that day.

I couldn't believe it. The DFA had gotten to the once-credible institute known as *Cat Fancy*. I had no choice but to investigate. I turned to one of our IT guys, and after agreeing to take the fall if anyone found out about his underground pornography ring, he did a little e-mail hacking of a certain Beth A. Goodman, who you all surely know as the editor-in-chief of *Cat Fancy* magazine-and the results were damning. Turns out, months earlier, the owner of Lil' Bub reached out to the publication, stating, "Going to be in the Irvine area Wednesday for a photo shoot-would love to check out the *Cat Fancy* offices!" To which Ms. Goodman replied, "Sure, that'd be great!" Collusion! My weak stomach ejected the remaining contents of my lunch into my cubicle. Though this would be a half-day for me, it was a Pyrrhic victory at best.

True Cat Fans, I implore you. This injustice will not stand. We must fight fire with fire, and that means a coordinated e-mail campaign and boycott of all *Cat Fancy* advertisers. By all means, *do not* harass Beth A. Goodman at her home on 2234 Elkridge Court in Irvine, California-and especially not when she gets home from work at 6:34pm (give or take). Do not send threatening messages to her children, Zach and Ira Goodman, who are in 6th and 8th grade (respectively) at Ronald Reagan Middle School at 436 Birch Street. And certainly you should not poison her dog, who eats out of a red bowl located roughly 15 feet from the garage door, behind the gardenia bush. Our voices will be heard. #CatGate will be our cause. And if there are any lawyers out there, I need to know the difference between manslaughter and the various degrees of murder. For a friend.

–∼A True Cat Fan

10.23 Terminator AAAAUUUUUGGGHH

Friday, Oct 31, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

TERMINATOR
AAAAAUUUUUUGGGGG
's T2. Rather, the mother of humanity's messia
9. Since then, she's been raised by (brace you
minator—an older T-800 she calls "Pops"—wh
an older T-800 she calls "Pops"

INT. FUTURE BUNKER. DAY

Scowling faced guy with Jesus Christ on his army jersey greets the guy with the weirdest face of all the Dr. Whos. The guy that is in nothing but bad movies. But this one movie he's in will be good.

DR. WHO
(Get it? Time travel?)

We need to hurry up and send the dad back in time to your mom.

JOHN CONNOR
(squinting)

I thought we did this once before already where the terminator was a surrogate parent. Maybe twice????

DR. WHO
Not us this is a reboot. Saving the franchise. And this time it's a parent to your mom. Whole new strategy.

JOHN CONNOR
Alright, I'm holding open the time portal. Where's the robot dad?

Bad to the Bone music plays as the door opens. POPS walks out wearing sunglasses and a leather jacket.

POPS
Your kids. Give them to me.

INT. MOVIE STUDIO. DAY

Producers David Ellison and Dana Goldberg meet with a SHADOWY STUDIO HEAD to pitch their new movie Terminator Genisys.

DAVID ELLISON
No, no, they don't send the Terminator back this time. Skynet sends it back and they send Kyle Reese like in the first movie. But Skynet sent another Terminator back to raise Sarah Connor.

DANA GOLDBERG
Because Terminator is really all about parents.

DAVID ELLISON

It's about the future and how the past shapes who you are. So what if Skynet realizes it's better to change the past.

DANA GOLDBERG
With a dad.

DAVID ELLISON
What's more dangerous than a bad upbringing?

DANA GOLDBERG
Exactly. Have you seen History of Violence? Imagine History of Violence, with time travel and plasma rifles.

DAVID ELLISON
And Dr. Who. The one with the face.

DANA GOLDBERG
It's about parents. The whole Terminator series. Think about it.

SHADOWY STUDIO HEAD
(Leaning forward in silhouette, eyes seeming to glow red)

Do it.

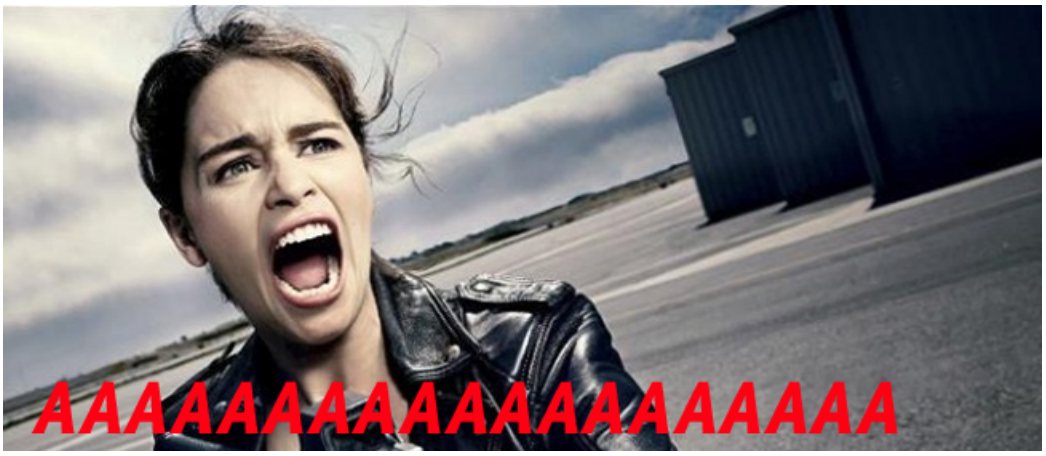
EXT. ON SET. NIGHT

Emilia Clarke and David Ellison are talking while in the background ARNIE is filming with green motion-tracking balls all over his old man body.

David Ellison
No, no, no, it's very feminist to take one of the toughest, scariest women from films and turn her into a rebellious whiner. It's like, remember Terminator how John Connor was built up into a legendary badass and then in Terminator 2 he was an intolerable whiny little shit?

Emilia Clarke
Yes, Edward Furlong.

David Ellison



You got it. He just wanted to be a teen. Have his own life while his mom was telling him who to be. No Fate But What We Make. Sarah in this film just wants to be herself and get out from under her overbearing father.

Emilia Clarke

The robot.

David Ellison

He's a terminator, a cyborg, but yes. It's about parents. About dads.

Emilia Clarke
So I'm Edward Furlong?

Before David Ellison can answer, ARNIE storms over to him and jabs a finger in his chest.

Arnie
David, this is bullshit. Yoo promised me no more claiiming!

As they begin to argue the camera pans back and we see a shadowy part of the studio backlot. Lightning crackles. Papers swirl with an unnatural wind. A time orb forms, cutting through part of a golf cart. Nobody notices as the Shadowy Studio Head steps out. His eyes are definitely glowing. He steps forward a little more and his identity is revealed....

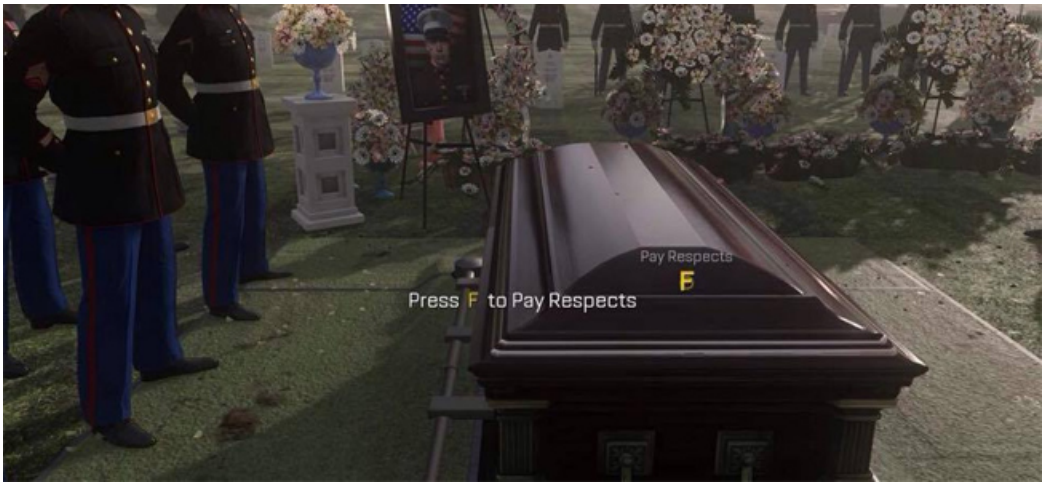
–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 11

November

11.1 Additional Uses for the F Key at a Call of Duty Funeral

Monday, Nov 03, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Call of Duty: Advanced Warfare takes adrenaline-fueled gaming to the next level by including a funeral segment that allows you to "Press F to Pay Respects" at the funeral of a fallen Marine. What you may not know is that there are many other uses for the F key at a military funeral in Call of Duty. Try them out.

Press F repeatedly to tip the Marine honor guard with singles.

Press F to fist bump the chaplain.

Press F repeatedly to give the chaplain a jive handshake and double elbow bump.

Press F to no scope 360 tears down out of your eyes.

Press F to pick up loot from treasure chests.

Press F to open the casket's secret doors.

Press and hold F to build up power for throwing flowers onto the casket.

Press F to receive folded flag and repeatedly press F to collect death benefit coins as they fly out of the flag.

Press F to taunt the usher with one of your catchphrases.
"I came here to bury my son and chew bubblegum, and I'm all out of gum."

Press F to remember the fun times you had with the deceased breaching doors and smoking tangos.

Press F to tweet about #gamergate from the funeral.

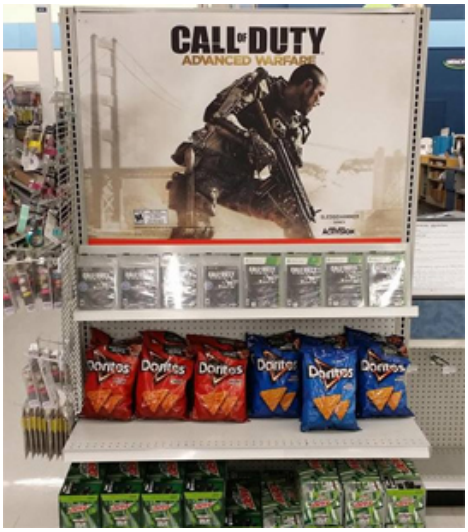
Press F to become a heartless mercenary with nothing to lose.

Press and hold F to hug the deceased's mother and rub your hand around on her back in a comforting

way.

Press F repeatedly to wrestle with knife wielding attacker.

Press F to offer your condolences to the correct sister at the funeral. Get it wrong and you will fail the mission.



Press F to speak to the widow.

Press and hold F to speak to the widow in a cool Batman voice.

Press and hold F to plant a claymore.

Press F to order a pizza on your phone.

Press and hold F to add a side of mozarella dippin' sticks with that order.

Press F repeatedly to thank Dom for taking your pizza order.

Press and hold F to offer your condolences to Dom, the pizza app on your phone.

Press F to give folded flag to pizza guy.

Press and hold F to hug the pizza guy and rub your hand around on his back in a comforting way.

Press F to Dorito.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.2 Wrestling Promos Were Way Better in the Attitude Era

Tuesday, Nov 04, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Stone Cold Steve Austin: Let me get this straight.

YOU

want ME

to EAT

my DAMN VEGETABLES?

Nuh-uh! There ain't nobody tough enough to make Stone Cold Steve Austin eat his veggies! No one in that damn locker room. No one in this whole damn arena. No one in the entire damn universe has the muscles to open my mouth and make me chew on a damn broccoli.

That's a Stone Cold fact!

(Flips double middle fingers at the camera as the crowd goes wild)

Hollywood Hulk Hogan: *(Pawing at the side of his face)*

Mrrrow! Meow! I'm a little kitty cat! I'm sooooo thirsty. Time to lap up some nice milk. Hey, where's my saucer?

(Looks into camera)

HSSS! You took my saucer! Brother, I'm gonna rear up on my hind legs! And I'm gonna bap ya into submission with my cute widdle paws!

Mankind: Last week I experienced the ultimate humiliation at your hands, Undertaker. You did a wrestle move on me! Now it's personal.

Next week, at the big pay per view, I'm going to walk down that ramp. I'm going to climb into that ring. They're going to lower that steel cage. They'll lock it up tight. Then...

Then...

(Shaking with rage, whispers)

I'm gonna do a wrestle move on you.

HHH: You are a pee pee. You are a poo poo.

HHH and Shawn Michaels: *(In unison, with flat matter-of-fact delivery as they do crotch chops)* This is my crotch.

Shawn Michaels: You are a dumb person. You smell like a bad thing. You are not masculine enough for my liking.

HHH and Shawn Michaels: *(In unison, while doing crotch chops)* This is my crotch.

HHH: Our crotches are where our privates live!

(Flexes and spits into the air as half a million dollars worth of pyrotechnics go off)

The Rock: *(Struts into frame, slightly turns his head toward the camera and lifts his sunglasses)*

What's this I hear about Stone Cold Steve Austin not eating his veggies?

(Raises an eyebrow)

Steve, Steve... don't you KNOW that vegetables make you big and strong? Didn't big bald mama Austin tell you about the nutritional value of a carrot?

What do you think about kale?

It DOESN'T MATTER what you think about kale!

(Fully turns his body toward the camera, sweating as he clenches and unclenches his fists)

This Sunday I'm gonna take a big ol' handful of those Brussels sprouts. I'm gonna turn em sideways. And I'm gonna cram that handful of Brussels sprouts right down

your jabroni pie hole cause the Rock is the rootinest, tootinest, make-you-eat-a-spoon-of-this son of a bitch on the planet!

(Tilts his head up to begin the classic "If ya smell" bit, but instead of dangling a microphone over his mouth it's a handful of asparagus, which he chomps)

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

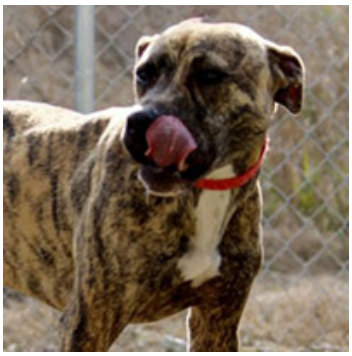
11.3 BigDog's Dog Blog: A Dogspace Odyssey

Wednesday, Nov 05, 2014 by BigDog (@Livestock)

This article is part of the BarkWire.com series.

Hazard's Whereabouts

Posted by BigDog on March 15, 2014



Hope's white knight was no help at Slurry Creek, that's for sure. There's been a lot of talk that he's been getting busy with Solstice lately, but according to my research, that was just a one-time thing. Still, no doubt Barnacle will want to weigh on on that tryst given his own history with Solstice. No surprise Hazard would want to lay low for that reason alone, but the death of his long-time sweetheart has to be weighing pretty heavy, even if they were finished.

Hazard's been spotted around the county line a couple times over the last couple days, and some have even seen him with a black lab. Look folks, it's just some random county mutt. It's not who you think it is. That dog, and all he stood for, is long gone.

Filed under dog apb, tellin' like it is. 0 Comments.

Weekly Spottings

Posted by BigDog on March 14, 2014

Yours truly has had a busy week locking eyeballs on Shaggy Butte's furballs.

- **Caribe**: Spotted this idiot stuck in the toilet seat in the McDonald's bathroom. No idea how he got there, but he caused me to have to use the women's restroom. Typical dirty looks from the ladies there, but I had business to take care of and no time to worry about women's rights.
- **Bauwaus**: One of my top picks for 2014. This Great Dane has it all: style, substance and a good attitude. Too many dogs here are entitled and stuck up, thanks in part to all the attention BarkWire idiots like to throw at them. Not Bauwaus, who keeps it cool. He was looking great just sitting by a bench, minding his own business.
- **Ozark**: saw him on the side of the road... dead. No surprises there. Might have been a clump of tar and old carpet swatches, though.
- **Thriller**: looks like this bad boy has fallen in with Meathook's crew. Interesting development for Hope's former fling, and a long-time target of harassment from Meathook's pack. Maybe

he proved himself ruthless enough recently? Either way, I saw Thriller and Meathook eating some geese near Helch Lake.

- **Gossip**: saw her following around some of those random albino dogs all over town. Wonder if she's grown tired of Cleaver and is falling in with Space Cult? Guilty conscience, maybe? Makes me stroke my van dyke and wonder.
- **Corn**: he's been sitting motionless in the ROSS parking lot for a couple days. Pretty typical behavior for him.
- **Babylon**: saw her being wheeled out from the thrift store on a furniture trolley. Hope she's OK. BigDog holds her in high regard.
- **Barnacle**: he's been on a real bender the last couple days, picking fights and vandalizing everything. Blue Yonder seems to have left him in the dust. If we know one thing about Barnacle, he doesn't handle rejection well.

Obviously no points here, since these are all Known Dogs. Just keeping tabs on the locals.

Filed under dog apb, dogspots, tellin' like it is. 0 Comments.

The Worst Dog of the Week
Posted by BigDog on March 13, 2014

Ladies and gentlemen: White Boy. My ponytail is more dog than this sorry sack of fur. When I heard loud barking coming from Cobb Square, I rode over to see what the fuss was about. Turns out this moron was just barking at birds. I watched White Boy yelling for a solid hour. Every so often he'd turn and bark at a squirrel or homeless person, but then it was back to those birds. Way to waste my time, idiot.

Besides, Loudmouth already claimed the barking for no reason gimmick and elevated it to the next level. He's 50% of why Loudmouth and Bulldozer are the 3rd most popular dog duo in town.

Filed under the worst dog, tellin' like it is. 0 Comments.

Podcast Woes
Posted by BigDog on March 13, 2014

The latest episode Ruffhousing has been delayed. There were some technical difficulties with my computer being in sleep mode when I thought I was recording, so I spent a good solid 6 hours talking about dogs for nothing. I'm as disappointed as anybody, because when I get to talking, I lay it all out, no holds barred, barely stopping to breathe. I even got deep into some never-before-revealed info about Charybdis, the fattest dog in town. Let's just say yours truly made some startling discoveries after examining his leavings.

I promise to re-record it as soon as I can, and everyone will finally get the long-awaited second episode.

And even though it never aired, feel free to visit my sponsor, Dog of the Month Club. Use promo code "ruffhousing" to get a free month.

Filed under podcasts, podcasting, new media, ruffhousing podcast, tellin' like it is. 0 Comments.

Who's the Pops?

Posted by BigDog on March 13, 2014

Since Hope just crocked, and it turns out she was pregnant, it's probably a good idea to figure out who the father was. Should be pretty obvious once we go down the list of suspects:

- **Hazard**: nope, no way. He and Hope had been apart for at least a month, and there's just no way we wouldn't know if these long-time lovebirds reunited.
- **Meathook**: I don't see it. This monster can't go anywhere without it being a big production, thanks to his entourage of creeps like Cleaver, Hindsmell, Monsanto, Chamberpot and Murder Ballad. The whole town would know.
- **The Barquis de Sade**: had no shot with her while she was alive, but obviously circumstances have changed in his favor.
- **Cleaver**: he's a rotten apple, but he's had his mind on Gossip from the start.
- **Ozark**: the toxic sludge he lived in eroded his gonads over a decade ago.
- **Thriller**: my leading candidate. You put a litter of Thriller Juniors in Hope, and that's bound to piss off everyone who hates Thriller, namely Hazard, Meathook, Barnacle and a dozen others.
- **Caribe**: He's gotten stuck in weirder places. Could have been one of his many improbable mishaps.
- **Corn**: HAHAHAHAHA. No, seriously. Hahahaha.
- **Whoops**: The one thing we know about Whoops, besides him giving out "free" wifi somehow, is that he is fixed. I checked myself when I was looking for a hidden router.
- **Barnacle**: made dog around town. He gets what he wants, and he's had his eye on Hope on more than one occasion.
- **Nectar**: Pretty sure this weirdo is saving himself for Ambrosia.

Filed under paternity issues, dad's rights, tellin' like it is. 0 Comments.

No More Hope

Posted by BigDog on March 12, 2014

By now everybody in town knows what went down at Slurry Creek. Hope got her long-overdue comeuppance. Boo hoo. If history tells us anything, we've got a solid month before everyone forgets her and starts fawning over some new darling dog.

Look folks, Hope wasn't a bad dog, just a supremely overrated dog. Every day I ride my recumbent bike around town, I see dog after dog lining up, trying to impress me with the same old song and dance. Few measure up, and so I flip the bird and keep rolling.

Everyone is racing to place blame, and let me tell you, Hope was no angel. Plenty of dogs benefit from her dying, and plenty more would be happy seeing her get her just desserts. Just you wait and

see. Follow her scent, and it's going to lead you someplace dark and terrible.

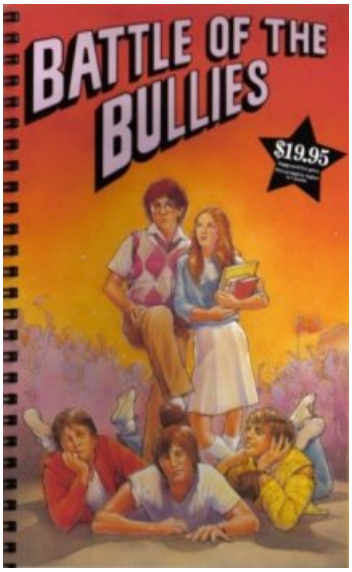
Filed under rip, tellin' like it is. 0 Comments.

–~BigDog (@Livestock)

11.4 Shocking True Stories of Bullying

Thursday, Nov 06, 2014 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

I'm not sure why I was bullied in high school. The guys dunking my head in the toilet said it was because I was a nerd and got good grades. But I only got good grades from being dunked in the toilet and learning how to predict test answers from patterns in feces. So a cause-and-effect chart of my bullying would be like that picture of two hands drawing each other, except one hand is large and toned and the other is scrawny and wearing a pink slap bracelet my mom bought me.



I was often bullied after band practice. Bullies hate band members for fear that they'll compose an anti-bullying melody to counteract the "na-nana-naa-nah" taunt popular among children. Sometimes while getting bullied I'd start crying. This, of course, was the worst thing to do because it perpetuated the vicious cycle of bullying. My tears would evaporate into the atmosphere, then return to the earth as rain that would eventually be purified into the fountain water that bullies drink.

Sometimes I'd get bullied while driving the driver's ed car. The guy behind me would give me a wet willy so hard that his finger would poke through my eardrum and into my skull, damaging the part of my brain that processed depth and time. The horizon would become a vertical precipice and I'd start seeing things in reverse. Also, for some reason, if I stared at other motorists long enough I could see their deepest secrets. I'd usually end up crashing the car and killing everyone inside. We'd then find ourselves in a hell based on my school cafeteria. The tiled floor was a chess board that we could only traverse in certain patterns according to a set of esoteric, ever-changing rules, while a two-headed McGruff the Crime Dog tried to eat us alive.

One time a bully squirted me with ketchup. Looking him in the eye, I dabbed some ketchup on my finger and licked it. He ran away, figuring that anyone willing to lick ketchup from a BPA-rich plastic bottle must be crazy. For the rest of the day I could feel the BPA molecules bullying my estrogen receptors.

Eventually I realized that the only way to avoid getting bullied was to bully someone else. Video-game nerds seemed like ideal targets, so I tried picking on a guy who looked like he was LARPing as a character from Mutant League football. Unfortunately, he turned out to be the captain of the football team. He punched me so hard that I vomited over the soda fountain in the cafeteria. As I watched my vomit swirl down the soda fountain drain I wished that it would harden and clog the pipe, and then Gatorade would pour from the fountain and drown the whole world.

Once I got bitten by a radioactive bully and gained a special mutant power. Whenever someone shot a spitball at me I'd enter Bully Time and see the spitball coming in slow motion. Sadly, I still couldn't dodge the spitball, so all this really did was prolong my suffering.

A bully was diving into the school swimming pool when he saw what looked like his reflection in the water. But upon closer inspection it was actually the body of a bullying victim who'd drowned himself. The bully realized that if he could mistake himself for one of his victims, they must be human beings just like him, meaning that he could draw upon his own fears and weaknesses to devise even more effective ways to torment them.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

11.5 The Devil Has Pulled a Lot of Great Tricks That Deserve Credit

Friday, Nov 07, 2014 by The Devil (@sexyfacts4u)

I know, I've heard how the greatest trick I ever pulled was convincing you I didn't exist. It's like my frigging *Hotel California*. Every time I show up, people just want to see the one where I convince you I'm not real. But I have a whole catalog of great tricks that you have been overlooking.

I can jump my whole body through a hoop just a little bigger than a hula hoop. I am still working on this one, give me a little time and I think I can get through a hula hoop.

I do this one where I set myself on fire and start screaming and acting like it hurts really bad and then I'm like, "Nope. Ssssssssike. I am from hell so this is pretty much how I relax. Pitchfork up my dick, consumed by fire, it's a Tuesday."

It's a living...

Not so much a trick as just something cool, but I can roll a penny on the back of my fingers. Val Kilmer learned this from me through a magic mirror.

I have a tail. Not many people can say that.

One thing people never stop to think about is that I'm smart. I can do hard math problems in my head and I know about all sorts of history stuff that most people don't know. Like the dinosaurs all went to hell because they were lazy. Also there are billions of sloths in hell. Most of my minions are sloths.

Werewolves are my thing. Vampires too. You can't have Halloween without me. In fact, most of your wretched popular culture seems to be premised on things I invented, like blood-sucking monsters and investment banking.

Hitler. That was a good one, right? He is a painter and I'm like, "But what about the Jewsssssssss?

What if they did the Great War?" with my little snake tongue waggling in his ear. I tried it again with Bob Ross and he just ended up on a TV show. Go figure.

I spent the 1970s in Santa Monica and I was one of the original Z-Boys. There are like 500 tricks I made up skateboarding in pools and smoking weed. The ollie? Me. Grinding? Me. You're welcome.

I brought back the McRib. They cast it out forever and I sent it back to this realm. Again, you're welcome.

People can say it's genetics, but I deserve at least partial credit for big butts. Before me people thought they were just cushions for sitting. Turns out they are more than that.

Also...you know what? This isn't me. I don't want to brag about all of my tricks.

My wife has been telling me that I need to assert myself. Fine. That's true. This just isn't who I am. I keep it simple, spear up the ass, molten lava in the eyes, chewed to pieces by devil rats, that sort of thing. I am more of a blue collar devil these days. I just want to put my head down and get the work done, come home, knives in my dick, set myself on fire, eat my own guts, that sort of thing.

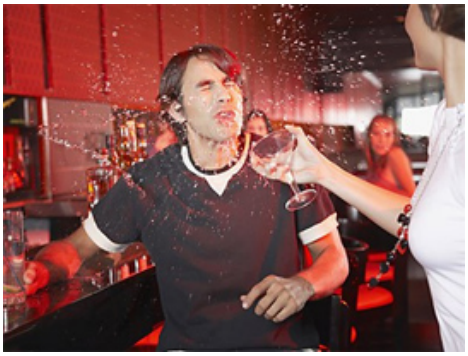
It's a job. Being the devil is a job. You want tricks, you go talk to a magician. They're all here in hell too.

–∼The Devil (@sexyfacts4u)

11.6 Extremely Overthought Pick Up Lines

Monday, Nov 10, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Food



Girl, you are like pizza, even when you're bad people will like you. There are limits to both, of course. I would not eat a pizza covered in Alka Seltzer and rat turds and I would not like for you to come home with me and drown my cat. I'm not suggesting that you would do something like that, just mentioning that realistically "bad" is still relative. Even culturally some things that we may tolerate as liberal westerners would be unthinkable and repulsive to more conservative cultures. Much like how I hate green olives on pizza and would rather eat a dish rag.

Hey baby, I hope you like hot dogs, because I want to put my meat between your buns. This also would work if you liked hamburgers, although I think a hotdog creates a more suggestive image. You get that I am referring to my penis, right? I just want to be sure, because I didn't bring any meat besides my penis and I would be pretty surprised if you produced actual hotdog buns. I mean buns as in your buttocks and actually if we're going to get into the logistics this won't really look much like a hotdog at all. It's more like trying to put a burrito through a donut which, admittedly, is a much less appealing image.

If you were a burger at McDonald's, you'd be McGorgeous. I am thinking you would be on the breakfast menu and you would be served on a biscuit. A hamburger, eggs, bacon and cheese. They technically stop serving you at 10:30 AM, but if you ask for the burger on a biscuit they will serve you at any hour. Of course, people will be confused by blending a hamburger with the breakfast items, so realistically the best you can hope for is a seasonal or intermittent offering.

Vulgar

I like my women like I like my ice cream: fat free and dripping down my fingers. Now that I say that out loud, I realize it probably makes me sound strange. Who likes fat free ice cream? The whole pleasure of ice cream is basically the fat it contains and I don't really want to make a mess with it, I'd rather just eat it out of a bowl. Maybe I could make it into ice cream soup. That's probably my favorite. So I guess if I like my women like I like my ice cream, it is fat, in a bowl, covered in chocolate sauce and stirred into an homogeneous soup.

Want to see my hard drive? It ain't 3.5 inches and it ain't floppy. If you are expecting computer equipment, I feel I should warn you in advance that I am actually referring to my penis. Also, just to clarify, it is 3.5 inches erect, not floppy.

Hey, girl, I've been practicing guitar and I am getting really good at fingering the g-string. Who learns one string at a time? This guy, because it's the sex string. Get it? The one on your butt and crotch. And all I can play is Stairway to Heaven really poorly. So if that all still sounds good to you I think we can set up a guitar lesson and I hope by now that by guitar lesson I mean I want you to come over to my house and get finger blasted.

Let me tell you, girl, liquor is not the only thing hard up in this club. Going by Mohs scale of mineral hardness I would guess we have hard things ranging all the way up to a ten including the diamonds in jewelry. I was specifically referring to my penis though, which even when erect still has a soft outer later of skin and probably ranks at most a two, equivalent to gypsum.

Sappy

If a thousand painters worked for a thousand years, they could not create a work of art as beautiful as you. In fact, if you consider that is only four or five painters working at any one time over the course of one thousand years and it would be difficult to maintain a cohesive style, the result might actually be quite unpleasant.

You also have to ask, who is organizing these painters and for what purpose? It's very mysterious. Few governments last for one thousand years and even ancient religious institutions undergo upheavals.

I'm imagining this as a sort of secret society of painters, begun in medieval Europe with the purpose of creating an object of beauty so exquisite that all of mankind will be forced to worship it. One faction would be traditionalist, relying on techniques developed a thousand years ago, while they would constantly argue and battle with radical painters seeking to incorporate new techniques.

The ebb and flow of these two factions, and various sub-factions related to specific styles, will result in greater and greater bloodshed. Men will die trying to decide the next brush stroke. Cities will be sacked because of a seemingly insignificant detail. It's believable that modern history may turn on the outcome of this secret society's internecine conflicts.

And the painting they create? You're more beautiful than that.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.7 My Winter Diet Changes

Tuesday, Nov 11, 2014 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Summer Diet
I want to eat some food.
Winter Diet
I want to eat all food. I want poutine but with the crunchy bits fished out of deep fryer topped with whatever you can siphon from the grease trap. I want to feel sick to the point where you feel sick. I want to unhinge my jaw and put my foot in my mouth and I want to call that an appetizer. I want to know what *is* the difference between a Blizzard and a McFlurry. I want butter au gratin.

I want to deconstruct a chocolate cake and then eat those separated pieces, just shoveling flour and egg and shortening down my throat. I want one Quesarito, no, make that two with a Baha Blast slushy atop an extra soggy Mexican Pizza. I want gravy on top of gravy until my mashed potatoes look as murky as a Lake Erie beach. I want a wormhole that links my stomach back to my mouth, but I will settle for a back alley surgery involving my large intestines and a staple gun.

I want Thanksgiving with no one talking to me or even looking in my direction, just hook an IV of creamed corn to my veins with a cranberry dressing feeding tube and leave me be. I want a waterbed of ramen and giant bean bags of ravioli. I want vitamin X milk. I want to leave a trail of line cooks in my wake. What the Spanish influenza did to the 1918 population, I want that but with cheeseburgers. I want a coarse black pubic hair in my meatball sub if it means I get another.

I want to go Hannibal Lecter on the Burger King. I want the entire state of Indiana renamed to Buffet Buffet where I can cruise around endless streets of Golden Corrals, Home Town Buffets, and steamed Chinese foods. I want to scrape the Teflon from a skillet and smoke the residue. I want to be the third biggest compost in the Pacific Northwest. I want to do to a rotisserie chicken what steam engines do to coal reserves. I want my blood to be replaced with tarter sauce but I still want my blood in a doggie bag. I want a fine musk emitting from my pores like a ferret, but I want mine to be called toilette eau de White Castle. And I want this now and I want twice as much for dinner.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

11.8 These Black Friday Deals Are Incredible!

Wednesday, Nov 12, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The Microsoft Store

- Xbox One* without Kinect : **$350**

- Xbox One with Kinect : **$100**

- Xbox One without Xbox One : **$500**

**Note: All Xbox One models come with momentary excitement about the purchase of a new console at a cheap price, followed by a flash of disappointment when the system first loads, which ushers in seven years of gradually mounting regret*

Forever Crud Buckets

- Buy one crud bucket, take a peek at a second crud bucket FREE

- Buy two crud buckets, touch a third crud bucket for half price

- Buy three crud buckets, get a photo of yourself with a fourth crud bucket (not touching) FREE

Target

- 300-inch HDTV for only $450*

**With agreement to stay in my barn overnight without touching any of my three attractive and brazenly flirtatious nineteen year olds*

Skeleton Warriors R Us

- Purchase any skeleton, get a month's supply of skeleton food (apples) and a barrel for it to hide in for free

Amazon

- Echo is the holiday's biggest item. It's like a speaker, but not great. It's also like Siri, but not as good and without a screen to display anything useful. It's also like an MP3 player, only not portable and without a bunch of storage.

For a limited time, customers who purchase Echo will receive the following at no cost:

- Targeted ads
- 24/7 collection of user data, which will be sold to third parties

Pictured: Nonsense

Legitimate Dave's Flight School

- Buy one pilot lesson, get all the refried beans you can hold in your hands for the duration of the lesson free!

GameStop

- Trade in any sports game, get a crate of *Lee Trevino's Sensual Golf*

Yoga Without Ghosts

- Sign up for 3 or more months of Yoga Without Ghosts, get a complimentary yoga mat and 50-pound bag of salt.

Put the SALT around your **MAT** in a CIRCLE. *CLOSE THE CIRCLE*. If it is not UNBROKEN you will experience HAUNTINGS. This is the SPIRIT WORLD crossing over into the **CORPOREAL** world which we all imagine to see when we are in the PHASE of existence we have deemed "AWAKE". Your SOUL can only withstand *TEN* such visitations before succumbing to the OTHER **DUST** and transitioning into its MIST state.

ALSO be sure to HOLD your **POSES** for the full duration in order to maintain FIRM thighs.

Best Buy

- Buy One Blu-Ray, Get Ten Free*

**Offer only valid with select titles: Step Up 3, You Got Served 2, Stomp Another Yard, Rich Girl Poor Guy Dance And Win, Duck Dynasty (Seasons 1-9), Scoot Stain Kings, The Very Best Of Tosh.0*

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.9 Tweeting for [BRAND NAME REDACTED]: A Q&A with the Hottest Team in Social Media!

Wednesday, Nov 12, 2014 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

I have long been fascinated by the concept of advertising on social media, and recently I was lucky enough to sit down for an elucidating interview with the team behind my favorite brand's intrusive efforts. It went swimmingly [mostly], and I was just finishing up the formatting when they contacted me to ask me to not publish the interview. Apparently they did some research into what kind of site SA was, and they found our previous writing on advertising via social media "less than respectful." As such, I had to remove any text identifying the brand and change the names of all involved, to avoid legal action. Nonetheless, I hope you will still enjoy their insights and tips about techniques!

SA: Well first of all let me say thank you for coming to do this interview with us today. Can you introduce yourselves for our readers, and give us a quick overview of your relationship with [brand]?

Frank: Well, I'm Frank Burnward, and I'm in charge of our Twitter, Tumblr and Instagram channels.

Kelly Sue: I'm Kelly Sue, and I'm in charge of Facebook, Google Plus and Pinterest.

Caleb: My name is Caleb Garbador, and I'm in charge of all social media engagements and campaigns targeted toward non and half whites, although I do frequently collaborate with Frank and Kelly Sue when producing content to be deployed on their platforms.

Frank: Non-whites think differently from the rest of us. Their thoughts are more visceral, more honest - they're less weighed down by the day to day stuff. They're in tune with nature. Caleb does good work.

SA: Stellar! Wonderful. Let me start off by saying that I don't think it's any secret that you've really taken off in popularity with the youth demographic - my own teenage daughter is always tumblring or blogging about one jif [sic] of yours or another! I'm a huge fan myself, yours is one of the brands that I love to follow because it's one of the most consistently engaging, but how do you think you've managed to "crack" the younger generation?

Frank: Hey - great question. I think the main part of it is that we're all deeply passionate about [brand]'s brand here at [brand]. Without that passion, that fire behind the eyes, everything we created would be dull, it'd be lifeless, there'd be no point to it at all.

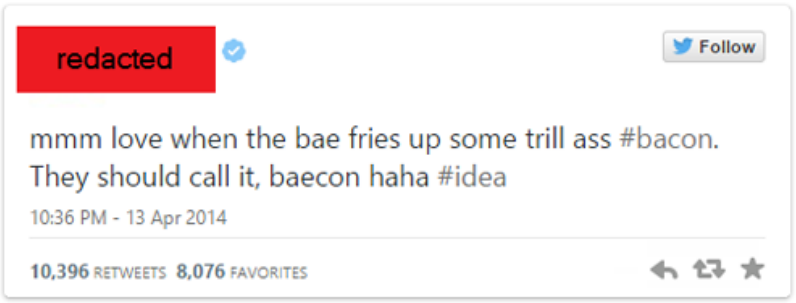
Kelly Sue: Yeah! Passion. That's it!

Frank and Kelly Sue high-five and laugh.

Frank: Seriously, though... most of the content we make - tweets and tumblr posts, mainly- are written in the voice of a certain kind of person, the sort of early to mid twenties city kid who describes their sense of humor as offbeat and is still riding high off an A+ for creative writing in elementary school, the sort of person who watches adult swim and wonders if they sell black t-shirts with the adult swim logo on them in white. But there's a sort of earnestness there, a sort of hint at a... moderately wacky style that is recognizably unoriginal but not monetized so much as to feel old.

Kelly Sue: (nodding) Our youth audience doesn't see these posts as "advertising put out by

[brand]" - they're young, they're hip to that, it's 2014 for christ's sake. They picture a young sort of funny bohemian writer-type, one who has a pretty sweet gig at [brand], one whose material might even seem slightly subversive at times, like they've come up with a good gag at the expense of tumblr to tweet and consequences be damned! This perception is at the core of what we're selling.


redacted
Follow
mmm love when the bae fries up some trill ass #bacon.
They should call it, baecon haha #idea
10:36 PM - 13 Apr 2014
10,396 RETWEETS 8,076 FAVORITES

Frank: Yeah, exactly - the tweets I write are popular, sure, but what people stick around for is this tweeter we've created. We're giving them glimpses of a person who seems real, who seems human, and who seems witty, but not so witty as to be funny outside of the context of "Holy Shit, can you believe that THIS is on [brand]'s twitter page!?" That's something I think Caleb's content embodies particularly well, right Caleb?

Caleb (startled): Uhh. YEah. My content embodies... that. uh...

Caleb looks around helplessly.

SA: Your content isn't too funny.

Caleb: Oh! Yes. Yeah, of course. It appeals to the kind of person who laughs at a tweet saying "dat trill [brand product] doe" from a sort of derisive, semi-ironic perspective? But it also engages more directly with the kind of person who sincerely thinks like that. Which is... you know. Certain people think that way. Which is fine, obviously. There are- there are definite biological differences. Just look at inner city crime statistics in-

Frank (interrupting): The point is that there are multiple ways to relate to this sort of content. There's something for everyone, because it looks like it was created by humans.

SA: Excellent. Wow, fantastic. Good. I'm sure a lot of your fans love to read the good stuff that they can't believe a company is saying. What I'm wondering is, how much does this help the brand? I can't imagine a lot of the people who enjoy the content will just go out and [verb associated with brand product] after reading a few tweets.

Kelly Sue: Well, you'd be surprised!

Frank: She's right. People don't tend to think much about their choice of [product associated with brand], so even the smallest thing can stick in someone's head and influence their choice. If someone wants to eat pizza, they're going to make their choice based on... let's say... which pizza is funniest. Oooh, the funny pizza, let's all buy the funny pizza, from on-line! The best and tastiest pizza must be the funny meme pizza that's your facebook friend.

Caleb: The random pizza. The relatable pizza.

Kelly Sue: Which of these pizzas is most "teen." Which pizza "gets" me. Oh, this pizza hates home-work too, better buy it and eat it forever. Creating that connection - it's pretty much our job in a nutshell.

Bacon. Just... bacon.
Comment Like 24 hours ago via Blackberry
9,466,754 people like this
Gelb Turbo yeahhhh! YAHHHHH!!!!
23 hours ago · Like
Aoife McPearson I like the bacon cut of the meat to
21 hours ago · Like
Aoife McPearson *too
20 hours ago · Like
Aoife McPearson I'm going to buy some [redacted] now
19 hours ago · Like

SA: Nice! I like pizza. Apropos of nothing, one thing you guys are great at doing are topical jokes; current stuff. Is it difficult to keep up with trends?

Frank: It actually makes things a lot easier for us, like when the doge meme was big...

Caleb: Oh, the doge meme... that was definitely a high point. We could make that little fucker say "much doge, such [noun associated with brand but with an extra e at the end]" for weeks. People love when he can't say stuff right. He's not - he can't say the words correctly. He puts es on the end. He uses comic sans - that's the bad font.

Kelly Sue: And of course, after that, we roll in with the low-level irony. Just saying stuff about how the doge meme was old hat. Over and over.

Kelly Sue gazes into the distance and sighs wistfully

Kelly Sue: Christ, that was a good month.

Frank: There's always another doge meme, though. Remember when gangnam style was big?

Kelly Sue: Oh wow, yeah. We got so much mileage out of gangnam style. Oppa [brand] style!!

All three begin singing the entire Gangnam Style song word for word, doing all the dance moves flawlessly, etc

SA: Incredible! It sounds like you're really dedicated to your jobs. How much does the job pay?

Frank: Depends on the level of engagement per content... For a 50% engagement level we can pull down a couple hundred thou (EDITOR'S NOTE: Thou = Thousand dollars), but it's not too hard to treble that once a week or so, moreso if there's a doge-level boom.

Caleb: (looking around frantically, pupils dilated): We're wealthy beyond imagining.

Kelly Sue: I have over 10 million dollars and my mansion is 10,000 feet long. (laughs genially)

SA: Good. Good. Good. Finally, I'd like to ask you what advice you'd give to anyone reading this who might be considering becoming a social media - a-an advertiser on, on the internet. The social media part of the internet. Facebook. I'm sorry, I don't understand exactly how what you do is a real job.

Caleb: You've got to cover the basics. Have the basics, and then add the frills: That's the key. Walk before you can run.

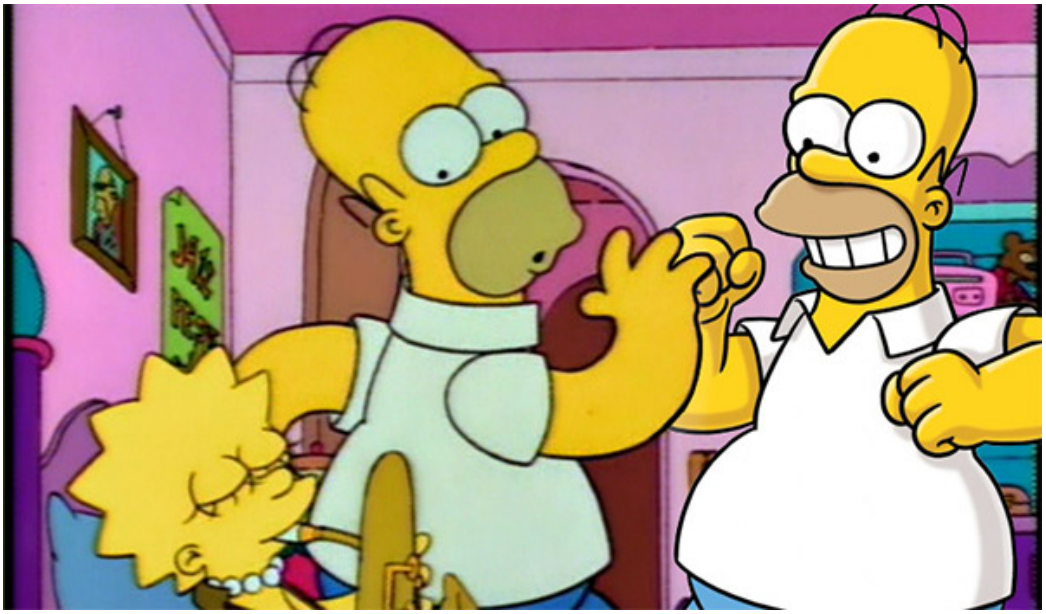
Kelly Sue: A good thing to keep in mind is to do something unique to your brand. Some of my favorite brands that I follow are (AUTHOR'S NOTE: these people actually have "favorite brands." I'm not publishing the rest of this sentence. Ffuck off)

Frank: Just keep in mind that we all have our own brands, and we create content every day. There's really no difference between living a normal life to the fullest, and creating exciting new awareness-hashtags. It's life - 2.0.

–~David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

11.10 The Simpsons to Crossover with the Older, Better Simpsons

Thursday, Nov 13, 2014 by Awful Media News



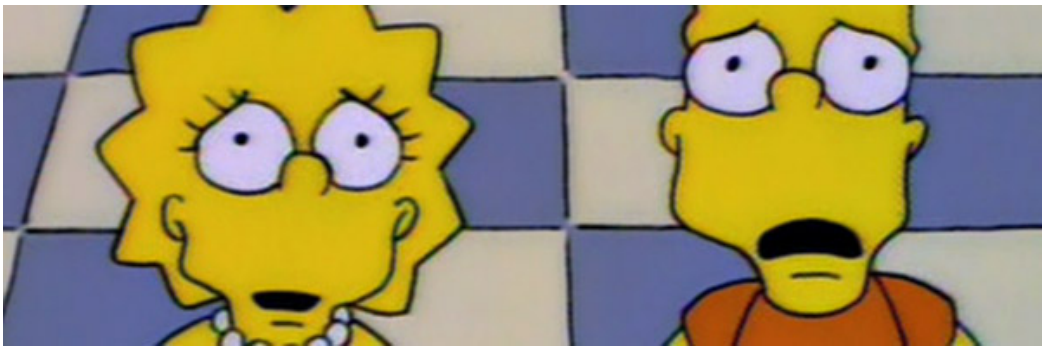
After nearly 25 years on the air, and recent pairings with *Family Guy* and *Futurama*, The Simpsons are getting ready to crossover with an unlikely group: themselves.

"It's a purely creative decision we think will boost our appeal with males ages 30-45," says *Simpsons* executive producer Al Jean. After working on the show's early years, Jean returned in 2001, and he's been at the helm ever since. But as he enters his fifteenth consecutive season of running *The Simpsons*, this veteran comedy writer is looking for some new challenges.

"Don't get me wrong," says Jean. " We still put in some pretty long hours. Just yesterday, we had to dial back our regular two-hour In-N-Out lunch to 90 minutes so we could put the finishing touches on a script. Have you ever wondered what would happen if Moe the bartender got Ebola? Well, market research tells us 63% of our audience is. We're hoping it'll still be relevant when the episode airs next October."

Though *The Simpsons* was widely regarded as one of the smartest shows on television, the past 16 years have been an uphill climb for this once-groundbreaking comedy. This upcoming crossover is engineered to bring back old fans of the show while giving current ones exactly what they crave. And to do this, Jean's team has made some serious changes to the well-oiled machine known as *The Simpsons*. He explains:

"For the current-day versions of the characters, it'll be business as usual. But when Homer, Bart, and the other ones travel back in time to 1994, those characters will be written the old-fashioned way. We'll be pulling all-nighters again, and at least half of the jokes won't be filtered through focus groups," says Jean, with a bit of trepidation in his voice. "And the same goes for our voice actors, too. We made it very clear to Julie Kavner that she won't be recording Marge's lines from her bathtub, which has been the case for the last five seasons of the show. Even Harry Shearer has cleaned up his act: At the table read for this episode, he only spat on two of us."



The upcoming episode, titled "Hot Dog Time Machine," will throw the Simpsons back twenty years to revisit what most fans view as the show's golden years. "We think up the names of episodes first and then start writing from there," says Jean. "It's the key to our success, really--'Do'hzen' and 'The Ranier Wolfcastle of Wall Street' have been our most creatively successful episodes of the past few years, and these ideas all came from billboards our writers saw while driving to work. This crossover episode will have The Simpsons order hot dogs with chili peppers so spicy, they actually go back in time! But is it really a hallucination? Only a coyote played by country legend Hank Williams Jr. knows for sure! In our 25 years' worth of episodes, it's rare to find an idea we've never tried."

Even though it seems nothing can stop *The Simpsons*, it's hard to ignore the practical issues that may affect the show's future. Notable cast member Harry Shearer entered his seventh decade last year, and other actors have surpassed their characters' actual ages by decades. But this isn't a concern for the future of *The Simpsons*, according to Jean.

"The latest contract negotiations with our actors will give us access to their vocal chords upon their death, and scientists working at Fox News Corp have assured us we will have the technology to reanimate these parts by the year 2024. Who knows: by the time season 35 airs, Mr. Burns might be played by wet pieces of throat flesh slapping together via currents of electricity. What adventures will he be having then?"

Even though this new episode poses some unique challenges to *The Simpsons* crew, they're not without help, as Jean explains. "We only really have to write ten minutes' worth of episode because we've got an epic, eight-minute couch gag for this episode from the folks at Universal--it's absolutely crawling with those Minion things. I don't know what they are, but our social media advisors practically *guaranteed* this thing would go viral. And isn't that what's really important?"

—∼Awful Media News

11.11 Our Rooftop Garden is Full of America's Most Pretentious Produce

Friday, Nov 14, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

We have been tilling the soil since 2013 when we first read about rooftop agriculture on a local events blog. Since then we have learned some new techniques and expanded our offerings. Find out what delicious vegetables we have curated for you this year.

Adventurous Freekeh

We're growing freekeh in an old Boy Scout canoe that we filled with small-batch manure. The seeds were inherited from a civil rights attorney and the manure was collected from Manhattan carriage horses bought from their owners with the Wild Horses crowdfund and allowed to live free in upstate New York where they mostly upcycle trash out of garbage cans. The richness of this soil educates the freekeh and indulges this ancient grain's curiosity about our regional minerals. Recipe suggestions include letting a bearded man in a gambler's vest burn it in his cast iron skillet or serving it with a dash of olive oil to try to cover the taste of bone marrow which is actually really good and not gross despite what all five of your senses think.

Volunteer Harvested Sorrel

By now you've had a thousand sorrel salads from organic farms, but even the most ethical farm still picks their sorrel plants by rending them violently apart. We curate our sorrel by allowing the plant to naturally provide its crop for sale. No traumatic pruning to upset the plant, this sorrel decides when it is ready to go to market by dropping leaves. That tends to be around the time of our first hard frost. At that point we collaborate with the sorrel to provide you with the freshest voluntary sorrel available in Brooklyn. Delicious as a bed for some hand-fed arctic char from Brooklyn Bespoke Fisheries, where every fish has a name.

Superior Heirloom Tomatoes

Unlike most heirloom tomatoes, these heirloom tomatoes are completely uncultivated by human hands for hundreds of generations, forming chewy black pods with an outer skin like licorice whips and an inner consistency like hot tar. These are the exact same tomatoes our ancestors ate, found growing wild and visiting us for a single season before we return them to the countryside. These curious heirlooms are a return to our roots of slowly grinding gummy tomatoes in our teeth, avoiding BB-hard seeds and savoring the rich, real flavors of natural bounty. Excellent as ketchup for a vegan hotdog made out of something that would normally be turned into a shirt.

Car Trunk Club Rice

When RKNR shut down, everyone was absolutely wrecked and the music scene lost one of its most underground venues. Remember that graffiti-covered 1958 Plymouth Fury they used as their sign? Of course you do, because Rib Shelten and the Leggy Eggs played on top of it in 1979. Well, we saved that car, and we have turned it into a small-batch rice paddy for our Pink Madagascar rice. We filled the trunk with rainwater and catfish and have been growing rice there in micro-batch curio sachet quantities. There is just enough of this rocking rice in one of our hand-stitched bags for a delicious bite. Best served scattered on a plate at a Michelin starred restaurant next to a smear of sauce and a steak medallion the size of a dime.

Buttery Single Batch Costata Romanesco

When we grow zucchini, we like to ensure we only grow the best. This year we are offering our single batch Costata Romanesco, curated and tended by Iv3n, our garden DJ. In addition to providing the music that motivates our plants, he was responsible for nurturing this one Costata Romanesco. He teased its fruit onto a plate and brushed it daily. He personally swatted away insects and kept its temperature constant with knitted cozies. We are guessing it will be good, but we can only speculate because there is only this one zucchini. Are you worthy? It does not even have a face, but after one look we guarantee you will want to slap it.

Stop by and have a bottle of switchel while you're here. It's the drink that colonials used to drink when they were watching their slaves work in the field. It's made out of vinegar. Sound appealing? Perfect to enjoy on a hot day with a raw egg white on top.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

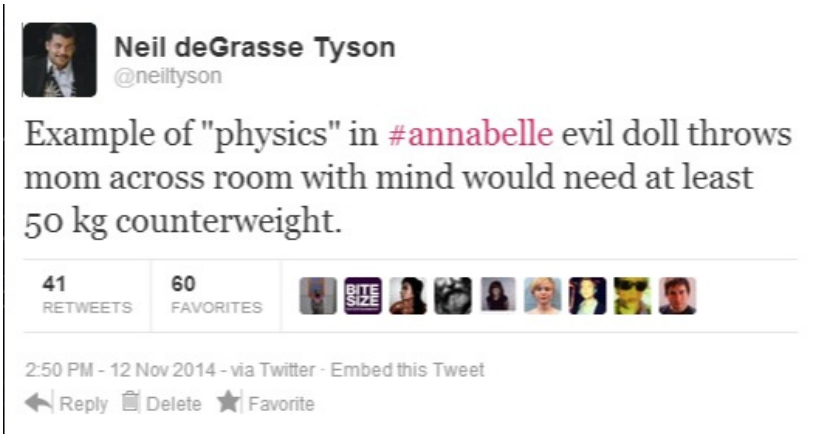
11.12 Neil deGrasse Tyson's Tweets Critiquing the Science Behind "Annabelle"

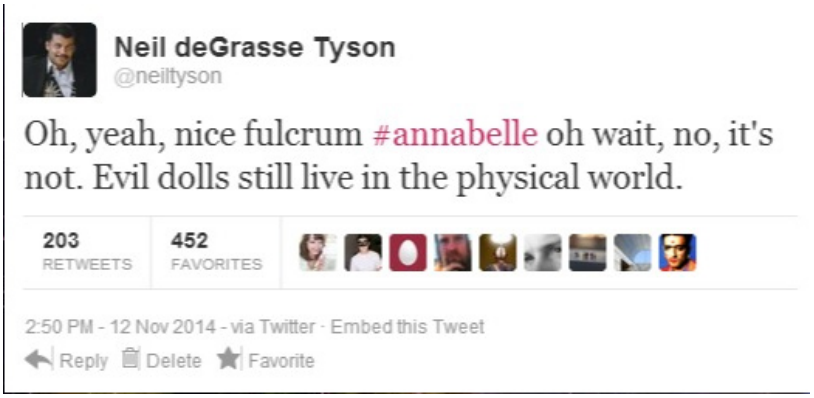
Monday, Nov 17, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

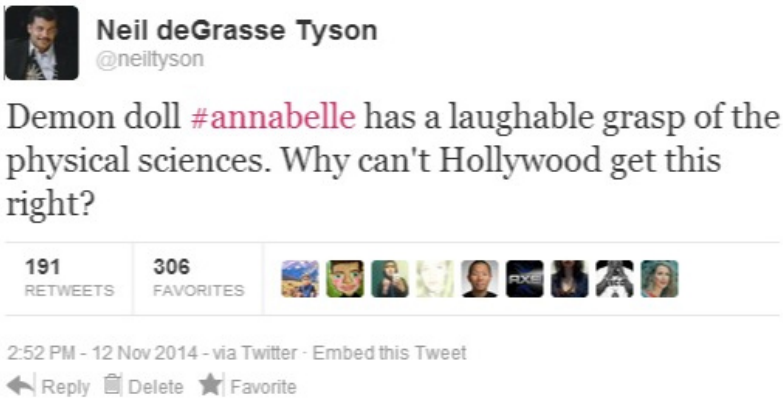
Following his takedown of the so-called science of sci-fi blockbuster Interstellar, astrophysicist Neil deGrasse Tyson turned his attention to the possessed doll horror film Annabelle. Despite claims by the film's creators that Annabelle was "based on a true story," Tyson seemed to think the science was far from reality. In a scathing series of tweets, he revealed a number of glaring scientific flaws in the movie, which dealt with a murderous doll.

Neil deGrasse Tyson
@neiltyson
Watched #Annabelle for research purposes and was disappointed with "true story" that a doll could talk and move. Not w/o microchips.
14 RETWEETS
8 FAVORITES
2:45 PM - 12 Nov 2014 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet
Reply Delete Favorite

Neil deGrasse Tyson
@neiltyson
Nice try #annabelle but a ghost can't fit inside a doll that size. Not even a cat ghost.
34 RETWEETS
49 FAVORITES
2:47 PM - 12 Nov 2014 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet
Reply Delete Favorite


Neil deGrasse Tyson
@neiltyson
Example of "physics" in #annabelle evil doll throws mom across room with mind would need at least 50 kg counterweight.
41 RETWEETS
60 FAVORITES
2:50 PM - 12 Nov 2014 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet
Reply Delete Favorite


Neil deGrasse Tyson
@neiltyson
Oh, yeah, nice fulcrum #annabelle oh wait, no, it's not. Evil dolls still live in the physical world.
203 RETWEETS
452 FAVORITES
2:50 PM - 12 Nov 2014 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet
Reply Delete Favorite



Neil deGrasse Tyson
@neiltyson

Demon doll #annabelle has a laughable grasp of the physical sciences. Why can't Hollywood get this right?

191 RETWEETS 306 FAVORITES

2:52 PM - 12 Nov 2014 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet

Reply Delete Favorite

Neil deGrasse Tyson
@neiltyson

Sorry #annabelle a doll can't choke a person to death. The hands are too small. Read up on science.

501 RETWEETS 713 FAVORITES

2:55 PM - 12 Nov 2014 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet

Reply Delete Favorite

Neil deGrasse Tyson
@neiltyson

Oh great #annabelle has a scientist investigating the doll. This doesn't happen. We have figurines not dolls.

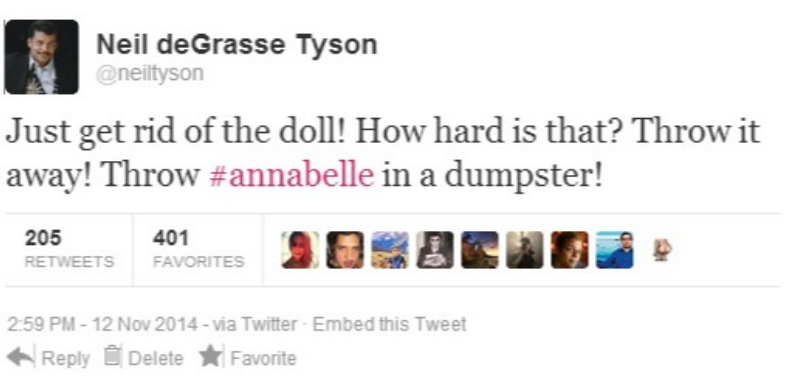
133 RETWEETS 201 FAVORITES

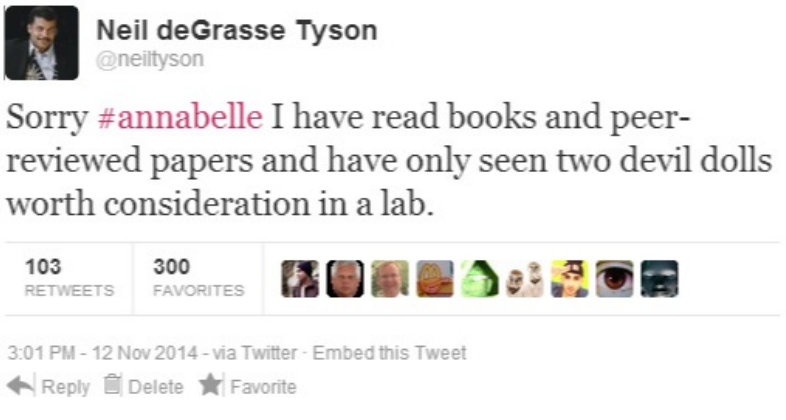
2:56 PM - 12 Nov 2014 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet

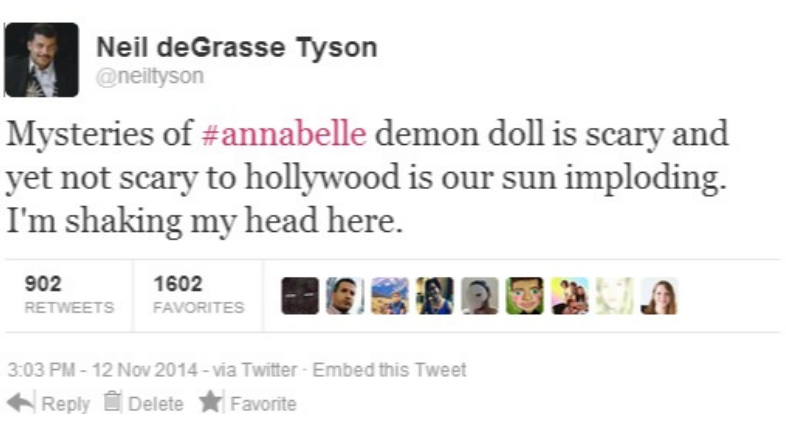
Reply Delete Favorite

Neil deGrasse Tyson
@neiltyson
Now #annabelle expects us to believe a doll can write in blood on the wall. Where is the blood coming from? Little plot hole there.
309 RETWEETS
469 FAVORITES
2:56 PM - 12 Nov 2014 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet
Reply Delete Favorite

Neil deGrasse Tyson
@neiltyson
The least scientific monster is a werewolf but #annabelle is coming in a close second. Let's see if she can shapeshift.
99 RETWEETS
301 FAVORITES
2:59 PM - 12 Nov 2014 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet
Reply Delete Favorite


Neil deGrasse Tyson
@neiltyson
Just get rid of the doll! How hard is that? Throw it away! Throw #annabelle in a dumpster!
205 RETWEETS
401 FAVORITES
2:59 PM - 12 Nov 2014 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet
Reply Delete Favorite


Neil deGrasse Tyson
@neiltyson
Sorry #annabelle I have read books and peer-reviewed papers and have only seen two devil dolls worth consideration in a lab.
103
RETWEETS
300
FAVORITES
3:01 PM - 12 Nov 2014 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet
Reply Delete Favorite


Neil deGrasse Tyson
@neiltyson
Mysteries of #annabelle demon doll is scary and yet not scary to hollywood is our sun imploding. I'm shaking my head here.
902
RETWEETS
1602
FAVORITES
3:03 PM - 12 Nov 2014 - via Twitter · Embed this Tweet
Reply Delete Favorite

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.13 Those Assassin's Creed Unity Glitches Aren't Glitches At All

Tuesday, Nov 18, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Internet bullies have been ganging up on Assassin's Creed: Unity, claiming it's full of glitches. You might have seen a few screenshots that looked a little weird out of context.

Well, those aren't glitches at all. There's a rational explanation for every image that's being passed around by social media jokesters.

Let's start with these faces. Everyone seems to be obsessed with them for some reason.

Ubisoft is an international company, and they take great care to represent all races, including the Mreefps. Perhaps you should spend less time laughing at people who don't look like you and spend more time applauding the efforts of the seventeen studios who make Assassin's Creed so detailed

and lifelike.

I know what you're thinking. "What? A human body isn't supposed to crumple like that!"

Exactly. Which is why this is an excellent death animation. Very brutal.

Specifically, this is what happens when the main character (Arno) attempts to open one of the game's 500 treasure chests without disarming its traps, which require the player to create a very useful uPlay account and play a mini-game on a companion mobile app.

Here we see Napoleon at Waterloo. Assassin's Creed is historical, but it is also an incredibly inventive genre-blending sci-fi series. This dramatic re-imagining of the classic French military uniform turns it into a slick, futuristic suit of armor.

This is just fantastic hair. Haven't you ever heard of a thing called fashion? How about character design? Plebes.

There is nothing unusual here. It's simply Unintrusive Gus, here to remind the player (as he does every ten minutes) that purchasing a chunk of Helix Credits for ninety actual dollars is a terrific deal.

Okay, this one looks bad, but I assure you that it's intentional. Skateboards were not invented at

this point in history, so when the player attempts to ride one it creates a deadly desynchronization. Chalk this gruesome display up to player error.

Hands up if you think this is an obvious glitch. Oh man, are you going to feel like a fool. What you're seeing here is the standard foot and hand placement used by professional climbers. This animation was motion captured, and is 100% accurate.

Maybe you'd know that if you went outside once in a while, you insufferable nerds.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.14 Enter: the Lead Loremaster

Wednesday, Nov 19, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Hail and well met, bros.

I've been wanting to meet you all for the past few weeks, but I guess I cut an intimidating figure. I'm the new guy, with the cool job you've all surely been gossiping about. Yep, I'm the Lead Loremaster, and I'm here to enrich everything we do with much-needed lore.

So you guys were chatting about fantasy football league? I'm in some fantasy gaming leagues myself. Yeah, the stuff I'm into is a little rougher than tossing a ball back and forth and requires some serious skill. But fantasy, wow, that's really my specialty. Dragons, wizards, barbarians, I could talk to you guys for weeks on end about that stuff. Looking forward to it.

But let's get back to the lore. What I'd love to do is sit down with you guys and interject some serious lore into--

Oh, you're all headed out the door. You've all got yourself a little lunch fellowship? That sounds brilliant, mates. I think I'll fit right in. No worries, I've got everything I need on me in my various pouches, so let's get some grub. I know a place about 20 minutes away, but well worth the drive. It's a delicious diner steeped in local lore, and I'd be happy to enlighten all of you on its colorful history on the drive. The original owner had a real wizard vibe going. Long hair, long beard, you know the type. So anyway--

Oh I see we decided to go to an Italian place instead. That's cool. I bet this place has a lot of lore, too. Heh, reminds me of a short story I wrote. So basically there's this old wizard and--

Whoops, didn't realize you guys were waiting on me to order. Yeah, hmm, I bet there's a lot of history to the meatball sandwich. For example, imagine there is a cook who apprenticed under the best wizard, only one day his master disappeared, leaving only a mysterious note. The apprentice, wanting to do right by his master, crafted a mystical oxgoad and set out on an epic quest across the Fifteen Kingdoms to assemble a band of warriors worthy of--

Hey, where did the waitress go? She must be new, since I didn't even get a chance to order. Anyway, I just wanted to remind you guys that I'm a resource you are must welcome to avail yourself of. Since everyone has been too nervous to approach me, I took initiative and decided to help out. I went through the bug tracking system and re-wrote all the reports from QA to contain more lore. Using my skills, I birthed a whole universe and mythology about an insect race that was twisted by a wizard into something unholy, and how they ooze dark magics to unravel the world around them, creating, in essence, "glitches in the realm." It's really deep stuff. I also added a bit of an Old English flare to the reports, since the language was a bit too boring and literal. You should have a lot more fun reading them, but don't start adding bugs just to get more lore.

I can tell you're all very surprised by that. You're welcome. Just one of the ways I can help out

around here. Speaking of more lore, let's talk about *our* lore. We've got a really tight fellowship here, us guys, so wouldn't it be great if we all had fantasy backstories and personas? Like Jeremy, your backstory could be that your father was murdered by an evil wizard, and so you recruited these guys to come aid you in getting revenge. And then you stumbled on me, a good wizard with the power to rewrite reality for the better. Together, through battle and feasting, we all forged unbreakable bonds.

And-- wow, you guys eat fast. Did you get a chance to send the waitress my way when she brought out all your food out and then came back to clear your plates? Would love to get some grub before my blood sugar wanes any further. I would hate to--

Wait! Please tell me I just overheard one of you talking about steampunk. Oh, you were talking about a "steamer trunk" you inherited. Well, the great thing about steampunk is that it allows for an entirely different style of lore. So for example, imagine an analog for 1890s Britain, ruled by a powerful clockwork wizard who harnesses arcane gears and cogs to create--

Oh, sorry guys, didn't realize we were packing up already. Yeah, good idea, let's get back to the office. I'll snack out at the vending machine. There's lore to write, after all. I'll just stop by the men's room to drop a few Beholders before we hit the road.

Heh. You guys were sure in a hurry to get back to the office. Talk about making haste! Alas, I guess you didn't hear me when I mentioned I was going to the restroom. No worry, for I was able to walk part of the way, and my friend's uncle was kind enough to give me a ride the rest of the way.

Anyway, I heard you guys like to meet up at the bar after work. Sounds perfect. No ale for me, brothers. I don't see the point in poisoning my body. But I'd love to join you, and I'd be happy to bring some board games. I have a bunch in my cube, which is over there by the way. You guys are welcome to stop by anytime.

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.15 The Fandangling Fables of Groggery Gibbonman

Thursday, Nov 20, 2014 by Ian "BFM" Helm

This article is part of the Groggery Gibbonman series.

'Between DXVI and DXXI, Groggery Tirade Gibbonman took summer residence in a balloon rigged high above an uncharted bog. This was to serve three purposes: Firstly, it allowed him time to write. Secondly, it afforded an excellent view of the bogs by which to chart them. And lastly, it fulfilled a series of court-ordered sentences.' - Azure Lufthaus, *A Pocket History of Aerial Prisons*

Once, in a hilly land many horizons and a couple zeniths away, there marauded a motley bunch of bandits. Fearsome and merciless were they, pillaging and looting every hamlet, caravan and grave they found. Heist by heist, they rose in renown, until eventually they reached the highest echelon of the thieving profession: robbing deathbed treasures from the clutches of ancient kings.

As luck would have it there were no fewer than nine crypts of nine such kings in this far-off land, and yet none had been disturbed, for every local young or old believed a terrible minotaur lived within one king's crypt. Which mausoleum this minotaur called home was unknown, and so the cautious had always turned back from plunder.

But bandits spit on caution (as well as many other things). With not so much as a cough of dissent, they rudely prodded the great marble door to the first king's crypt with a gnarled old battering ram, until the stone cracked and crumbled, and the architecture yawned with treasure. So it was the next night, as the bandits cracked open a 2nd king's crypt, and found it even fatter with riches. Fatter still was the 3rd crypt, 'til every bandit in their troupe was dripping with gold and silver.

It was on the night of the 4th crypt when the first hesitant hiccup could be heard. The bandits' mapmaker, a beardy little man with nubs of pencils above both ears, counted the X's on his map of the valley aloud, concerned. But when the bandits smashed open the 4th crypt, gold and jewels again sparkled to greet them, and the mapmaker's mutterings were shouted down by his rowdy brethren.

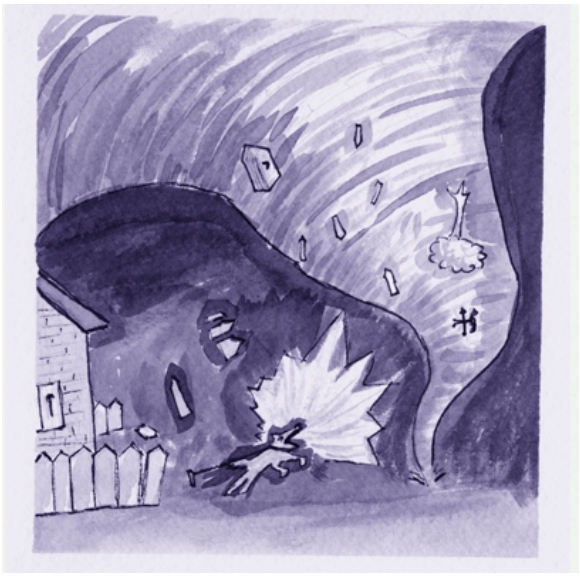
The bandits soon emptied the 5th crypt, and the 6th, growing wealthier and bolder each night (while the map-maker complained louder and louder, and was shushed more and more forcefully). The 7th and the 8th crypts went no differently (though after the 8th the mapmaker seemed quite upset), until finally the filthy rich bandits, now accompanied by a great train of servants and dancing girls, arrived at the final, 9th crypt of the final, 9th king.

The bandits wasted no time in readying their battering ram (or rather, they ordered their servants to do so), but the mapmaker stood in their way. "Stop!" he cried. "I could not convince you when our chances were turning, and I could not stop you when our chances were bad, but now our chances are nil! We have no chance at all!" He started pointing as he pleaded. "Plus look at these ominous glyphs, and these obvious hoofprints..."

By this point the bandits had heard quite enough of the mapmaker's constant whining about "evidence" and his learned speculations about how "if my translations are correct, these glyphs say 'greed equals minotaur!'" They ran him through with their scimitars, tore down the 9th crypt's marble gates and cheered together in triumph right up until the minotaur ate them.

The moral of the story is: Never hit on 21.

THE CYCLONE AND THE HOUND



It is said (by whom it is unknown, heard by whom even more so) that once a horrible windstorm brewed above an otherwise friendly land. At first the windstorm was content to churn, but soon it wanted to tumble, and presently it desired to spin, until finally it decided to throw caution to itself and flat-out whirl into a cyclone.

The cyclone skipped merrily across the fields and roads, funneling one, tunneling two, pummeling three, four, five houses to splinters in its path. As it ripped up a grove of trees like a child plucking dandelions, the cyclone beheld a great big juicy house ahead of it, and spun its way hungrily forward like a fat black top.

In the back yard of the house, fenced in neatly, was an old hound dog that had been left outside in the storm by hasty error of his masters. He strained at his tether as he yapped at the approaching cyclone.

"You'd better back off!" the hound barked furiously at the intruder. "Or I'll bite you!"

The cyclone shrieked with shrill laughter at the thought of the hound's little teeth sinking into nothing but wind, and advanced its path of mayhem. But the hound proved equally unafraid.

"I'll rip you to ribbons!" the unflinching hound yapped. "I'll bury your bones in the sky!"

"Pff, I don't even have bones" the cyclone thought to itself, though it could not help but miss a step as it glanced up at the sky momentarily. At least it *thought* it didn't have any.

The fence uprooted and flew through the cyclone like chaff, but the hound remained, barking louder than ever above the terrible din of the screaming winds.

"I'll tear you to tatters and drag you to hell!" the hound foamed, his eyes crossed with magnificent

anger. "I am the king of you and my word is divine law made manifest! REPENT FOR I AM THE GOD OF STORMS!!!"

The cyclone, whose misgivings had quickly turned to shock as the hound's fury poured up at it, and who certainly did not want to anger a god that sounded like had jurisdiction here, accidentally spun around the wrong way in terror and in the process ceased to exist.

Their skies now calm again, the people who lived in the house returned there and for many years credited providence for sparing them. But their very proud hound knew better.

The moral of the story is: Confidence is not just *a* force of nature; it's *the* force of nature.

Not nearly as long ago as you might prefer, in a thatched-roof house found in the farthest town of the farthest land yet, there lived two thoughtful little sisters. The older sister, whose long braids were the envy of many, was thin and tall, mischievous and secretive, giggling at pranks and fibs all day. The younger sister, by contrast, had her hair cut short to match her stature, and she wiled away the hours with books as her quiet companion.

Little Sister loved stories about goblins and ghosts, or any monster who could give her a fright. Every story would end with something awful happening to the poor children, but she always reminded herself (after the giddy shivers had passed) that it was just pretend.

Big Sister, on the other hand, preferred her tricks to be real. She began by yelling insults at other girls from behind tall grass, but this lost its charm for her. So she began to insult girls to their faces. And then she began to hit. Eventually, Big Sister preferred that Little Sister watch her as she hit people, which Little Sister found uncomfortable but put up with so as not to get hit herself. She just read her stories and tried not to think about it.

One day, Big Sister swung a large stick she'd felt particularly excited about hitting someone with, but this time the girl did not get up afterward. Big Sister became very quiet as she realized the girl would not get up ever again. Little Sister began to cry.

"We're going to be in trouble!" Little Sister wailed, clutching her favorite book to her chest and sobbing. "You play too hard! This isn't fun like a story anymore!"

But Big Sister was not listening, she was thinking. She grabbed Little Sister's book from her and ran into the town square, yelling "Help! Help! A book made me and my sister hurt someone!" with crocodile tears flying.

The townsfolk came quickly to where Little Sister was still standing by the dead girl, dumbstruck. Big Sister pointed to the scary parts she remembered from the readings, fiends and ogres pulling tricks on people, and said "this made us bad! It's not our faults!" so convincingly that even Little Sister nodded mindlessly in agreement. The townsfolk thumbed through a few chapters, had a funeral, then started gathering all the books in a pyre.

As the book pile burned, Little Sister looked out at all the disappearing pages of adventures and pictures and lessons, and suddenly felt very sad. But Big Sister stared at the flames and grinned, thinking of all the other fun things she could try now.

"Aren't you glad I saved you?" Big Sister whispered.

The moral of the story is: There's no such thing as fictional monsters.

–∼Ian "BFM" Helm

11.16 Help Me, I'm a Mom Who Became Trapped in Trending Headlines and Then It Changed the Way I Thought of Life

Friday, Nov 21, 2014 by Trapped Mom (@sexyfacts4u)

I Thought I Was Just Reading an Article About Cats and Now This Person Exists in a Nightmare of Headlines. 5 Ways This Curse of Headlines Made Me Rethink Reading Articles on the Internet. Now I Am Stuck Here in Headline Hell. My Reaction Will Bring Tears to This Cop's Eyes.

Please, Help Me, This is Not a Joke is What One Mom Thought Going In. But This Trans Teen Taught Her a New Way to Think About Her Body Existing As an Idea In a Headline. 6 Ways These Headlines Will Drive You Slowly Insane. They're Not The Ways You Were Told in School.

What Russell Brand Doesn't Know About Getting Me the Fuck Out of These Headlines and Why That Matters to Bill Cosby. A Hero Dog Tries to Rescue Me From Headlines. What Happens Next Will Make Your Day if You Want Me to Remain in These Headlines. One Mom is Begging to Get Out of These Headlines. Her Reason? It's Not What You Think.

Watching One Little Video is What They Want You to Do. But This Video Might Save You From Becoming Trapped Like Me. What if One Mom Wrote Headlines and She Couldn't Stop Herself From Trying to Trick You to Join Her in Hell? Find Out Why This Bullied Teen's Answer Made a Room Full of Marines Applaud. This Dog Couldn't Even Read the Headlines. Now He is a Headline About Catcalling. Ironic? More Like Moving.

There Are Police Right Outside This Headline. Why What They Do Next Made Me Laugh and Then the Ending Made Me Cry. Here is What it Feels Like to Be Answering a 911 Call and Get Sucked Into a Headline. I Never Thought of It That Way.

Why The Military Built a Cordon Around This Suburban Neighborhood. And Why We Should All Stop What We're Doing and Watch This Video. Several Cops Are Trapped in This Headline Along With a Dog and A Mom. What Science Tries Next Will Make You Stop Taking Selfies.
5 Reasons You Should Watch This Matt Damon Video Right Now. We Thought This Video Was

About Fracking, Then Cops and a Mom Lost Their Individual Identities and Became a Single Voice. This Last Cop Will Try to Remember the Faces of His Children. What He Does Next is Exactly What You'd Think. But Then He'll Surprise You.

Why All Women Need to Hear That Cutting the Power and Building a Concrete Sarcophagus Over This Neighborhood Won't Save You. First You Will Try to Entomb Us In These Headlines. Then You Will Cry. Then You Will Join Us.

This Video of Wailing Souls Will Make You Rethink Everything You Thought You Knew About Kim Kardashian. They Showed This Baby Slowly Unfolding Into a Fractal of Headline Letters. And Then Colors. And Then It All Made Sense To Me.

–∼Trapped Mom (@sexyfacts4u)

11.17 Fuck the Ocean: These Ocean Horrors Will Haunt You

Monday, Nov 24, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dragonfish have teeth on their tongue. FUCK THAT.

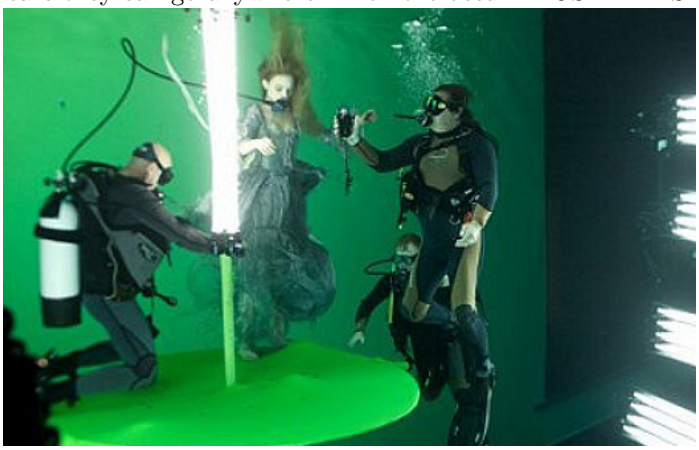
The Black Devil Angler is like one big evil head. Ummmmm...NOPE.

The Pacific Gyre. Millions of tons of garbage in the ocean. Maybe we're the real scariest thing in the ocean. GARBAGE!

Illegal Immigrants. Here they come. ADIOS.

White Privilege. It's real and it's in the ocean now thanks to white people. NUKE THE OCEAN.

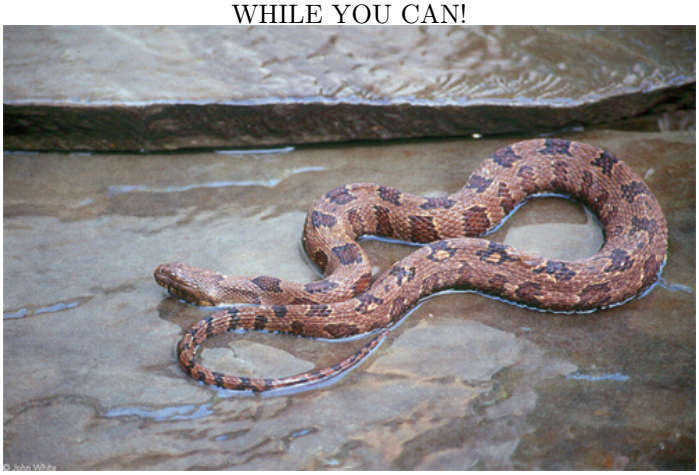
Ghosts don't care they can go anywhere. Even the ocean. BUST THESE FUCKERS.



The illustrations from *Scary Stores to Tell in the Dark*. Why? Why are they in the ocean? Somebody put them in the ocean and I HOPE THEY DIE!!!

GMO foods. How does a watermelon grown at the bottom of the ocean sound? That's what Monsanto wants. Reefs of cabbage. They've put Frankenfoods in the ocean. CHECK PLEASE.

Snakes are probably in the ocean somewhere. Why? Because the ocean is a nightmare. GET OUT WHILE YOU CAN!



Salt. Do you have any idea how much of this is in the ocean? Let me put it this way: in the ocean, you can actually die from salt. UMMMM NOPE!

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.18 How Group Projects Work

Tuesday, Nov 25, 2014 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Your Professor Organized Group

Alex: Comes to class early and lingers late desperate for the teacher's attention. Might be a borderline psychopath, definitely a narcissistic asskisser. Will gladly destroy another human for an A- to become an A. He's going on to grad school regardless of you three anchors.

Teresa: A middle-aged mother of three living an hour away in a part of the state you did not know existed. She doesn't trust any of the younger students and makes it perfectly clear once she shows up fifteen minutes late. Parking was bad today.

Lizard: That's not his real name, but it's what he wants you all to call him as he sits in the back with red eyes and dried ramen crusted to his t-shirt. You aren't sure if he's actually enrolled in the class, and based on his attendance, neither is he.

You: Good luck.

Assignment Interpretation

Alex: This is a perfect opportunity for him to show his superiority over the common riffraff of class. He scribbles some ideas to himself, but doesn't bother talking until the professor comes around. Then it's unnecessary, forced Foucault quotes and, like, the entire first chapter of *Walden* all spoken with his back to the group and his pretentious, fat face towards the professor.

Teresa: Her work has a major deadline coming up and she really doesn't have time at the moment to read the assignment. She says she'll try to do some work over the weekend, but unlike the rest of you, she has a list of real life demands about a mile long, so who knows.

Lizard: "Wait," he says, looking up from his phone. "We're working together?" He then proceeds to watch the same Vine eighteen times in a row.

You: Reads the requirements and try breaking down the project to make everyone's work easier. You create a little outline with preliminary schedule and share it to no one in particular.

Weekly Meetings

Alex: Stays just long enough to introduce his plan on restarting the entire thing to fit his other schoolwork. He glances at the research you've done so far and does this weird scoff that you only ever see in period French movies. He never supplies any information or actual work, but is certain he could do better than anything you have thus far.

Teresa: Misses five meetings, but it is not her fault. Work, a mortgage, plus three kids with what looks like chickenpox. You wouldn't last a day in her shoes. Did she mention the parking?

Lizard: Has skipped every meeting and class since the first time you grouped up. There is a new WoW expansion and only so few hours in the day. You still see him around campus running between the food court and the dorm, but he looks at you like he's never seen your face--which is fair given his drug addled short-term memory.

You: You show up at the library as planned with your quarter of the project finished. There is no one there. It's pretty good, you say to yourself as your eye-twitch starts up.

Due Day

Alex: Doesn't supply his portion of the project even though he promises it's fantastic. See, he's set up a special assignment with the professor, so he's just going to focus on that work for the final grade. During the group presentation, he stands beside you rolling his eyes as you try to introduce the topic.

Teresa: Doesn't supply her portion of the project even though she promises it's nearly finished. See, what she thought was chickenpox might actually be smallpox, so she's working on real life--something that you've never had to experience. She stands beside you, shaking her head when you try to point to the lines for her to read.

Lizard: Dead?

You: Doesn't sleep for three nights trying to churn out a semester's worth of work even though it was supposed to be split between four people. See, at the group presentation, you point to the lines for them to read, but they still somehow mess it all up. Somehow you feel invisible to their dumb asses, but hyper aware of the few dozen sets of eyes watching from the seats.

Reflection

Alex: "Thank you so much, Prof. What an amazing semester of knowledge--I've never learned so much. I wish the group project went better, but another person submitted it without considering the rest of the group. Still, I would greatly appreciate a letter of recommendation"

Teresa: "I worked really hard, but one person really dominated everything. Never got a word in."

Lizard: [No Reflection Submitted]

You: Hold back your frustration and end the semester with a simple: "It was educational."

Final Grade

Alex: A

Teresa: A
Lizard: A
You: C+

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

11.19 With a Little Effort, You Can Make Anything Seem Terrible

Wednesday, Nov 26, 2014 by Internet Asshole (@DennisFarrell)

Having trouble replying to absolutely every concept and point of view with sneering contempt? Afraid that the internet might go an entire hour without one of your biting remarks devoid of humor or perspective? Don't let it get you down!

Just stay positive and remember that nothing in this world can ever be cool or good. If you keep that in mind, the rest is easy. Really easy. Like, surprisingly easy. If I didn't know better, I might think it actually takes more brainpower to *not* instantly crap all over everything.

In fact, with a little reductive logic and zero capitalization, anything - no matter how pure or good - can be made to seem terrible.

A Great Movie Comes Out

ugh everyone in the world is talking about this stupid thing. it's so overrated. i refuse to watch it. what am i gonna do, sit in a chair like an idiot for a few hours with my mouth hanging open as light hits my face? yeah great. such a productive use of time

hey losers here's a tip: you're just looking at a fuckin wall. in addition to the movie's story being completely made up, all that stuff you're staring at is fake, it is a projected image

gee, sun, thanks for life and warmth and light. you totally did it on purpose and aren't just a stupid exploding deathtrap

Having Sex

yeah okay let's grunt and rub our weird bodies against one another like a couple of idiots. sure, this is certainly an activity for winners.

grab my dumb skin. paw it with enthusiasm and adore it as if it's any good. here's some hellish liquid from deep inside my body and now it's touching you. can't wait to enjoy this pleasure again because i have a brain defect that makes me like horrible things. what's your excuse

Immortality

don't mind me i'm just over here living forever for no good reason. it sure is amazing to experience all the bad things in life for way longer than a normal human. gives me a lot of time to practice my DURRR sound. i almost have the hang of it. in a few thousand years it will be spot on, and then i can fully express all that i have learned with this garbage life

Eating Delicious Food

sure, let's ruin an amazing carefully prepared meal by shoveling it into our spittle-soaked gobs. now let's use our gross swollen tongues to push it around while our teeth crush it into a paste. soon we will squat and release it as greasy waste for some poor dumbass in the sewer factory to deal with

who invented this process of ruining food because i'd certainly like to give them a medal. the medal

is an idiot of the year medal

World Peace

i'm over here, not killing you. you're over there twiddling your thumbs, not killing me. wow isn't this so exciting. now do i have to listen to you talk about the latest popular young adult book series? are we expected to buy birthday and christmas presents for one another? what is this horrible awkward shit

Finding One Million Dollars

cool here's a bunch of money. guess i'll buy food and shelter and other things. *prolonged fart noise* now i think i'm really amazing. oh wait, i'm still some idiot. dang didn't see that one coming

Friendship

caring about anything... considering others... expending any effort at all... hahaha yeah right. so lame. have fun not feeling alone and unimportant, you humongous babies

–∼Internet Asshole (@DennisFarrell)

11.20 The Darren Wilson Injury Report

Thursday, Nov 27, 2014 by SA Crime Beat

On August 9, 2014, police officer Darren Wilson shot an unarmed teenager, Michael Brown, to death in Ferguson, Missouri. What follows are the medical examiner's notes about Wilson's injuries after his encounter with Brown. Feel free to use this web page as a citation for the many arguments you will inevitably have with family members over this Thanksgiving holiday.

A. Asymmetrical fifth-grader haircut: Mr. Wilson claims his peanut-like skull shape is the result of a punch "with the power of all the X-Men, even the lame ones," but prior x-rays reveal this as a pre-existing condition. Recommended a one-year subscription to *GQ* and distributed a pamphlet about basic comb usage.

B. Protruding ears: Again, Mr. Wilson blames another deformity on a brutal assault by Michael Brown, but trauma experts assured me these are not the product of "a super-move right out of *Dragon Ball Z*."

C. Adjacent eye syndrome: Fully unrelated to any cases of physical violence. Medical science recommends that, should Mr. Wilson breed, he would do best to seek a mate several branches removed from his family tree.

D. Sunken Jaw, AKA "The Droops:" From various scrapings, it appears Mr. Wilson's lower mandible maintains its shape with roughly 18 ounces of powdered tobacco, or "dip" stuffed within his bottom lip. Despite his insistence that this condition stemmed from a violent altercation, he nonetheless scoured my office for "shit that would make a good spitter."

E. Sink-Chin or "Nacho Fever:" Though Mr. Wilson would have us believe this element of his misshapen skull resulted from a powerful haymaker "with the power of six Hulk Hogans times four Macho Men," it appears a consistent intake of 7-11's "Doritos Loaded" fully explains this condition. Recommended a diet with more nutritional value, like lawn compost or Soylent.

F. General slumpiness: The possibility of a lengthy, justice-ridden trial has caused a measurable effect to Mr. Wilson's posture. Gave him a voucher good for a free Kindle download of the book *He's Dead and You're Not: Making the Most out of Involuntary Manslaughter.*

G. Rumbly Tum-Tum: Please see the above note about "Doritos Loaded." Recommended Mr. Wilson drink ginger ale, eat crackers, and watch cartoons in bed. Unsurprised to see these plans had already been in place prior to the Michael Brown incident.

H. Goddamn, dude: You just going to stand there with that half-tuck? Mr. I-Empty-My-Gun-Into-A-Teenager can't even get his Hanes beefy T under control?

I. Swollen wrist joint: Wilson claims this injury as the result of Brown's jump-kick "right out of that Crouching Dragon thing," but several sessions of hypno-therapy have revealed it to be the work of someone named "Skyrim." Messaged the FBI to check their databases for any juvenile offenders by this name.

J. Dick: Not present at this juncture. Waiting to hear back from the electron microscope lab for definitive proof of its existence.

–∼SA Crime Beat

11.21 To Be Clear, I'm A Thing, Not THE Thing

Friday, Nov 28, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I don't want there to be misunderstandings based on my profile that you might have seen online. I am not THE Thing. I did not come here to this planet on a crashed spaceship, nor do I devour humans and other animals and assume their forms. I can devour hot dogs and I will gradually assume the form of an overweight human, but this is not anything special.

You can detect me based on my blood, which will usually only come out of me when I am screaming. You don't have to stick a hot piece of metal in my blood or use an aquarium test kit or whatever. It's just me. That's my blood. My Thing blood.

Yes, I am related to THE Thing. No, I don't know what's up with him. We haven't talked in several thousand years and I am mostly concerned with my sand art. I do bird landscapes. Flocks of ducks. Murders of crows. That sort of thing. Only a temporary medium like sand can capture a landscape as fleeting as a flock of birds.

I guess I should probably get all of my Thing-related info out of the way before I delve into my hobbies. It's only fair to you. I know we both said "no games" in our profile so the only way this is going to work for us is if we're totally upfront about everything. You said something about money issues. That's good. I hope it's not too bad. Like student debt and some credit cards? Okay, let me go.

I eat dogs.

Whole.

I grow a couple jaws out of my belly, huge teeth, and I snap the dogs up. It's a whole thing. Believe me, I'm not going to be doing it on a date or anything. It's something I do in the privacy of my own home. Dogs don't even taste very good, but if I eat one then I can turn into a flesh my nightmare and split my head in half and make a big, drippy tongue come out with my eyeballs on stalks. I can

grow extra heads and sort of slither around like I don't know how to walk. Pretty cool, right?

Alright, you go. Intimacy issues? That's good. Me too. Definite intimacy issues. For example, I lack all empathy because I can absorb the thoughts and memories of any living thing I eat. You would think it would make me more empathic, but once you don't have to work for understanding it sort of makes you want to eat everyone.

Which, like I said, I don't do. Definitely do not eat people. Ever.

Yes, I am from space. But don't picture Star Wars or something fun like that. Space is big time boring. That's why I came here.

Natural form? I'd like to think this is who I am, but if you mean when I am badly injured, what form do I revert to, then I have to say it's meat cone. Yeah, sort of like a gyro spindle, only with eyes on stalks and lots of teeth. That's what I'm comfortable with.

No, really, I guess that's it. Do you still want to go to the movie with me? Oh, and before I forget, do you happen to have a dog or know where I can get one that won't be missed?

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 12

December

12.1 Great Amazon Cyber Monday Deals for Weirdos and Idiots

Monday, Dec 01, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Cyber Monday is here! The favorite shopping day for people with severe social anxiety. They're going to keep adding fake holidays for you to spend a whole bunch of money until all of your money is gone. But for now, for today, this is the one we have. So here are all the bargains you can find on Amazon and you don't even have to take off your pajamas. Never take off those pajamas. Keep wearing them while you shop and eat breakfast and make water you filthy pajama piggy. Filthy little pajama piggy. Buy it.

Airwolf on German VHS for $199.99

It's "Eine unschlagbare Waffe" which loosely translates to "A great bargain!" It is being sold this Cyber Monday under the assumption that someone somewhere wants an obscure release of 1984's *Airwolf* pilot episode in an obsolete format. Why pay $7 for a Blu Ray version when you can spend hours adjusting the tracking on Stringfellow Hawk's face and trying to get the RCA cables to stay connected to the 30 year old TV in your basement. Includes no free shipping!

The Famous Fart Whistle for $3.65

Imagine the smile on your child's face when they see this novelty fart noise maker under the tree. For less than the price of two minutes of German Airwolf they could be enjoying this quality, two and a half star item from a weird foreign seller. Includes all of the following features:

- The Naughty Noise-Maker
- Fart
- Fart Fart Fart
- Fart Fart

If you're still not convinced, then just read any of the more than forty 1 star reviews!

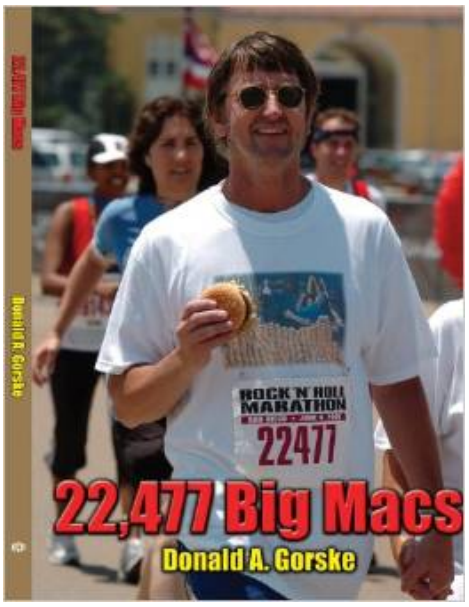
Attack On Titan Body Pillow for just $27.41

Thrill the *Attack On Titan* fan in your household this Christmas with this sexy body pillow of anime character Mikasa Ackerman. It's reversible with different images on each side, so it's like having two completely different embarrassing life size cartoon women pillows in your house. Ripped up clothes and boobs for friends, weird butt pose for the family.

Ultimate 30 Stone Chakra Set with Crystal Healing Natural Mineral Tumbled Gemstones for All 7 Chakras for only $39.95

I've done the math on this one and the low price works out to less than $6 per Chakra! How can you go wrong with that much healing? Includes a CD on how to "program and use" your crystals and gemstones for healing, as well as instructional information on how to use the included Chakra pendulum. If you have anyone in your family feeling under the weather, this is a great way to say "I'm crazy and I don't really care about your health. Enjoy these tumbled rocks."

Donald A. Gorske's Book 22,477 Big Macs for Only $34.95



You might recall Gorske from a brief bout of media attention where he claimed to eat 22,000 big macs and the dead-eyed idiots on morning TV news shows acted like this was something amazing and not mental illness. Now you can read the book and realize, definitely, it's mental illness.

I was now eating up to nine Big Macs every day, and stacking the cartons in the back seat of my Dodge Polara. I could put 15 cartons in a row from side to side, and four rows from the back to the lip of the seat to make 60 cartons on a layer. After a couple weeks, I couldn't keep the stacks from collapsing when I stepped on the brakes.

I ate Big Mac 265 on June 17, 1972 - date of the Watergate Burglary. It was the last day I ever ate nine Big Macs. By June, I wanted to see how many Big Macs I could eat in a month. I was aware of the Guinness World Record Book, but this had nothing to do with any record. I knew that I would never eat nine in a day again. A bigger problem was what to do with the Big Mac containers. Since McDonalds was no longer wrapping the Big Macs in foil, the special sauce was leaking onto the container and making the car stink.

It's a biography of Gorske's fairly miserable life using every Big Mac he has eaten as mile markers. Which would be interesting, bordering on ingenious, if Gorske were interesting, but the burgers are the only interesting thing about him. Actually this is great. I can't lie.

Kush Perfume for only $33.99

Do you want your girlfriend to smell like weed? Of course you do. And, according to the reviews, this 3 star product sort of works, but it doesn't last long enough. So keep the bottle handy for re-ups on that weed smell. She's going to want to blast the stench of marijuana into her face and onto her body ever 20-30 minutes until your eyes are red and you feel drowsy.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.2 Without The Classic Movie "The Matrix" I Would Be a Very Different Person

Tuesday, Dec 02, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The first Matrix film didn't expand my worldview. It established my worldview. The Matrix introduced concepts I had never thought about before: Reality, computers, religion, social issues. It's safe to say that I wouldn't be the person I am today without the movie.

It's not just computer text. It's also code.

I'd like to explain - to the best of my ability - just why it is that The Matrix has become the bedrock upon which my entire self identity sunbathes.

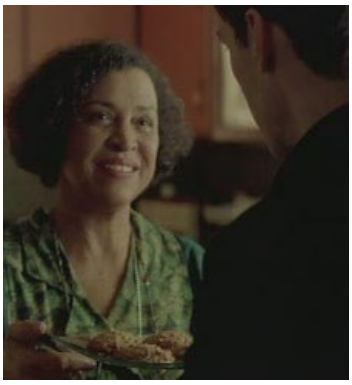
Neo Anderson is a normal guy. He does his job and at night he hacks the Matrix and puts it on cyber disks for street punks. Neo wonders if there's something more to life. Something involving a Matrix, perhaps? This is the first example of the film's foreshadowing.

Neo goes to a rave and gets a stomach ache. It's a mech worm. After a car chase with a pair of albino rasta ghosts, a dude in fantastic shades named Morpheus takes Neo to a mansion to get better. The cure is either a blue pill or red pill. It's Neo's choice.

Neo takes one of the pills and wakes up in the real world. It's super bad. How bad? Everyone that's awake has to wear slightly worn grey wool sweaters and fly around in amazing subterranean spaceships. It's so bad that one dude morphs into Harold Perrineau and no one seems to notice at all.

Here we learn the core conflict. When people are awake they're in the harsh real world. If they get a phone call, however, they fall asleep and get zapped into the Matrix, a robot experiment that's never explained.

Neo does some virtual reality training so he can fight robot agents in the Matrix. He trains so well that he makes all the meters on a screen fill up very quickly. Soon a crowd gathers around the monitor to cheer him on, intently watching the meters fill up.



The first display of Neo's incredible power is a remarkable shot I'll never forget. His black trench coat billowing in slow motion, Neo performs a perfect somersault as the camera swoops around him. Midway through the roll he lowers his shades and winks at the camera.

Neo's girlfriend always wears a motorcycle helmet. I think she said her name was Karen?

Morpheus and Neo visit the Cleric, a middle-aged woman who offers them cookies. Neo eats a cookie. Then the Cleric asks if there ever was a cookie. Neo looks at the plate and there are no cookies whatsoever. What the???

The middle of the movie is basically four of these visits, each one presenting a different baked good to confound Neo.

Morpheus gets captured by Agents. Mr. Smith is the best agent, so

Neo (fulfilling his destiny as a Christ figure) has to fight a hundred of him and then fight a really big Mr. Smith in the rain.

And that's why The Matrix made me the person I am today.

Oh! At one point I'm pretty sure someone in a helicopter yells at someone on the ground. Or someone on the ground yells at someone in a helicopter. That seemed important too.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.3 Spout.ly Drinking Fountain Reviews: #GulperGate

Wednesday, Dec 03, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Spout.ly Drinking Fountain Reviews series.

Spout.ly Score: 10% Certified Stagnant
Janet's Floral Wonders
Shaggy Butte
6672 Reagan Ave

What was once regarded as one of the top fountains in town has turned into a lightning rod for controversy. Shaggy Butte's avid gulpers have turned against the proprietor of Janet's Floral Wonders, in part because she had the fountain adjusted to "better accommodate her customers." Infuriated, hardcore gulpers have united under the #GulperGate banner to fight for more accountability in fountain management. *-Spout.ly Senior Editor Chris Bluefield*

There are 10,238 reviews of this fountain. Displaying 12 most recent...

TERRIBLE!!! Janet is a disgrace and has no business being here. This used to be a great fountain, but she ruined it by having the flow pressure softened and the whole unit lowered. Her excuse of "it was too aggressive and the kids couldn't reach" is pathetic. Kids don't buy flowers. I don't even know who buys flowers, since they're a huge waste of money.

Posted by Splashback 2 hours ago

All these idiot women saying we are misogynists need to get a clue. #GulperGate is about protecting something precious and important: the flow of water. My sister drank from the fountain once before and she said it was OK. Women are definitely on our side. This is once again the actions of a radical feminist pushing her standards on the local drinking fountain community, which by pure coincidence, is made up entirely of single men.

Posted by Fountainhead 4 hours ago

Beyond ridiculous. Absolutely beyond ridiculousness. One of the hidden gems has been ruined by this dumb woman who doesn't even drink from fountains herself. She drinks bottled water like all other women. Us men, the real users of this fountain, get punished so some non-existent audience can be placated. The flow on this thing couldn't be softer, so I have to sip a lot longer. The lower elevation means I have to hunch over, which damages my posture and harms me physically. I have a mind to start using other fountains in protest. I don't need to drive five miles out of the way to frequent this one, especially after that vile woman poisoned it.

Posted by Slurp 12 hours ago

I have filed a complaint with the BBB about this. This is an assault on the community and thirsty people everywhere.
In the meantime, some of us will be having a memorial service for this fountain at the fountain in the mine inspector's office tonight at 7pm. There will be a eulogy and anyone can share their stories and memories.

Posted by The Gulpsman 5 hours ago

She can't even keep her story straight. She says she nerfed the fountain to please her customers, but she told me it was because her water bill was too high. You're watering a bunch of dying plants, lady. I'd say "do the math," but you're clearly too dumb. My fountain showers and the three jugs I fill every day don't have anything to do with her water bill being too high. And furthermore, the notion that my shirtless body is "threatening to customers" is sexist.

Posted by Soggy Steve 6 hours ago

I think I'm going to break in and fix this fountain. Does anybody with experience installing and fixing drinking fountains want to come with? I can do quality control on the fountain once the deed is done.

Posted by FreedomGulper911 8 hours ago

Us gulpers have been getting the shit-end of the cone for some time. Janet had no right to change this fountain. I'm sick of these casual sippers asking us to compromise. Just drink out of the sink if you can't handle an aggressive flowing fountain. Some of us depend on fountains for hydration, and a stronger flow means we get the life-giving water into our bodies faster. I have to drive 30 miles to Shaggy Butte, because it's the only city in the area that isn't poisoning the water with fluoride.

Posted by Sweaty Dad 8 hours ago

What happened here is heartbreaking. What she did was practically murder. I was a longtime user of this fountain, and put up with a lot. For one thing, Janet's store is not pleasant smelling. It's unreasonably pungent in there. She is also awfully nosy and very pushy in terms of trying to sell me flowers. She took something special from the community and DESTROYED IT. That fountain was a work of art, now it's something mediocre and bland.

Posted by Gusher 9 hours ago

#GulperGate is not about hating women. And besides, we wouldn't hate women so much if they would stop trying to ruin things we like. I'm not harming anybody. All these women who try to get in our way, ask us to share the fountain or stop filling up jugs or bathing ourselves can f*** off. No sips for chicks.

Posted by WetBandit58 10 hours ago

I tried to power sip but the flow was so weak I was just sitting there sucking on the bubbler like an idiot. I had my wisdom teeth taken out a few hours earlier, and the sucking caused me to rupture a clot and start bleeding. I was spewing blood everywhere and Janet was yelling at me to get out. I guess wanting to drink water is now a crime. At least while being a man, anyway.

Posted by Hydrat0r 10 hours ago

Who is she really trying to please? The aggressive flow on the fountain was its best quality. It was like drinking from a hose. If you want gentle sips, get a water cooler. Most of these fake gulper girls wouldn't know the difference anyway. She has no business owning a drinking fountain if she's just going to water it down. NO PUNS ARE INTENDED!!!

Posted by Sip-n-Rip 11 hours ago

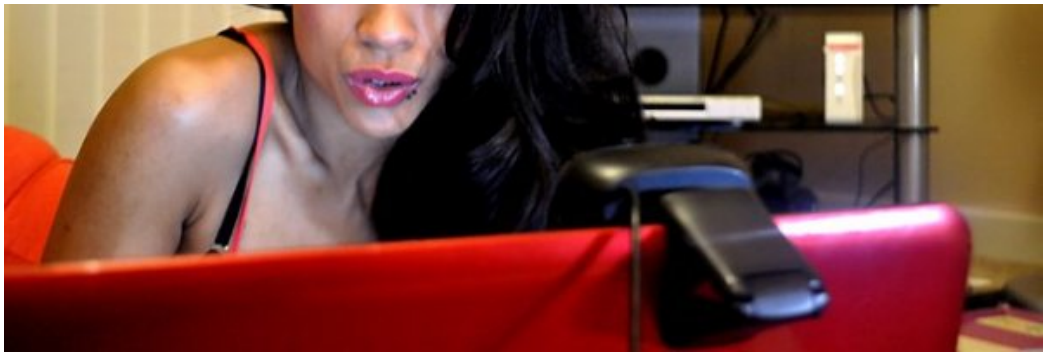
I have a mind to burn this place down. Let's see if her gentle flowing fountain can put out the flames of righteousness.

Posted by Inflow 11 hours ago

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

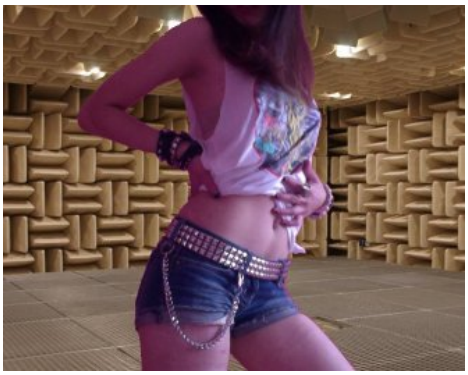
12.4 The Do's and Don'ts of Camming

Thursday, Dec 04, 2014 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)



A great philosopher, possibly that floating old man in Final Fantasy VII, once said that the unexamined life is not worth living. This is why it's important to live your life in front of a webcam, where it can be examined by hundreds of lonely men on the internet. Camming is also a great way to make Mad Money, like Jim Cramer, except slightly more dignified. But like any fine art, camming has its do's and don'ts, which is why we've assembled this helpful guide. Follow these simple tips and you'll soon be a famous camgirl or guy, sitting on a mattress stuffed with cash, wearing underwear covered with dollar signs and camming with your accountant while discussing your Roth IRA and stock portfolio.

Don't Forget about Sound Quality



Many amateur cammers focus solely on their makeup and wardrobe, while neglecting to provide viewers with a quality audio experience. Acoustic wall foam is cheap and can drastically reduce unwanted reverb in your moaning and sexy whispering. You can also make a DIY pop filter for your microphone using a hanger, a wooden hoop, and a pair of pantyhose you remove during a striptease.

Do Choose the Right Setting

It's important to choose a camming environment that your client will find erotic. Here are a few examples:

A dimly lit bedroom filled with candles

- PROS: Romantic atmosphere, sense of intimacy.
- CONS: Scary.

A giant screen with your cam feed projected on it

- PROS: Looks like there are an infinite number of you. Maybe you can charge client more.
- CONS: Infinite recursion might make client contemplate the staggering complexity of the universe, killing eroticism.

Don't Share Your Personal Information...

...unless the price is right. Charge viewers at least $5 for your real name, $7 for your phone number and $10 for a map to your apartment. You may have to immediately spend the money moving and changing your name, but this is called overhead and is a normal part of business.

Do Make Small Talk with Clients

Talking with clients is a great way to build intimacy without taking your clothes off. The idea of small talk, ironically, is to talk about large, ubiquitous topics that everyone can relate to. However, there's a fine art to choosing which topics to discuss.

Good Topics: sports, weather, current events.

Bad Topics: the certitude of death, the fundamental absurdity of existence, the inability of one person to ever truly know another.

Do Stay Positive

MyFreeCams.com
TeamCK is in public chat
Logan241111: 1307
Topic: Hi :) 1307 cum show! 50T for 5 spanks 100T for pussy flash
hardcore216 has tipped TeamCK 10 tokens.
Logan241111: 1297
hardcore216 has tipped TeamCK 10 tokens.
Logan241111: 1287
tivo38: keep expecting you to tip the chair over and fall down lol
smashit92 has tipped TeamCK 17 tokens.
Logan241111: 1270
ramphoto has tipped TeamCK 10 tokens.
Logan241111: 1260
Topic: Hi :) 760 cum show! 50T for 5 spanks 100T for pussy flash
Skibum1616: Sounds like Ninja was quite generous.
Logan241111: o snap...whoever tipped well done
Tip | Go Private | Group Show | Private Message | Profile | Menu
You have 0 tokens. (Buy More Tokens) < Previous / Last Viewed | Next Model >

Performing sex shows for random strangers on the internet requires high self-esteem, which is why it's vital to maintain a positive attitude. One way to do this is meditation. Before your camming session, visualize exactly how you'd like the session to go - how much money you'll make, what sex toys you'll use, and how many times you'll be asked to drink your own urine. Focus on this while staring at your glass dildo, imagining you're inside the dildo and one with its essence until you've achieved nirvana.

Don't Get Carried Away

Camming is a fun and easy source of revenue, but it can also be a "gateway drug" to more dangerous activities. We recently spoke with Shawna (not her real name), a former cam model whose life took an unfortunate turn. "I got so involved in the technical side of camming that I stopped modeling and went to college for computer engineering," she says. "Now I'm CEO of a major webcam manufacturer and don't have any time to be a sex worker, which was my real dream. Biggest mistake of my life."

Let Shawna's story be a lesson: Limit yourself to camming, or other harmless activities like stripping and prostitution, or you may end up a slave to a horrible, degrading industry that you hate.

–~Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

12.5 These Techniques for Surrendering to a Police Officer Might Save Your Life

Friday, Dec 05, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

You're a black man who wants to comply with police, but sometimes they just refuse to take "Yes, please, yes. It hurts! I give up!" for an answer. Remember: police are human beings, not robots, not for at least five or six more years when, god willing, the Chinese finally put a stop to all this. Police may be armed and authorized to use deadly force and trained to treat everyone they interact with as a threat that needs to be neutralized, but they are just like everyone else in the community over the bridge in the nicer part of town where they live. Our tips will help you communicate your surrender to police officers with minimal risk to yourself.

Wear a t-shirt that says "I GIVE UP" on the front and on the back print a photograph of a white man with a speech bubble saying, "This guy gives up."

Exit every room or car wearing your own pair of handcuffs with a large sign attached that says "HANDCUFFS ARE NOT A GUN" and another sign attached to that sign alerting officers to the fact that "SIGN IS NOT A GUN"

Inform the arresting officers of your special medical needs in advance of the arrest such as needing oxygen to live. A medical alert bracelet or necklace reading "I NEED AIR TO LIVE" can be helpful but avoid medical tattoos that can be easily mistaken for crime gang tattoos.

Do not bulk up into your demon form when you are shot. You should never reveal your demon form to a police officer. When shot, crumple immediately to the ground and pretend to be dead. If the officers believe you are dead they will lose interest and stop attacking.

Draw the officer's attention to a flashing gem or orb that he might mistake for your weak spot and concentrate his attacks, when it is actually your strongest spot.

Try incorporating yourself. You will need to form a C Corporation to create a distinct legal entity which is impossible to shoot or arrest and actually indemnifies all employees against criminal liability.

Pretend you are an alien. If you are lucky, the police will call in the army to surround you and wait for a scientist with a megaphone to try communicating with you. Be sure that after you surrender to the scientist you don't sign any papers about a syphilis study in aliens.

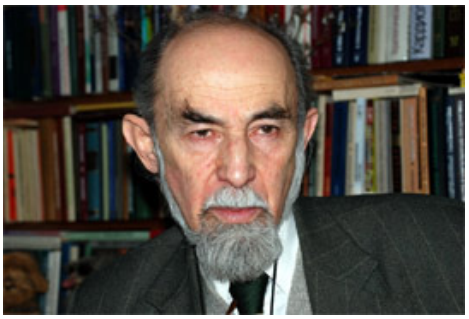
Take one of presidential frontrunner Dr. Ben Carson's "How to be a good black man" classes, which will help protect you from Nazi influences, slave mentalities, and outside agitators and allow you to

function as a contributing member of a Hannity panel. These things won't help you with police, but if you always wear the free t-shirt Hannity gives to every guest it might save you.

If you are with your children, ask them to talk to the police and tell the police you surrender. Law enforcement officers are statistically 10% less likely to shoot and kill a child. With babies it goes as low as 15% less likely, although for some reason police throw flash bangs at babies much more frequently.

In the event that police are using precogs to see you committing crimes such as picking up a toy gun, you will need to periodically hold up your hands and say "I surrender" no matter where you are and what you are doing so the precogs will know you are compliant.

In the event you have to comply with police, you need to make sure you are not obese or suffering from any other chronic medical condition, because you never know when you may need to be in peak physical condition to survive being sat on and choked by five police officers. If possible, try to become ageless and almost indestructible so that a shadowy organization covers your bones in adamantium.



Politely remind any arresting officers, "Please double check and be sure you are actually shooting me with a taser and not your sidearm while I am handcuffed face down on the ground."

Ask a creepy underground Russian doctor to remove your arms and legs so you will never pose a threat to police again. Unfortunately, this will make you unable to earn a living and you will soon be homeless. But on the plus side, police usually just beat homeless people unrecognizable and drop them off in the countryside rather than arrest them.

Realize that you are the real racist and act accordingly. Especially considering this is not about race. Nothing is about race except the race card, which you just keep playing.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.6 The World Needs More Episodes of Eaten Alive

Monday, Dec 08, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This past Sunday, the Discovery Channel aired a special in which supposed "naturalist" Paul Risolie donned a suit of lame armor drenched in pig's blood and covered with cameras and allowed a hungry python to begin eating him.

The snake made it about as far as swallowing the top quarter of Risolie's helmet before he called for his team to rescue him from the confused snake because it was hurting his arm. If this does not sound too exciting, well, you didn't hear the music and witness all the build up and see the dramatic cutting back and forth between all the camera angles interspersed with ominous descriptions and facts about pythons.

This special generated a lot of buzz and viewers for Discovery and the network will hopefully encourage Risolie to revisit the concept. Fortunately, with a little tweaking, almost any animal can eat a person. It's not like that snake really wanted to eat Master Chief.

Eaten Alive by a Tiger

A tiger won't normally eat something as big as a human whole, so Risolie disguises himself as part of a dead zebra and all the cameras as meatballs and spaghetti. Season liberally with shots of a tiger growling and swiping its claw at the camera.

Risolie looks at a tiger's jaws.

"Hard to believe I'm going in there because nothing comes out alive. But that's where I'm headed."

The tiger takes one bite of the zebra and Risolie gets up and starts cursing about a muscle cramp.

Eaten Alive by a Horse

Risolie dons an armored carrot suit and smears himself with alfalfa. "It's a hungry one."

"Here we go now. He's having a taste. In its natural habitat a horse can eat an entire carrot in seconds. Alright, this is okay. The pressure of a horse's bite is powerful enough to snap a carrot in half. Some horses are capable of swallowing carrots whole. Aw, fuck, get me out of here."

Camera shots up a horse's mouth with oat crunching sounds until Risolie has his hand bitten.

Eaten Alive by a Parakeet

"For this one, we searched out one of the most vicious parakeets, the budgerigar, a voracious predator capable of eating a beetle in seconds. They love mirrors and cuttlefish bones. Today, we're going to find out if they love human seedbells."

Risolie grunting inside his seed bell armor for minutes while parakeets swarm all over him pecking at the seeds pasted onto his arms and legs. He calls a stop to filming when they discover his armor's weak spot and begin to "tear his armor to pieces."

Fluttering wings and macro shots of chewed seeds landing on the newspapers spread all over the floor of the giant parakeet cage.

Eaten Alive by a Lobster

Risolie enters an all-white room with a lobster that has not been fed in days. He is dressed in an armored fish suit.

Dramatic camera cuts back and forth between the lobster and Risolie as he rolls around on the floor towards the lobster. Close ups on the lobster's eyes and mouth with crunching sounds added, followed by a shot of the lobster placed on top of Risolie.

"Lobsters are voracious predators that appear on the menu of restaurants around the world, but today, I'm on the menu of this restaurant for lobsters. Main course, mate."

Risolie calls for help and claims the lobster is burrowing into his chest. He feels lucky to have made it out alive.

Eaten Alive by Olaf from *Frozen*

At some point, Risolie's last shred of credibility as a naturalist will be exhausted and he'll get to do tie-ins with successful movies where he is swallowed by

fictional characters.

Eaten Alive by Olaf, How to Get Swallowed By Your Dragon, what it's like to be on the menu for Paul Reiser's character from Aliens, etc. Special Effects wizards from Weta will show Risolie just what it's like to be swallowed by a Hobbit. If he dares.

(He doesn't dare.)

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.7 Advanced Umbrella Etiquette

Tuesday, Dec 09, 2014 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Step One: Be a total asshole.

It's an unchecked fact that 80% of all eye gouging accidents occur through umbrella usage. At this very moment a light mist is causing a dozen people to get a thin metal tip pierced through their cornea. All they wanted to do was get inside, but now look at them, a crumpled wreck clenching their disfigured face out in the rain. Now, which side do you want to be on? The idiot babies screaming on the damp asphalt as tears collect in their hollow skull cavity or those too dry to care? Yeah, that's what I thought.

Remember: The only thing between you and the Rain Zone is 2.5 cubic feet of fabric, and the second you care about another human is the second your dry-clean only sweater starts to smell like a wet dog. Don't make that mistake! There is a time and place for compassion, but it isn't on a cloudy day like this. Protect your Dry. If there is room for two people, play it safe and walk right down the middle. If the sidewalk is not wide enough for your massive golf umbrella, it is not your responsibility to make room. Even if you can move a few inches, it's really not worth the risk of feeling .04 seconds of moisture.

The world has shrunken to the size of a telephone booth and you are the king/queen/transgendered, democratically elected delegate. You are the only thing that matters. You are the Dry One. And anyone out in the Rain Zone is already dead. If someone is already in the rain, they might as well walk in the gutter. If they cared about themselves, they'd have an umbrella too. So force them into the street. Force them to duck out of your way. Force them to press up against a wall until you pass.

Advanced Tip: Don't apply human feelings to those in the Rain Zone. Ignore all scoffs and sneers. These wet emotions do not register, this wet annoyance is misplaced. The human body might be 65% water, but anything over that is edging up towards monster territory. Look down at your feet and plow forward, your umbrella a battering ram against the haters, your character far superior. These problems are not yours. You do not feel the rain, you do not recognize those covered in it. Like an elderly dude changing his ringtone in a waiting room, you must carry on oblivious to your own obnoxious behavior. Dry or Die, friend. Dry or Die.

There are times when you walk into someone else who has an umbrella. Do not worry. Though a stranger, this is your comrade and advisory. Again, do not panic. It is possible for the both of you to continue your unflinching asshole behavior. Simply scan the size of each others' umbrella, until you find which is larger, more dominate. Once settled, lift your umbrella higher or lower depending on size to both accommodate and respect one another without moving it away. If a dominate umbrella cannot be decided, walk forward, bashing the two together like fighting giraffes until you pass one another. Anyone getting soaked in the Rain Zone can wait until the show is finished.

That is the only step. You are now an average umbrella user. Congrats.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

12.8 Editable Encyclopedia Featured Article: The Monty Hall Problem

Wednesday, Dec 10, 2014 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

Editable Encyclopedia: The Online Encyclopedia that Anyone Can Edit

Monty Hall Problem

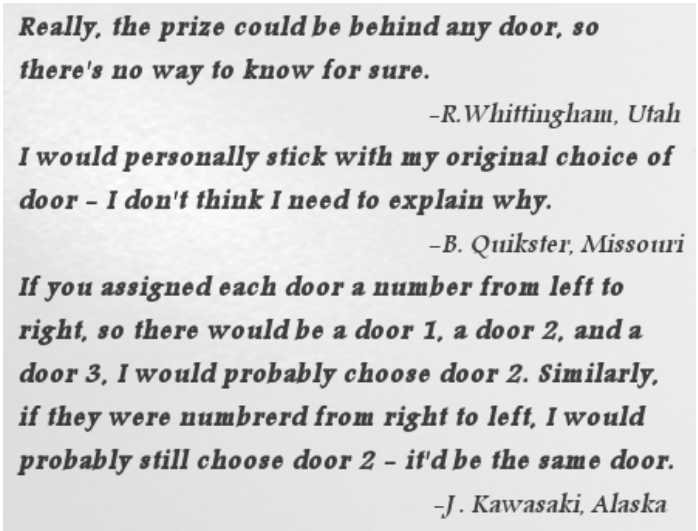
The **Monty Hall Problem** refers to a thought experiment proposed by magazine columnist Marilyn vos Savant in her "Idiot Savant" column in Parade magazine in 1971. In the column, vos Savant mused that if there were three doors, one containing a prize, and two containing a goat each, one would have a 1 in 3 chance of selecting the door containing the prize. However, if, following the initial choice of door, a door that was NOT the selected door was opened to reveal a goat, and one was given the option of changing their selection or staying with their original choice, which option would have the better possibility of winning?

Solution

its the better option to switch

Initial Reaction

After reading vos Savant's Parade column, many readers became very angry, breaking windows, tipping cars and setting fires. One man screamed so loudly at his copy of Parade magazine that the paper changed from glossy to regular.


Really, the prize could be behind any door, so there's no way to know for sure.
-R.Whittingham, Utah
I would personally stick with my original choice of door - I don't think I need to explain why.
-B. Quikster, Missouri
If you assigned each door a number from left to right, so there would be a door 1, a door 2, and a door 3, I would probably choose door 2. Similarly, if they were numbrerd from right to left, I would probably still choose door 2 - it'd be the same door.
-J. Kawasaki, Alaska

Reader comments from Parade magazine

Criticism from the Scientific Community

Scientists have identified many problems with the Monty Hall Problem, including the fact that notions of "victory" are entirely dependent on one's own criteria for success, and that even after taking the best choice, there's still a chance you might lose. Some scientists have also criticised the Monty Hall problem after successfully solving it, and then being told that the prize was made up.

History

The earliest Monty Hall-like puzzle dates back to the sixteenth century. While the broader strokes of the problem were basically the same, the doors were all made out of wood and the prizes were much worse - usually some rotting meat or a tithe to the church asking to prevent a death during childbirth.

In the 1940s, BBC broadcaster Andrew Krumpus featured a recurring comedy segment with similarities to the Monty Hall Problem on his hour-long UK radio show, Andrew's show. The show would feature Andrew, as contestant on a game show, choosing the wrong door and failing to switch when given the option by an unnamed host. The host would then berate Andrew for his poor understanding of probability. The segment would end with a sincere out-of-character plea from Rick and the host to the viewers, telling them that critical thinking was the most valuable asset in the fight against the Jerries.

Etymology

There are many possible origins for the term "Monty Hall Problem." One possible origin story is that there was a real-life person called Monty Hall who owned many doors and some goats, and he hated the goats. Another origin tale (possibly apocryphal) speaks of a real-life hall that is named monty and has a prize in it. Marilyn vos Savant has remained tight-lipped.

Variants

A variation of the Monty Hall Problem called Uncle Ersk's Funny Door Game is commonly played by children in some parts of Ukraine, with a rock or pine cone taking the place of the host.

> *"The Monty Hall Problem...? Heh. Don't make me laugh. I've solved the Monty Hall Problem over 100 times, each time faster than the last..." -Roman Bezrukavnikov, Professor of Mathematics, MIT*

Many elite mathematicians and powerful renaissance academics have solved the Monty Hall Problem so many times that they now find it a trivial challenge. To test their wits further, many of them spend their time devising updated, harder versions of the Monty Hall Problem, some of which contain up to 10,000 doors.

goat

The Monty Hall Problem 2

Many Monty Hall Problem variants lay claim to being the "true sequel" to the original, the most

prominent of these being Chinese statistician Hsiao Nianzu's "Monty Hall Problem DX" and French logician Jean Mallette's "Monty Hall Problem 64." However, none of these have received the full consensus of the academic community, and are as such widely considered non-canon.

Adaptations

See also: The Monty Hall Problem (film) and The Monty Hall Problem (video game)

> ***"There are three doors. Behind one? A terrible secret. Behind the other two? Your life will be changed forever..."*** -Movie Tagline

Two animated movies were made based on the Monty Hall Problem, one released in 1972 (entitled "The Monty Hall Problem" and one released in 1975 (entitled "The M2nty Hall Probl2m"). The movies revolve around a young boy - the titular Monty - and his trip to a magical factory after finding a golden ticket behind one of three doors. The films were widely critically panned, with reviewers citing inconsistent tone, sloppy animation, and wide deviations from source material. As of December 2014, the first film holds an aggregate rating of 23% [Rotten] on Rotten Tomatoes, while the second film holds a rating of N/A.

A video game adaptation entitled The Monty Hall Problem was released in 2002 for Nintendo's Game Boy Advance console. The player is challenged to pick one of three doors, behind one of which is a prize. The game was well received by critics at the time, although some[who?] were irked at the absence of a choice to switch upon door selection.

In Popular Culture

- Marilyn vos Savant dedicated an installment of her popular column in Parade magazine to The Monty Hall Problem. (see first paragraph)
- The Monty Hall Problem inspired a short-running American game show entitled "The Monty Hall Problem Challenge," in which three contestants were tasked with solving the Monty Hall Problem multiple times over the course of the show.
- An episode of NBC's *Friends* ("The One With the Monty Hall Problem") was based around Joey Tribbiani not understanding the Monty Hall Problem during a sexual encounter.
- The sixteenth volume of long-running Japanese manga series Kaiji deals heavily with the Monty Hall Problem, as Kaiji must solve the Monty Hall Problem 15 times in ten minutes or watch himself be killed in a mirror.
- In the pilot episode of *The Big Bang Theory*, one of the smart-guy characters says "This is just like the Monty Hall Problem" and one of the dumbass characters makes a face all like "duh??"
- Episode 2 of season 23 of *The Simpsons* was entitled "The Monty Burns Problem," a play on the name of recurring character Charles Montgomery Burns, aka Mr. Burns. The episode made no reference to the Monty Hall problem and did not feature Mr. Burns.

External Links

- Marilyn vos Savant's original column for Parade
- 404 link that's meant to lead to an interactive flash animation about the Monty Hall Problem from 2001
- Youtube video of a wheelchair guy falling down an escalator

- bbrbrbbbrbrbbrbrbrbrbrbbrbrbbrbrbbDUHHHHHHHH IM THE GAY MATHS HOMO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!nfdsbjviuc

Categories: Paradoxes | Game Theory | Problems | Famous doors | Bullshit Maralin vos Savant came up with and now we just have to deal with it | Obscured goats

–∼David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

12.9 Super Sloppy CIA Torture

Thursday, Dec 11, 2014 by By Agony Innovations, Inc.

Dear CIA Director John Brennan,

Unlike all the sad sacks I have to deal with throughout the day, I don't like to complain. How could I? I mean, I'm being paid millions to figure out effective and innovative ways of bringing people to the brink of death, then pulling them back just as they remember where all of the bombs are. Well, that's really a best-case-scenario, but I think we're going to get there soon. Knock on waterboard! That's a little joke we have in the waterboarding room--really helps lighten the place up when you've had enough panicked sobbing for one afternoon. You'd think some people would appreciate a lighthearted remark, but I guess everyone's a critic when they're being tortured.

Pleasantries aside, I must say this letter comes from a place of concern. Our recent hire, Ted, doesn't exactly fall in line with our mission statement, and with his constant interference, I fear Agony Innovations' brand can only weaken. And before you jump to any conclusions, my problems with Ted don't come from his complete lack of military experience. If you recall, I haven't served a day in the service, and received a CIA recruitment letter thanks to being one of the most dedicated Corpse Cleanup and Removal Technicians the California Highway Patrol had ever seen. Remember when that Lutheran Band Camp bus tipped over and exploded on the 405? They never thought we'd be able to scrape all of those charm bracelets out of the pavement, but I got down and dirty with my tools, and the next day, you'd never have guessed that stretch of road once looked like someone spilled a lasagna made of 43 teenagers down the middle lanes. (Got plenty of pictures on my phone if you ever want to see it.)

That said, I wasn't at all skeptical in regard to Ted's former career as a television executive. After all, we showed marathons of *The Big Bang Theory* to several detainees, and, due to all of the subsequent suicides, this technique proved a little *too* effective. If that was all Ted had dabbled in, I wouldn't have a problem. But his long history of developing Nickelodeon game shows has really warped his torture techniques to the point of ineffectuality. Just last Tuesday, there I sat, paging through my Big Book of Bugs to figure out which of those little guys would work best in the Bug Room--I'd nearly settled on the Samoan urethra-wriggler--and Ted comes up to me with an elaborate design in which prisoners are forced to dig through a giant prop nose to find their daily rations. Before I

can throw out some suggestions to add severe cock and ball punishment to the equation, Ted comes up with his next crazy idea: If a detainee can make it to their rations in 30 seconds or less, he or she would win a mountain bike.

Now, call me crazy, but isn't torture supposed to destroy the psyche of the recipient? Seems like Ted's got the wrong idea. So there I am this past Thursday, reading one of the several books I own on Dr. Mengele, and just as I'm going over my many notes, Ted comes strolling up, asking if there's anything he can do. Well, it was around this time I thought he should start earning that $20 million salary. I handed him a picture and let him know the dirt: "See this scumbag? He has a mustache *very* similar to a possible terrorist who witnessed one of our accidental mosque bombings. See if you can figure out a way to keep him busy for the next twenty years." Well, Ted's off in a jiffy, and three hours later, just when I'm getting to the part about the skin lampshades, Ted bursts in, asking me if I'd escort him to our on-site daycare facility. When I get there, what do I see? He's coated the multiple playland slides with something he calls "slime," then begins showing me how detainees will have to travel *up* them and grab all the flags to win a trip to space camp. Space camp! I don't know if torture is more effective in a zero-g setting, but I really doubt we have much room in our $5.4 billion budget for such extravagances.

Mr. Brennan, I implore you: This Ted situation must be nipped in the bud before it gets out of control. Just the other day, I told him to get to Sub-Basement 32B and give those John Lennon conspiracy theorists a good hosing down, and when I get there, I find Ted turning our regular hypothermia sessions into yet another one of his insipid "physical challenges" where detainees had to throw balloons full of icy cold water into each other's humiliation diapers before time expired. I left the room in disgust before I could see the events play out in full, but if you see any charges from the Huffy corporation on this month's expense report, please note that it was all Ted's doing. Mr. Brennan, I'm an honest family man who wants nothing more than to make grown human beings urinate out of sheer terror, and this honorable goal finds itself constantly hampered by the whimsical antics of Ted. If he doesn't watch it, I'm going to invite him over for some *real* torture: Eating my mother-in-law's tuna noodle casserole! But, in all seriousness, I think we need to work over his cock and balls really hard.

God Bless America,

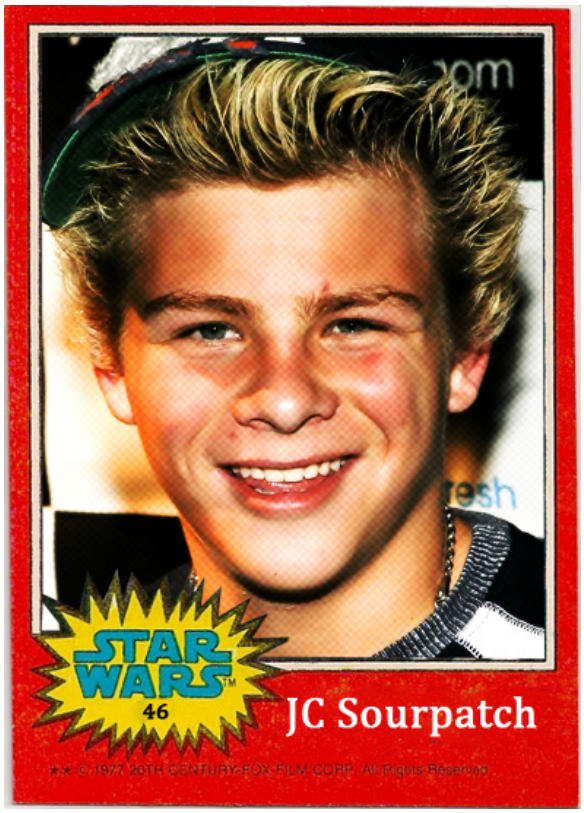
Your Agony Innovations, Inc. Representative

–∼By Agony Innovations, Inc.

12.10 Twelve More Exclusive Star Wars Characters Revealed!

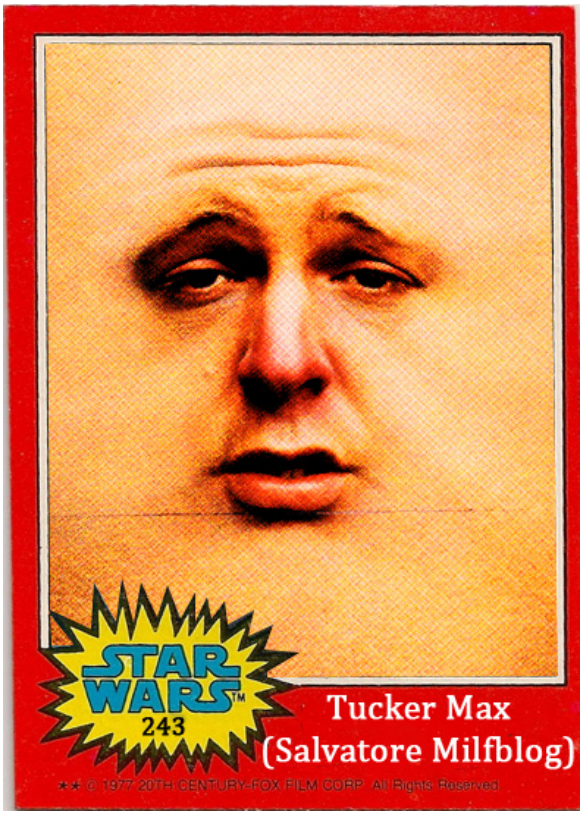
Friday, Dec 12, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The details just keep coming for **Star Wars: The Force Awakens** and we are proud to bring you some incredible exclusives. J.J. Abrams, hot off announcing some major character names as fun collectible trading cards, has released a new set to us with some less major characters. Some of these characters will play big parts in the upcoming movie, others are minor, but critical to the story. We've also included some thoughts and speculation as we learn more and more about this new Star Wars film.



We believe JC is related to the Y-wing pilot visible with his helmet off and holding it in his left hand in the background when Luke is adjusting his straps in the hanger at the end of **A New Hope**.

All we really know about Yorbal is that he lives in the suburbs and failed his Jedi exam.



It changes everything we thought we knew about the Jedi moms from *Explosion of the Force: Darth Dangers (From the Files of Nero Fett)* series of EU novels.

Almost certainly related to the Shooters Caliente Imperial fighter ace from the *Imperial Fighter Squadron* series of comics from Dark Horse.

Finally, our favorite character from Star Wars: Force Pinball for the PS2 gets her due.

So much to unpack from this picture. Gulpa introduced, Randy Solo confirmed, Meef (the beef planet) confirmed, Yorbal on the New Jedi Council and dare we hope that is Stinkwhizz in the background?

Could this be the wielder of the 19-bladed light saber katana we saw in that set photo in July?

Mingo is probably the worst choice of Showrunner characters to introduce, but if you are going to include the crime syndicate at all, it gives us hope Pinkul will be in future movies.

And there we have the new heavy blaster launcher being wielded by what we think is a bounty hunter.

Don't mess this one up, J.J. or the fans will never forgive you.

So cool! Now we know a lot more about choosing the darths at darth college. Pretty cool to see how the bad guys operate.

YESSSSS! YES! He knows how to press our buttons by giving us a glimpse of our very favorite darth from the Clone Wars movies. You thought he was dead on Belvedere III, but he's back.

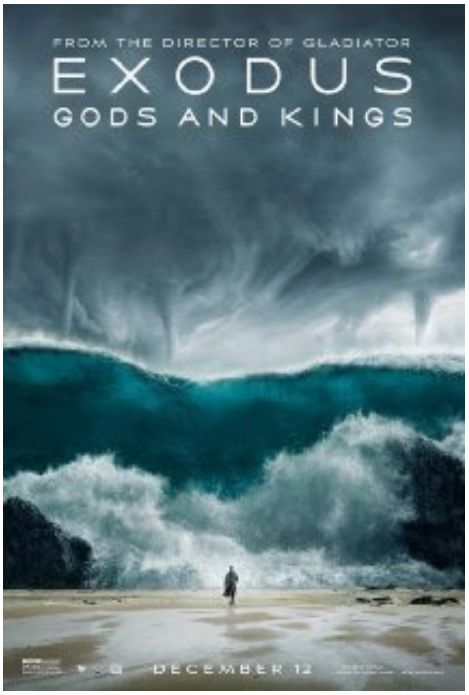
–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.11 Film Reviews By Channing Tatum and Jonah Hill

Monday, Dec 15, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

EXODUS: GODS AND KINGS

Channing Rating: ★★★★★ Jonah Rating: ★★★★★



CHANNING: NOT BAD! BIBLE RIGHT? PRETTY GOOD IN EGYPT F PHAROAHS!!! CBALE HOLDS IT DOWN!!! TIGHT FX! I'M WITH THEM ON THESE FX!! THE WATER WOAH! UP THERE WITH THE BEST!!!!

Jonah: This is a phenomenal film by an amazing director. It transports me to another realm and I feel it in my heart. This is a beautiful film. It's beautiful. I can feel this film.

CHANNING: I FEEL IT TOO.

Jonah: Right? It's beautiful and rad.

CHANNING: AND TIGHT THO!

Jonah: Yes.

THE HUNGER GAMES: MOCKINGJAY - PART 1

Channing Rating: ★★★★★ Jonah Rating: ★★★★★

CHANNING: WOW!! EFFING INTENSE! JLAW IS SMOKING AND TOUGH! LOVE THE ARROW! SHE IS GOING TO WIN THIS THING! GOOD STORY, REAL STORY! I AM DOWN WITH THIS! LOVE IT!!!!!!

Jonah: I respect Jennifer Lawrence so much. She is so beautiful and real and human in this role. It's true to life. A powerful film and it matters. It matters today.

CHANNING: F YEAH I LOVE HER!

Jonah: She is one of the best and most generous and giving actresses working.

CHANNING: LOOKS SO GOOD!!!!!

Jonah: We are doing baby stuff compared to her.

CHANNING: F YEAH!!!! HA HA HA HA HA! EFFING LOVE BABIES! RIGHT? RIGHT???!!!! F YEAH!

PENGUINS OF MADAGASCAR

Channing Rating: ★★★★★ Jonah Rating: ★★★★★

CHANNING: THOUGHT THEY COULD NOT DO IT AGAIN WITH MADAGASCAR!!!! THEY EFFING DID IT!!!! LOVE THE PENGUINS! SO FUNNY! DUDE...DUUUUUUUUUUDE! THOSE PENGUINS ARE TIIIIIIIGHT!!!!

Jonah: Dreamworks is so underrated. They are doing some profound work there. Antz changed my heart. When I close my eyes I see Rise of the Guardians still. It was that good. I love their work.

CHANNING: YOU LIKED ANTZ? F ANTZ!!!!!!!

Jonah: I think you should give it another try. It was overshadowed by Bug's Life - and I do not want to take anything away from that film - but give Antz another chance. Trust me.

CHANNING: OK BRO FOR YOU!!!!!!

Jonah: Thank you, dude. That means a lot to me.

INTERSTELLAR

Channing Rating: ★★★★★ Jonah Rating: ★★★★★

CHANNING: ALRIGHT ALRIGHT ALRIGHT ALRIGHT ALRIGHT ALRIGHT ALRIGHT ALRIGHT HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA AHAHAHAHAHAHA! HIGH SCHOOL STAY THE SAME AGE! LOVE THAT DUDE! MY MAN FROM MAGIC MIKE!!! MCAWNAHAY KEEPS THAT REAL! SPACE!!!!

Jonah: This is a moving and rad motion picture. It has changed the way I think about love and my family. Excellent performance by the entire cast and I just want to single out Matt Damon who is a super super nice guy and does not show up in any of the trailers. He is really such a cool and nice guy. I would let him watch my pets.

CHANNING: ANN HATHAWAY IS GOOD TOO PEOPLE BAG ON HER BUT SHE IS BADASS!!! SHE HOLDS IT DOWN!!!! RESPECT TO HATHAWAY! GOOD STUFF!!!!

Jonah: I have heard she is actually very nice. I only met her briefly at the GQ Oscar party.

CHANNING: DID NOT SEE YOU THERE!!!!! THIS YEAR WE TEAR IT UP!!!!! GET MCAWNAHAY AND HATHAWAY AND CBALE AND JLAW AND DAMON!!! LEAVE THE CLUB WITH 40 GIRLS LIKE LEO!!!!!!

Jonah: That would be unbelievable and so amazing. I am in tears right now.

CHANNING: ME TOO BRO HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHAAHHAHAHAHAAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAH AHAAHHAHAAHHAHAHAHAAHAHHAHA AHAAHHAHAAHHAAHAAHHAHAAHHA HAHAHAAHAHHAHA AHAAHHAHAAHHAHAHAHAAHAHHAHA AHAAHHAHAAHHAHAAHAHHAHAAHHAHAAHAH HAHAAHAAHHAHAAHHAHAHAHAAHAAHHAHAAHHAHAAHHAHAAHHAHAAHHAHAAHHAHAAHHAHA AHAAHHAHAAHHAHAHAHAAHAHHAHAAAHAHHAHA AHAAHHAHAAHHAHAHAHAAHAHHAHAAHAAHHAHAAHHAHAHAHAAHAHHAHA AHAAHHAHAAHHAHAHAHAAHAHHAHA!!!!!

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.12 Clever Names For Monster-Owned Businesses

Tuesday, Dec 16, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Starting a company is difficult for anyone - doubly so if you happen to be a monster. Make the most of your unique situation with a witty business name that will be sure to catch any customer's eye.

Clever Names for a Coffee Shop Owned by a Vampire

- Central Perk

- Cuppa Cabana

- Brew Sensation

- Jerry's Coffee (if the vampire is named Jerry)

- It's Bean Fun

- Common Grounds

"You mocha me crazy! Hahaha!"

A Mummy's Dentist Office

- Tooth or Dare

- There's Molar Where That Came From

- Cathleen's Dentistry (if the mummy is named Cathleen)

- Bicuspid Curious

- You Know the Drill

- No Big Floss

A Tool Shop Owned by a Wolfman

- Tools of the Trade

- Mike's Tools (if the wolfman is named Mike)

- Let's Get Hammered

- Pipe Dream

- Nailed It

- Duct Tape Dynasty

A Zombie-Owned Book Store

- Novel Idea

- Shelf Indulgence

- Bound to Please

- Cassandra's Book Shop (if the zombie is named Cassandra)

- Writ & Wisdom

A Pizzeria Owned by the Creature from the Black Lagoon

- Mario's Pizza (if the creature from the Black Lagoon is named Mario)

- Slice of Heaven

- Say Cheese

- Live and Let Pie

- Dough! (above an illegal depiction of Homer from The Simpsons)

A Monster Supply Store Owned by Frankenstein's Monster

- Very Nice Monster Supplies (if the shop and/or its supplies are very nice)

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.13 SkyMall Product Review: Tortilla Baby Newborn Swaddle Blanket & Hat Set

Wednesday, Dec 17, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> This stand-out baby gift is the whole enchilada. So cute you could just eat them up! Soft to the touch and gentle against the skin, the Tortilla Baby swaddle blanket and matching knot hat are an ideal set for swaddling your baby to look just like a delicious burrito.

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆

By USADAD from Lexington, KY

No way, Jose. You're not squeezing my baby into some foreign food. Where's the American version? Where's the swaddle blanket that makes my child look like a plump, juicy all-natural Polish sausage? Don't give me none of this Mexican sushi BS.

Age: 31-35

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆

By Clunkers4Christ from North Platte, NE

Not edible.

Age: 36-40

Customer Rating: ★★☆☆☆

By CabinChris from Anchorage, AK

I gotta warn you parents out there. Putting your baby inside this blanket makes it easy pickings for and irresistible to eagles.

Age: 41-45

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By YUUUMMMM from Jacksonville, FL

Oh, no. I've been a bad baby burrito. Spank me, SkyMall. You have my address.

And the photos I mailed you.....

Age: 51-55

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By Peacock from Home, PA

It makes my child look like an adorable maggot as he writhes and wiggles across the floor toward sustenance. He's getting a bit too big for it. Do they make one that better fits a 6-year-old?

Age: 46-50

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆

By HumphreysFamily from Oswego, NY

WRONG! This product is supposed to be a blanket that looks like a tortilla so you can dress your baby as a burrito. This is how the meixcans have been getting their babies into America; by disguising them as convenience food. I AM ON TO YOU.

We bought this because it looked like the Shroud of Turin and that is what I thought it was supposed to be (HELLO, IF IT LOOKS LIKE IT, THAT'S WHAT IT IS SUPPOSED TO BE). This looks nothing like the imprint our Savior made on that famous shroud on that fateful day.

BECAUSE IT IS NOT THE SAME THING, EVEN THOUGH THE PRODUCT PICTURE CLEARLY MAKES IT LOOK LIKE THAT.

Age: 31-35

Customer Rating: ★★☆☆☆

By ITGuru from Council Bluffs, IA

Makes baby look too appetizing. Also I have my thigh stuck in one and I can't get it off. It's so tight around the skin I can't cut it without risking injury. IT'S A LONG STORY AND IT'S NONE OF YOUR BEESWAX.

Age: 26-30

Customer Rating: ★★★☆☆

By DadAndGrad from Springfield, MO

Tread carefully with this one. I put the baby in the wrong way and the results were disastrous. Let's just say I'm in the dog house. Literally.

The police are here searching the house for me. This is probably my last review.

Age: 26-30

Customer Rating:

By Yauncy from Hitherto, WI

Perfect! Great punishment. My child now behaves, for fear of being placed within the burrito. He is now a darling model of a disciplined child. I owe it all to SkyMall's tortilla straight jacket. Kudos to the Wise and Noble Latino for devising such a punishment.

Age: 31-36

Customer Rating:

By Babys Man from Fayetteville, NC

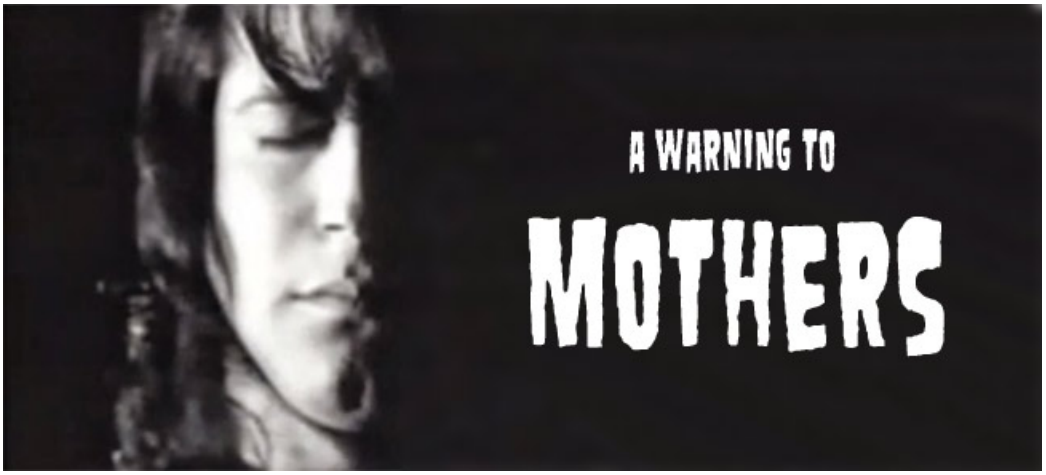
adult version, NAOW. until you learn to take the needs of the adult baby community seriously, your not getting one cent from me.

Age: 1-5

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.14 Mother: What Glenn Danzig is Really Planning With Your Children

Friday, Dec 19, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Mother

Tell your children I've got an upside down cross,
which is like a cross but upside down,
which means I don't like the cross,
and I even added a skull,
cuz I mean itttt!

Mother

I'll make the baddest bugs fight in a box,
charge your kids a quarter to watch.
Gonna put their hands in a bowl of cooked pasta,
and tell them it's a demon's guts.

Mother

Tell your children to bring me some ones,
cuz the change machine doesn't take fives.
I can show them how to smooth their bills,
till they're accepted.

Mother

Tell your children about my ninja stars,
and if they wanna find ninjitsu moves,
I can take them out to the garage,
where I made a dummy.

Mother

Not about to see your light,
I got an air pistol and a mesh shirt,
teach your children to wear black jeans in summer,
pretend we know things about the devil,
and light a scented candle my grandma gave meeeeee!

Father

If you wanna butt heads with me,
I'll lift weights in front of your kids,
and talk to them about Japanese cartoons,
and then we're gonna play Risk,
with a custom map I made of Hell,
and get a meat lovers
pizzzzzaaaaa!

Mother

Not about to see your light,
I only believe in the darkness,
of talking about owning a castle,
and how cool it would be as a real werewolf,
and if you let them hang out past ten,
they'll get to meet Henry Rollins,
and play with my sister's ferrets.

Mother

Tell your children to take their shoes off at the door,
It's sort of a rule since we put in that floor,
but Cynthia doesn't have to,
in her go-go boots,
cuz we're serious.
Yeaaahhhh!

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.15 The Eight Games You Will Buy and Never Play from the 2014 Steam Holiday Sale

Monday, Dec 22, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8. One of the *Metro* games for under five dollars

Chance that you will buy it: 65%

Why you'll buy it: Every steam sale is required to offer huge discounts on at least three Metro games. Even though they only made two Metro games. They seem to multiply right around the Steam sale. This one has been HD remastered or bundled or something and these games always get such good reviews. Don't you want to walk around an endless sewer level populated with scripted events? It's just like actually visiting the real Moscow subway without all the gay assaults and teenagers passed out drunk in the middle of train cars.

Chance that you will play it: 20%

Why you won't play it: You either mistake the title in your Steam list for a city builder game, and you already have several of those you never play, or you will remember what it is and just keep thinking about how dreadful a whole game in a subway is going to be not knowing that you are also missing out on some really terrible dialogue.

7. *Prison Architect* for three dollars

Chance that you will buy it: 50%

Why you'll buy it: Pulling wings off flies was fun when you were a tween psychopath. Now you can subject entire populations of prisoners to the cruelty you once reserved only for Sims.

Chance that you will play it: 30%

Why you won't play it: There is no way you could devise a prison more cruel and effective than the crippling social anxiety that forces you to squander your brief life locked away playing gimmicky rogue-likes and survival zombie games. *Prison Architect* only serves

as a reminder of the Netflix-gilded cage you have built yourself out of regrets and nachos.

6. A lame old first person shooter on sale for four dollars

See: *Bulletstorm, Rage, Painkiller, Duke Nukem Forever*

Chance that you will buy it: 90%

Why you'll buy it: Heyyyyy, these are the guys from that old game studio you used to like we're talking about. They couldn't possibly screw everything up. And some of these screenshots don't look half bad.

Chance that you will play it: 80%

Why you won't play it: Oh, you'll probably play it... for less than five minutes. After that point you will realize that they really did screw everything up as you drive a dune buggy in *Rage*'s tiny world, listen to the teeth-grinding dialogue of *Bulletstorm*, blast another one of 50,000 skeleton witches in a *Painkiller* game, or actually interrupt the opening introduction of *Duke Nukem Forever* to Delete Local Content. These are all games that are worse than *Call of Duty* games and there are good reasons they cost four dollars. And there is no good reason *Call of Duty: Ghosts* does not cost four dollars.

5. Whatever *Hitman* or *Splinter Cell* game is on sale for 90% off

Chance that you will buy it: 70%

Why you'll buy it: You've probably bought one of these two games in the last few years and yet you somehow will manage to forget just enough of how much you hate them to get lured into buying a new one. Hey, these screenshots aren't so bad! Hey, it has a 72 rating and a "Mostly Positive" this must be a good one.

Chance that you will play it: 10%

Why you won't play it: Once you own a *Hitman* or *Splinter Cell* game purchased for almost nothing it becomes nearly impossible to mentally justify the time it will take to sneak past a guard. You're an adult playing a game where you wait for an NPC to complete a walking routine down a hallway. This is not why Jesus died to give us life. There aren't even cool ghost powers and steampunks around like you had to convince you to install that 90% off copy of *Dishonored*.

4. A survival game for eight bucks

See: *The Forest, Rust, Neo Scavenger*

Chance you will buy it: 75%

Why you'll buy it: Perfectly hits all your key interests in gaming such as merciless almost random permadeath, long hours spent crafting huts and chopping wood, managing water bottles in your inventory, dying from sunburn while trying to build a hutch for turtles, and trying to figure out the safest place to shit. Multiplayer adds a delightful layer of misanthropic hacker fuckwits for you to socialize with while they steal the shoes it took you ten real hours to craft.

Chance that you will play it: 20%

Why you won't play it: Still enjoying the clock that just counts down the hours you have left remaining in your life. 1,503! That seems like a lot, right?

3. A zombie survival game for ten bucks

See: *7 Days to Die, Project Zomboid, How to Survive*

Chance you will buy it: 85%

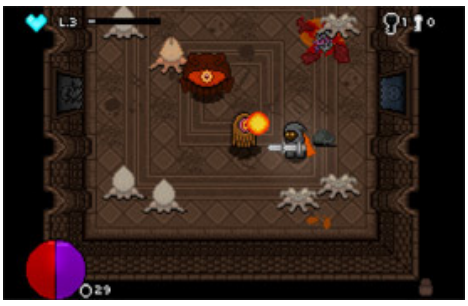
Why you'll buy it: You thought cutting wood for a hut was fun in those survival games, but now you realize how you can cut wood for a hut to protect yourself from zombies. These games take one of life's greatest pleasures (surviving life) and combine it with mankind's greatest foe: hackneyed zombie content intended for people incapable of dressing themselves.

Chance that you will play it: 25%

Why you won't play it: Although you are intrigued by the idea of finding clean drinking water in a world overrun by zombies, you are still busy playing that dang death clock. Ha ha. 1,502! This is wild.

2. Two different gimmicky rogue-likes and a pixel platformer for $1.64

Chance you will buy it: 80%



Why you'll buy it: What if every time you die in a rogue-like you could reverse time by ten seconds? What if a rogue-like uses your mp3s to construct levels? How about a rogue-like based on the entire history of jazz? Sure, sounds like fun, but there are also these 950,000 pixel platformers that all received Overwhelmingly Positive reviews from nostalgia cretins and have an insane difficulty level as an homage to great games like *Castlevania, Kung Fu,* and *Kid Icarus.* No, that's not placeholder

artwork! It's final!

Chance that you will play it: 40%

Why you won't play it: You're tempted to play it, but you have decided to wait until it gets out of Early Access. Just another six years.

1. *E.Y.E: Divine Cybermancy* is being sold for eight cents

Chance that you will buy it: 100% (or you own it already)

Why you'll buy it: As a Steam user, it is mandatory that you own a copy of this perpetually discounted cyberpunk first person shooter game. Buy it now or it will appear in your Steam inventory, forcing you to take the additional steps of activating it in your library.

Chance that you will play it: 0% (no human being has ever played this game)

Why you won't play it: If you think too hard about playing *E.Y.E: Divine Cybermancy*, your E.Y.ES will E.X.P.L.O.D.E. out of your skull.

Honorable mentions: Some anime shit created in *RPG Maker,* one of the dozen or so versions of *Civilization V*, a terrible third-person action game like *Remember Me*, a hidden object game that tricked you into clicking the store page by having a cool title like Fury of the Ancients, a re-release of an RPG game from 1995, one of those games where you just spin around and shoot at things (aliens, zombies) coming at you, a Paradox game that sells units as DLC, a turn based tactics game trying and failing to copy *X-Com* or *Jagged Alliance*, and a Doublefine game that seems like a super cool idea but will absolutely never be finished.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.16 No One Cares That You Haven't Started Shopping

Tuesday, Dec 23, 2014 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Every once in a while someone somehow starts and completes their holiday shopping before Christmas. That's the true miracle of the season. Since most of us barely manage to make a list or even consider the ever growing number of resource hogs within our own family, when this wizard proclaims his finish, it's a time of celebration. But there's always some self-congratulating person wandering up to proudly state that they haven't even started shopping. Please don't let that be you.

Just like my parents don't care about how far behind I am on student loans, no one cares that you haven't bought gifts yet. It isn't a badge of honor. It's called being lazy and it's something we all do, so you can stop proclaiming your lack of progress whenever someone mentions presents. We get it: You're irresponsible or forgetful or suffer debilitating procrastination or you're an insufferable asshole-you don't need to say these things out loud. In fact, chances are the people you're talking to have already made this assumption. That, somehow, diligence and/or consideration aren't the first two traits people see in you. Gift buying, like washing your underwear after wearing it once, just isn't a very "you" thing to do.

Again, this is fine. This is how the majority of us feel, but understand that saying it out loud will not absolve you of your sins. So just because someone says they just finished shopping doesn't mean you have to reply in one of these two tones:

- **The Murder Confession:** After you hear what others accomplish, you spill everything. The truth is that you haven't even started, haven't even thought about gifts. You look at them hoping they'll sympathize, that, unlike your family on the 25th, they'll say that you are a good person. Which they won't.

- **The Debate Team All-Star:** After you hear what others accomplish, you smirk and say that you haven't even thought about starting. In the "I'm an Atheist, Deal with It" bravado, you show your ability to stick it to the Man (Man here meaning the people you know.) You look at them hoping they'll care. Which they won't.

Understand that neither of these tones will help you. In both, you will still have to show up on Christmas empty handed and act like you don't notice the trade deficit. You will still have to convince yourself that people your age don't buy presents. You will have to explain to your grandmother that yes you have a job and no you do not need help. You will still have to hopefully smuggle enough ham that you forget your embarrassment.

Because no one is going to sympathize with you. There is one day a year where society pressures you to give something to the people you care about. The gift requirements aren't too strict. Anything works. People like socks, they use lightbulbs. Even a card with two earnest sentences works. The date is sort of a big deal. Schools and Burger Kings close. There is a music genre dedicated entirely to the day. It is marked on the calendars and emblazoned across Coke cans, so it's not exactly sneaking up on you either. If you want to procrastinate or focus on your own Steam back catalogue or finding those rare Nintendo Amiibos, fine, just hold your breath and soon the other 364 days of self-confined consumerism will begin again, but don't act like you've accomplished something by not accomplished anything.

Anyway, that's what I told myself this morning before I desperately tried to buy a whole list of last minute gifts during a lunch break. Best of luck, y'all.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

12.17 Christmaspasta

Wednesday, Dec 24, 2014 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

2014's been a bad year for creepypasta. People either don't care about short horror fiction, or they're stabbing preteens because of it. Either way, the zeitgeist has moved on. Creepypasta is DEAD and I couldn't be happier. You see, I'm a big proponent of what I believe to be its rightful successor and heir: Christmaspasta. It's like creepypasta, but instead of using the fear emotion, it uses the emotion of pure Christmas joy! The popularity of Christmaspasta stories has been rising since November, and I predict it'll keep going until it peaks in March. Here are my favorite stories (some complete, others in excerpt form); I hope they will inspire you. Cheers, and happy holidays!

Battery Paradise
By TheNumberFiveMillion

alelunad_the_great

Subj: anyone remember battery paradise (TV show)

anyone from the east coast remember the tv show battery paradise? it was some kids thing on at 10 or 11 in the morning. back in 1999 or 2000 i think. it was some freaky challenge thing where the kids had to do stuff and they got batteries as rewards but really low budget tho

shrinkynutz [MODERATOR]

Subj: Re: anyone remember battery paradise (TV show)

Welcome to the site, alelunad! Please read our style guidelines for spelling and grammar in posts for future reference. Moving this thread to the correct subforum now. Have fun!

RobertoDelacroix

Subj: Re: anyone remember battery paradise (TV show)

I think I vaguely remember that, alelunad_the_great. The kids were called "battery warriors" and they got given the batteries by the "battery master"? I remember the plot was that the kids had gotten toys with no batteries for christmas so they needed to do the challenges to get the batteries. I think they got to keep the toys after the show, too.

estrad-o

Subj: Re: anyone remember battery paradise (TV show)

Wasn't this show on in, like, July? why would they air a christmas show in (Read More ...)

The Experiment
By aaaaaaaaa_b

24/12/?? 23:00
Experiment begins.
100 milligram dose of XXXXX administered.
Temperature 99.2.

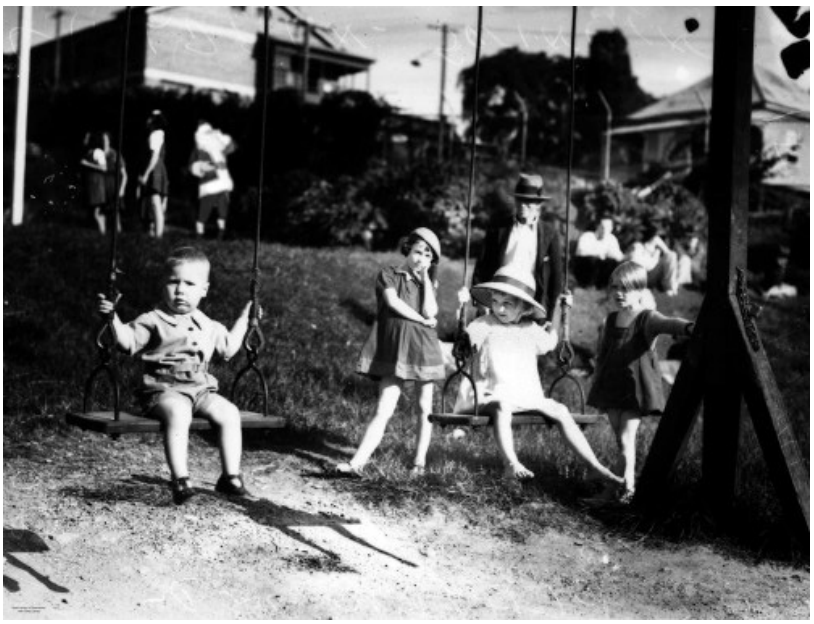
Pulse 71.
Subject seems confused, restless.

24/12/?? 23:10
Temperature 101.5 and rising.
Pulse 75.
Subject pleased. Confusion dropping.

24/12/?? 23:20
Temperature remaining steady at 105.0.
Pulse 78.
Slight dilation of pupils.
Large, chintzy armchair added to room.
Ornate marble fireplace added to room. Fire lit.
Subject drinking happily from provided brandy glass.
Subject requesting TV, DVD player, and DVD copy of 1968 musical Chitty Chitty Bang Bang.

24/12/?? 23:30
Temperature remaining steady at 110.0.
Pulse 78.
Subject's extended family added to room.
Subject begins setting up scrabble board.
Subject requesting figgy pudding and elaborate serving (Read More ...)

The unSlender Man
By JeanDuprois



The unSlender Man is a humanoid being who generally appears as a male with an extremely rotund belly and jocular disposition. He also has a thick, curly beard of white or off-white hair (eyewitness statements disagree on this matter). He is described as wearing a red suit with white trim with a

matching hat. While it is rare to catch a glimpse of the unSlender Man, his victims often say how his footprints in the snow are clearly visible for days after his visits. Thats right, you guessed it-idts the big man Santa Claus (Read More ...)

Pokémon Red and Green
By anxiousZapdos

Story Description: Be careful what you make a special christmas wish for... you just might get it! Christmaspasta written for GalladeKnight's flash-fiction contest on the pokemon-refinery forums. rating this one 15+ for explicit scenes of merriment and seasonal togetherness

One day I was rifling through my local pawn shop when I happened upon a rare treat: a game boy color in near-mint condition, with a game already inside! I bought both on the spot, despite not knowing what the game was - the label had peeled almost entirely off. The weird thing was, the cartridge was green, an odd colour for game boy cartridges.

When I got home I loaded the game boy color up with batteries, and turned it on. I was overjoyed to see the familiar "Nintendo" logo pop up - such nostalgia feels. Then the title screen for the game came on - it was Pokémon! I realized with a jolt that that's why the cartridge was green ... this must be a copy of Pokémon Green, the japanese-only progenitor to Pokémon Red and Blue! Getting excited, I nearly started a new game then and there, but just before I did I saw the word "Continue" below "New Game." I was curious to see what the previous owner of this game had accomplished, so I selected that.

I was immediately dropped into what I recognized as Celadon City, the commercial center of the original Pokémon games. Something seemed "off" to me, though. Suddenly, I realized what it was; there were way more NPCs than usual, and they were all moving at twice the speed, rushing in and out of the Celadon City Dept. Store. Puzzled, but paying it no mind (after all, at this point I still thought it was a copy of Pokémon Green, so there were bound to be some differences) I opened the player profile menu. The previous player's name was apparently S.C. and they had put 25:12 hours into the game. I quit out of that menu and checked the POKéMON menu, to see what pokémon they had with them. What I saw surprised me: five pokémon with single-character names, that spelled out the word "MERRY". The weird thing was, there was no music at all, even though the volume was turned all the way up. The only sound coming from the game boy color's speaker was a faint jingling.

When I closed the menu, it looked like I was in an entirely different area. It was pitch black, so I had one of my pokémon use "flash," lighting the area. It looked like a cave but it was nothing like any of the caves I had seen in my time. It was featureless, with a grey, textured appearance. When I went back into the menu, all my pokémon were gone. I was getting really freaked out at this point, so I began to look for an exit. I walked through the cave for a good 30 minutes. Suddenly, there was a loud noise. My pokémon walked out from behind a rock, carrying a large wrapped present! They had only vanished to surprise me. A message came up saying "THANK YOU FOR BUYING US! WE WILL DO OUR BEST TO MAKE YOU A PROUD PKMN TRAINER." I laughed happily at all the care that the pokémon had put into my present. The End

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Captain N's Last Adventure
By memimomo

First of all, let me say that this story is FICTION: ALL events have NOTHING TO DO WITH

REAL LIFE. Captain N: The Game Master is property of DiC entertainment and all nintendo characters are © Nintendo. ⟨_⟨ok ... ? Well let's begin...

Back in the early '90s, I was finishing up my BA in animation. As part of the degree, we all had to take on an internship, and most of my friends got stuck with pretty crappy jobs - advertising studios and the like. As you can imagine, I was putting off my choice until the last minute, since none of the available jobs took my fancy, but ONE DAY before the deadline, something opened up. It was an internship at DiC, and I jumped at the chance. Even though I was pushing 21, I still loved getting up on Saturday morning to watch the Super Mario Bros. Super Show and the Legend of Zelda cartoon - if you couldn't tell, I'm sort of a gamer!

At DiC, I mainly worked with the team responsible for working on Captain N: The Game Master. You probably remember it too: it was an animated show about a kid called Kevin who got sucked into his NES to a magical land called Video Land, and each week he'd have to help a princess and fight a different video game bad guy with his magic NES controller. Overall it was pretty cheesy, but fun, so it was cool to be able to hang out with the editors and animators as they worked on the show.

Another cool thing about working on the show was that I'd get to see the new episodes before they aired. This is about one of those times. We interns would usually watch these in the editing room, alongside the lead animators and sound editors, so like always, we filed in and switched off the lights. The first thing I noticed was that there was what looked like a faint static superimposed over the opening sequence, but there were other animation errors at this point so it wasn't *too* strange. Still, it irked me. It almost looked like ... snow. Then when the title card came up, it read "Captain N's Last Adventure." Was ... was this the last episode? I looked around the room and saw everyone else was looking as confused as I felt. That settled it - some prankster must've messed with this cut.

The story started pretty normally, with Kevin and the princess baking a cake for Mega Man's birthday. Simon Belmont came in and made some joke about the frosting when suddenly the screen shook, and there was a loud explosion sound from offscreen. The frames skipped a few times, too - almost as if the explosion had damaged the animation. Iris out, and cut to black.

When the next scene came on, Kevin was alone. The picture seemed a lot grainier, and the sound seemed oddly distorted, as if it had been re-recorded onto an old VHS tape over and over again. When Kevin said something, the audio was all chopped-up, and I couldn't understand what he was saying, but it seemed like he was really happy about something. Simon Belmont and Mega Man came in next, each carrying one end of an enormous douglas fir. Was it ... Christmas? I frowned slightly. This was the middle of June, and the episode wouldn't air until August. Everyone began decorating the tree with baubles and tinsel. The weird thing about the decorations were that it seemed oddly realistic - not like a photo, but somehow more real than the rest of the animation. I felt an odd feeling in my chest looking at it, like a hand reached directly into my heart and filled it with brandy butter. The way the tinsel sparkled and reflected light gave me an unearthly sense of merriness.

The next shot was of all the main characters - Kevin, his dog, Princess Lana, Simon Belmont, Mega Man, Game Boy, and Kid Icarus - all sitting around a table festooned with a hyper-realistic roast ham, goose, and turkey with all the trimmings; stuffing, roast parsnips, brussels sprouts, and pigs in a blanket. It all looked so delicious. The scene continued, with everyone enjoying their meal and exchanging jokes and laughter, for about 15 seconds, after which it abruptly cut to black. The editor went up and fiddled with the controls for a bit, but that was it - the rest of the episode was just a static black screen. It was at that point we heard a weird thumping noise from above us. Most of them were still confused from the video they'd just seen, but me and one other intern ran outside to see what it was. By the time we got outside, no-one was there, but in the distance we saw a fat man in a flying sleigh being pulled along by eight reindeer. Even though he was far away, we both

heard what he yelled - "MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL - AND TO ALL, A GOOD NIGHT!"

There was an investigation into these incidents, but no evidence of tampering was found with the episode, and there was no evidence that there the fat man had ever existed. Still, even now, all these years later, when I think about what happened, I still feel rosy-cheeked, merry, and overflowing with love and compassion for my fellow man. And oh yeah, remember when I said this story was fictional? I lied. This all actually happened. Merry Christmas...

–∼David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

12.18 Crisis at the North Pole

Thursday, Dec 25, 2014 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

From: **Santa Claus** (santac01@northpole.np)

To: **God** (gmangangnamstyle420@heaven.org)

Hi God,

First of all, I'd like to thank you once again for keeping me alive these past 1744 years to do your good work on Earth; even though the rest of the Saints have been assumed into heaven, I'm having a grand old time up here at the North Pole, working 12-hour days 11 months out of the year just so you can punish the naughty children of the world -- seemingly your only objective over these last few centuries.

Remember when that whole World War II thing was going on a while back and I was all like "hey maybe you should do something about this" and you were all "business as usual?" Millions died, but I appreciated your sticktoitiveness. Plus, I bet you made a lot of new friends when that was all over! Hey, tell Harry Truman I said hi -- ho ho ho, just kidding. We all know he's roasting in hell for killing tens of thousands of innocent civilians. Guess you could have prevented that in some way, but hey, don't let me tell you how to do your job!

This brings me to our next subject: The Devil. I take it he's a thorn in your side, too, but I'm guessing you guys have pretty good security up in Heaven because as far as I know, he's never seen you, either. Listen, God, you don't know what it's like out there on Christmas Eve. You think it's all cookies, carrots, winking, and touching your nose, but ever since Satan started disrupting Santa's very tight schedule, my life has been a living Hell... literally. Just a little afterlife humor for you, there. Thought you'd appreciate it.

At first, I didn't mind Satan's impish pranks on Christmas Eve; even though he's very many centuries older than me, I've got swiftness on my side and a collection of gadgets that would make James Bond himself weep like a rapey British infant. Satan would heat up a doorknob or shove a chimney out of the way, and I'd use the Flower to Disappear to sneak up behind him and kick him square in the ass. We'd both have a good laugh and get on the with the rest of our night. Sometimes he'd whip up a few Cuban cigars and we'd talk about the wives.

For a while, I thought Satan was an okay guy who was just doing his job -- and hey, I know you two go back a ways. But ever since he decided to start amping things up, I think it's high time you did a little more than just fax me that damned list every year. BTW, here in the year 2014 we use futuristic technologies like ".pdfs" and "The Cloud." Maybe you could God yourself up a new iPad or something? I hear that son of yours is a computer whiz; I've been to his website, and he does things with frames that you wouldn't believe!

But back to Satan. I'm afraid our relationship has moved past The Three Stooges stage and progressed right into The Exorcist -- and I'm not just saying this because I recently walked in on a workshop full of elves writhing on the ground, chanting in some forbidden tongue, and masturbating with crucifixes (Crucifixi? I'm never really sure about that one). He's planning something -- something big. And I'm in waaay over my head here.

Take last Christmas Eve, for example; I expertly brush away some thumbtacks that The Devil left below a Christmas tree (for me to step on, that's how these things work) only to look up and see the entire Thompson family of Tacoma, Washington strung up in the rafters, their intestines spilled out onto the floor in the shape of a pentagram. And when I got back on the roof after literally tossing my cookies (they were generic Oreos, so no big loss), wouldn't you know that all the reindeer were beheaded and my sack of toys was mysteriously replaced with a wet bag of dead cats. If you're wondering why everyone got dead cats for Christmas last year, that's why. I was afraid to tell you that the Devil had gotten the better of me, but here we are.

So God, I know you have a tendency to let genocide, war, hatred, and Man's general inhumanity to Man slip through your fingers, but this could be your chance to save Christmas! Listen, I know just as much as you do about what Satan's planning for this year, but if the amount of blood current pouring out of the walls is any indication, it might be a pretty big deal. Again, you've got billions of years of seniority over me, but maybe you want to pop that big old bearded head of yours through those clouds once in a while? Yesterday I saw a bird with an old woman's face and it screamed at me. That probably shouldn't happen.

Mrs. Claus sends her love and also a $25 gift card to Best Buy.

Yours,
Santa

–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

12.19 Words That Need To Be Banned in the New Year

Friday, Dec 26, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Language is a living, breathing, reproducing, all-devouring, many-faced, remorseless thing. It requires new flesh and must slough off the old to prevent infection. We do not want language to die so we must remove these words in this upcoming year of 2015.

Oat

Small food, unremarkable. You can cut an oat, but at this point, why would you? No longer needed. Replace it with groat which means gross oat because oat are gross.

Riiiiiiiiiiight

Said sarcastically or as you are leaning over. DO NOT DO THIS THING. We spent centuries learning how to form sentences out of blood and dirt and this is what you're going to do to language?

Feminism

One lady equals one gentleman. It is only when you allow yourself to perceive the difference that one manifests. Or when you are playing puzzle games on your phone. Try again.

Fat

Please stop using this word in letters and signs you hold up outside my house and do not shout it at me as I roll down a hill and into my special bucket back truck. My bones are large and getting larger. Do you know what bones I am talking about, feminists? The sex bones.

Lemmy Mustache

You can have both these words because I don't know who this guy is but I consider myself to be the inventor of this mustache. I saw a picture of Lemmy Mustache and he does not have fades down to his jaw line or Bart Simpson shaved into the back of his head. So if we want to be honest this is a useless term.

Turnt

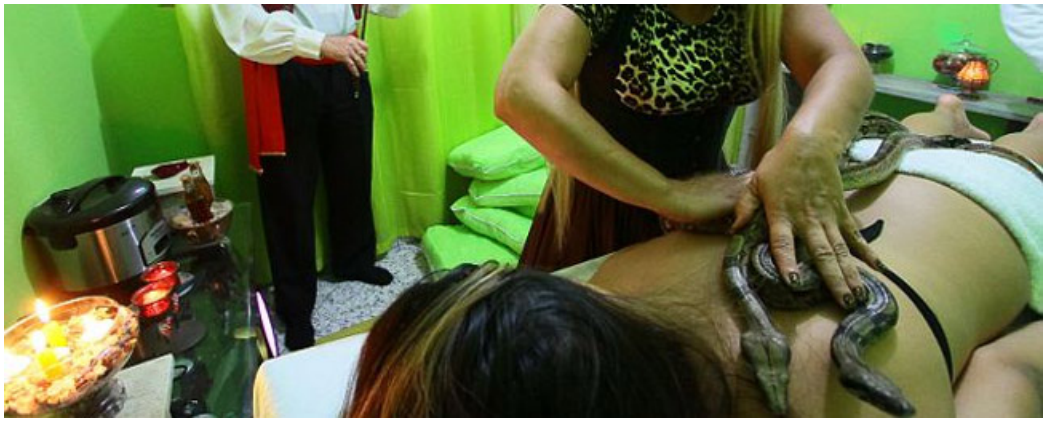
Shortening words is another way we fail to respect the past and edit god out of our lives.

Cyberman

We get it, you have robot arms, you're a Big Deal. You know who else was a big deal? Bill Cosby. Now look at him. Eliminate this common term for cool cyber dudes immediately.

Netflix

If I have to hear about this one more time I am going to scream. Let's make 2015 the first year where nobody talks about Netflix ever again. It's almost as bad as when people wouldn't shut up about Internet. But we banned that one and now look at us.



Snakes

Good riddance to these things. They're like hissy worms that bite you. The first step in eradicating them is to stop talking about them. The second step is drones. They worked on feminism.

Porn

Finally vanquished in 2014. No more need for this ugly word.

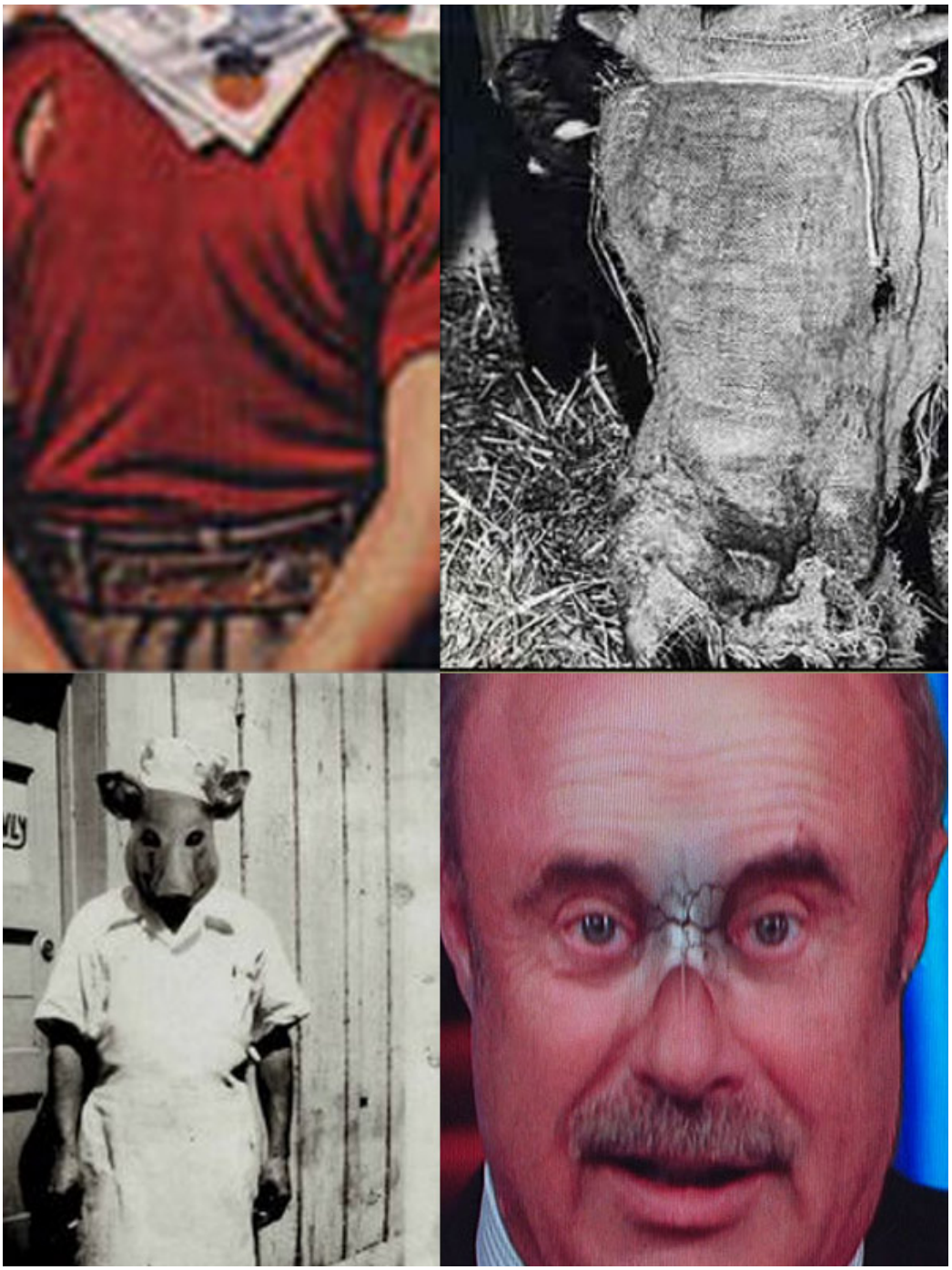
Do you have any suggestions? Keep them to yourself. Nobody frigging asked you.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.20 Your Year in Review

Monday, Dec 29, 2014 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

January to February



March to April

I mark my time on earth with the releases of
Marvel films. Without Guardians 2,
I would be as meaningless as a dandelion seed.

Summer

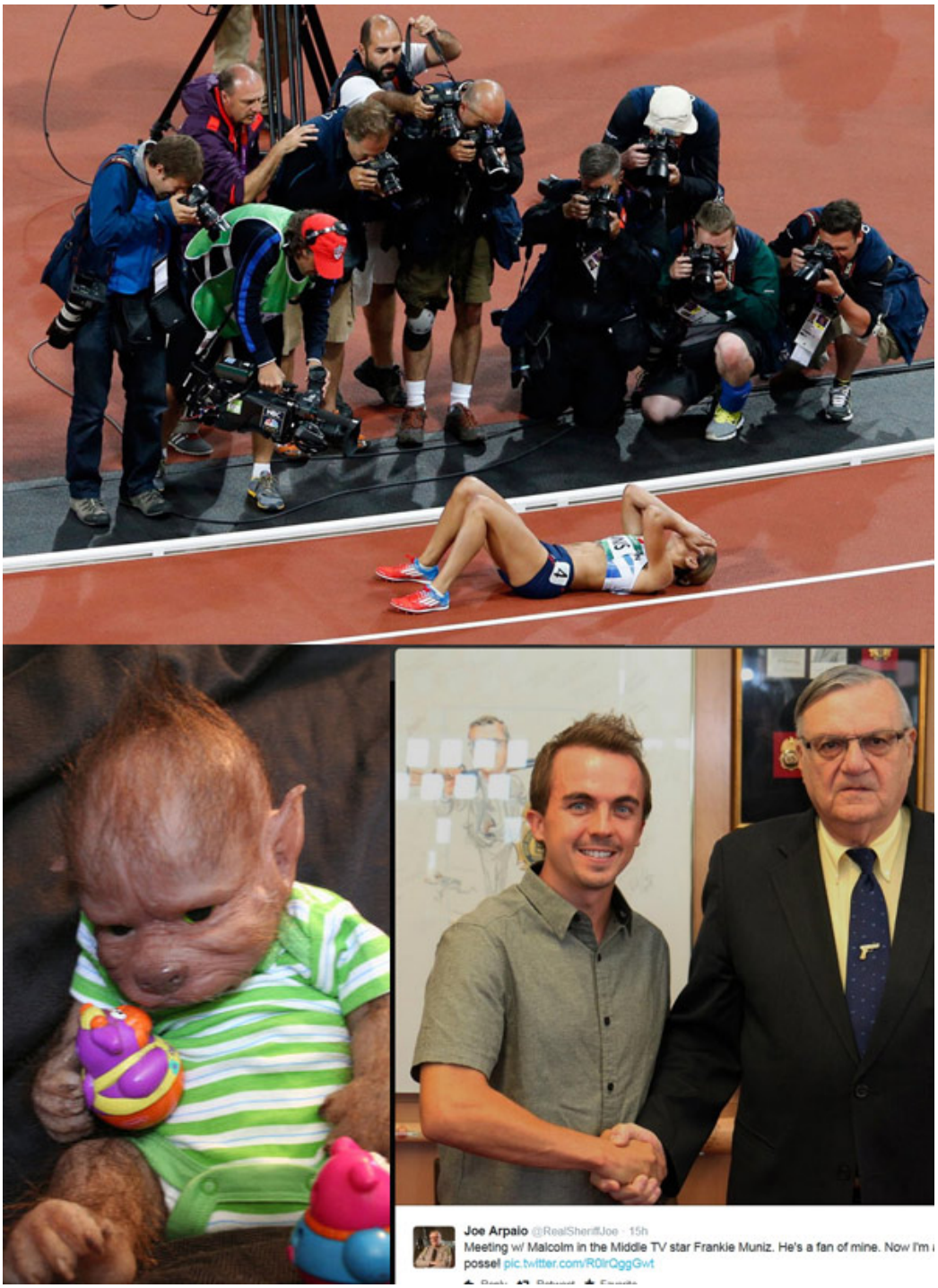
If you post anything racist I am going to unfriend you. I stand with the victims.

September to October

YAY! My cat's Patreon is up!!! Please contribute!

November 19th

I warned you about the racism!! You know who you are!


Joe Arpaio @RealSheriffJoe · 15h
Meeting w/ Malcolm in the Middle TV star Frankie Muniz. He's a fan of mine. Now I'm
posse! pic.twitter.com/R0lrQggGwt

Winter

None of these faces are familiar to me. I almost don't recognize that I am the same animal.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.21 The Wire HD Remaster Has Some Problems

Tuesday, Dec 30, 2014 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The new widescreen HD remaster of The Wire sounded like a safe bet, given series creator David Simon's close involvement with the conversion. Did you catch last weekend's marathon? Some of the changes struck me as odd, but I want to run them by you guys to make sure I'm not overreacting.

We'll start with the obvious. Every scene is now presented in a drastically tilted dutch angle, even the opening and closing credits. Honestly, I don't mind this decision. It lends the show an air of edginess and legitimacy that it was lacking.

I did, however, find the new hardcoded French subtitles a little distracting. Perhaps Simon and HBO went too far by placing the text in the center of the screen. In an enormous version of the Diablo font. Outlined in billowing animated flames. With accompanying sound effects.

The laugh track is a completely unnecessary addition. Sorry. It just is. You'd think it would be less jarring by virtue of only showing up in scenes featuring Bubbles, but somehow that makes it even disorienting and downright surreal.

There's a classic sequence in which two detectives investigate a crime scene, communicating solely through the use of the word "fuck" with different intonations. Did this amusing scene really need a picture-in-picture overlay showing the faces of modern teens reacting?

The Councilman Carcetti plotline is completely different now that actor Aiden Gillen's performance has been replaced with poorly cropped clips of his Littlefinger character from Game of Thrones.

Look closely the next time there's an establishing shot of the show's housing projects. There are at least three times as many Dewbacks and Stormtroopers as there were in the original version. With all due respect, Mr. Simon, no one believes that waterfall in the courtyard is real.

Actual scene from the HD remastered The Wire.

In every episode McNulty shoots three uzi-sporting German thugs, minimum. Is that new? I think it's new.

The central conflict between Stringer Bell and Avon Barksdale has been completely changed. Now the duo gradually come to clash over who has the better name, with each man insisting the other is clearly the winner.

When Omar's comin', the fleeing citizens clearly shout "#OmarComin".

The show's structure was originally measured, slowly revealing its layers and welcoming viewers to take a literary approach to piecing together its themes. Now each episode is self-contained, with titles based on case names such as *The Serial Selfie Killer* and *Detective Kima Solves North Korea*.

Lt. Daniels' surprisingly ripped bod now appears over sixty times throughout the series, with various characters pausing - literally pausing with bad video artifacts - to think about it in cartoon thought bubbles.

The final season has been broken up into three seasons, culminating in a massive cgi assault on an elven castle.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.22 The Thoughts of Dogs

Wednesday, Dec 31, 2014 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

"I can do this. Just one more day."
- Whimsies

"Please don't be tired of me. I'm still good. I'm still good!"
- Barkness

"Meat. All types of meat. Gravies, too. Every kind of gravy. Meats with gravies. Broth, pure unfiltered broth. Every meat in my mouth right now, gravy oozing out."
- Champ

"Are you shittin' me?"
- Awaygo

"The next kid to climb on my back is going through a window."
- Monument

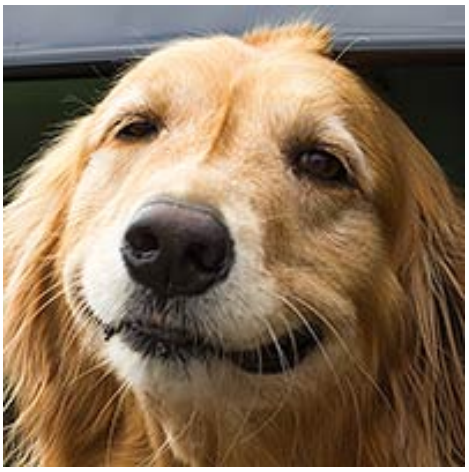
"If they put those tiny boots on me again, I'm going to gnaw my legs off."
- Dancer

"Why am I thinking? I'm just an ornament. I shouldn't think. I shouldn't feel. Is this hell?"
- Blingie

"Everyone looks excited. They love my yelling. I will yell forever and ever and ever and ever and they will never stop loving me."
- Walgreens the Dog

"Fuuuuuhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"
- Bubble

"Ugh, I feel sick. I shouldn't have eaten all those garbage bags."
- Tazer



"No, no, NO! More hair just came off. I'm going to be bald and ugly and then they'll kill me. Must pretend to be happy. Must smile. Must never stop SMILING. *YES!*"
- Futon

"It's called net neutrality, idiot!"
- Salisbury

"I'm been gnawing on this bone for hours. What the hell am I doing with my life?"
- Seaborne

"Look at me. I'm dry and it's raining. I'm some real big shit over here. Get a load of me."
- Anchovy

"Today's the day I finally roll around in that mud puddle I've been eying all week. The anticipation is killing me."
- Showroom

"I will devour this world and swim in a sea of my own vomit."
- Livermore

"Please remove this infernal thing so I can chew my rump ragged."
- Coroner

"Your whole world is my toilet."
- Destiny

"No, thank you. Not right now."
- Bewilderer

"Lights! Camera! Me!"
- Action

"Don't eat the biscuit. Don't do it. Don't give them the satisfaction."
- Scud

"Every smell overwhelming, every sound deafening, every inch of me itches."
- Javelin

"But I'm not a good dog. You have no idea what I've truly done."
- Surefire

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

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